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THE
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ROUGH NOTES

BY

AN OLD SOLDIER,

DURING FIFTY YEARS' SERVICE,

Calvert by Harry.

FROM ENSIGN G. B. TO MAJOR-GENERAL, C.B.

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VOL. II.

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Rough notes by an old Soldier during fifty years Service

Vol II

by Calvert Harry

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

Promotion.—Homeward Bound.—Parting.—The Road Again.—A Poetical Captain.—Old Quarters.—Christmas, 1829.—Fancy Ball.—Death.—The Route.—An Impromptu Nose.—Parting Honours.—Mauvais Temps.—Foot Races .....*page* 1

CHAPTER II.

Homeward Bound.—Meum et Tuum.—At Sea.—St. Helena.—Napoleon's Tomb.—Arrival in England. .....*page* 30

CHAPTER III.

Government Inspection.—Route to Edinburgh.—Our Quarters.—En Route again.—Cape Diamond.—Country Life.—An Impromptu Dinner.—Lord Gosford.—A Fancy Ball.—The Characters.—The Finale ....*page* 37

CHAPTER IV.

Campaign in Canada.—Attack on St. Charles.—The Result.—The Sisters.—Comfortable Quarters.—The Priest of St. Denis.—St. Eustache.—The Attack.—*Coteau du Lac.*—The Sunken Guns.—How I won my Spurs.—Montreal to New York.—Astor House.—New York to Philadelphia.—On to Albany.—Saratoga.—Its amusements.—Home..... *page* 48

CHAPTER V.

Promotion.—Barbadoes.—Our Ménage.—George Town.—Barbadoes Ladies.—Embark for England.—On to Ireland.—Life in Dublin.—Battle of Toulouse.—The Duke of Richmond.—Lord Gough .....*page* 66

CHAPTER VI.

Route to Greece.—Railway Accident.—Cephalonia.—The Black Mountain.—Ancient Samos.—Ithaca.—The Acropolis.—An Earthquake.—The Ionian Islands.—Corinth.—St. Paul.—Athens.—The Parthenon.—The Temple of Theseus.—The Queen's Birthday.—Leave Athens.—Smyrna .....*page* 77

CHAPTER VII.

Smyrna.—Warlike Symptoms.—The Golden Horn.—The Dogs of Stamboul.—Howling Dervishes.—A Turkish Bath.—A Turkish Sabbath.—The Stamboul Bazaar.—Mahomet's Beard.—Arab Troops.—Turkish Government.—The Austrian Lloyds.—The Lazaretto.—Mount Pentelicus.—Reminiscences.—Return to Cephalonia.—Quiet Life .....*page* 94

CHAPTER VIII.

War Echoes.—Leave for England.—Otho and Wife.—War News.—Malta.—Naples.—A Bearded Crucifix.—Herculaneum.—Pompeii.—The Museum.—Pompeii.—Vesuvius.—Adieu to Naples.—Rome.—St. Peter's.—Sight-seeing.—Pope Pius.—The Colosseum.—Priest Bourbon.—The Vatican.—Adieu to Italy .....*page* 111

CHAPTER IX.

The Route.—To Malta.—At Sea.—Lost Luggage.—The Royals.—A Soldier's Welcome.—Difficulties.—Afloat.—Smyrna.—Gallipoli.—Help for Turkey.—Camp Life.—Vittoria Day.—Embark for Varna.—The Sultan.—In Camp.....*page* 135

CHAPTER X.

Varna.—Scenery.—Jollification.—A Review.—Promotion.—Bashi-bazouks.—French Cavalry.—Sickness.—Change of Ground.—Sebastopol.—Mortality.—Varna on Fire.—Military Rehearsals.—My Pet Goose.—We Embark.—Regulations.—A Narrow Escape.—Eupatoria.....*page* 151

CHAPTER XI.

Landing the Troops.—A Dreary Night.—My Horses and Kit.—A Review.—Russian Mutton.—The United Armies.—The Eve

of Battle.—Alma.—The Russian Position.—The Battle.—Reflections.—After the Battle.—The Wounded.—The Katchka.—Looting.—The March.—M'Kenzie's Farm.—Balaclava Valley.....*page* 173

CHAPTER XII.

Sebastopol.—No System.—Tents at Last.—Hard Times.—The Siege.—Narrow Escape.—A Ship in Danger.—Colonel Waddy.—Terrific Cannonade.—Our Reply.—Casualties.—Our Fleet.—Colonel Hood.—Death in the Trenches.—A Hard Skull, *page* 192

CHAPTER XIII.

October 25th.—The Light Cavalry Charge.—Our Losses.—The Siege.—Hardships.—Woronzoff Road.—The Battle of Inkerman.—Colonel Carpenter.—General Strangways.—Captain Alix.—The Wounded.—The Dead.—Russian Blunders.—Our Critical Position.—The Inkerman Heights.—Deserters ...*page* 207

CHAPTER XIV.

A Storm.—S.S. the *Prince*.—Winter Quarters.—A British Rifleman.—Privations.—Lord Raglan.—Mauvais Temps.—An Attack.—The *Times*.—C.B.—Major Egerton.—A Sortie.—Christmas, 1854.—The Past Year.—Misrepresentations.—The Truth.—Crimean Graves.—Privations.—Statistics.—The Red-Tapists.—The Balaclava Road.—Balaclava Town.—Contract Work.—The 63rd Regiment.—Inkerman Heights.—A Ride for Life.—Mr. Sparling.—Suicide.—"Bring out your Dead."—Valentine's Day.—Miss Nightingale.—Starving Horses, *page* 223

CHAPTER XV.

Frozen Out.—Bitter Cold.—A Night's Amusement.—Ordered Home.—Grave Diggers.—Sir Colin Campbell.—Adieu to the Crimea.—En Route.—Home .....*page* 257

CHAPTER XVI.

Wanderings.—Ice Fields.—Quebec.—Montreal.—Victoria Bridge.—Water Supply.—Timber Rafts.—Lightning.—Back Settlers.—The Southern War.—Priests and Nuns.—The Protestant Cemetery.—A Thunderstorm.—Victoria Bridge.—Aground.—The Rapids.—Afflictions .....*page* 266

CHAPTER XVII.

Boston.—A Model Coffin.—American Extravagance.—New York.—Omnibuses. — Newspapers. — Baltimore. — Washington.—W. H. Russell.—General McClellan.—The Federal Army.—General Scott.—President Lincoln.—Sharp Practice.—Lord Lyons.—Congress.—Leave Washington.—Altoona.—The Alleghanies.—Lake Erie.—Windsor to London.—Familiar Scenes.—Old Friends.—The Crystal Palace.—Niagara.—The Cataract House.—The Grand Fall.—Return to England.—Home.—America's Progress ..... *page* 284

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Route once more.—Valetta.—A Bird's-eye View.—Sleima.—The Knights of Malta.—Productions of Malta.—Wholesale Poisoning.—Colonel McIvor. — Pic-nicking. — Scenery.—Confession.—Amusements. — Marsa Sirocco.—Bishop Tomlinson.—Dreamland ..... *page* 316

CHAPTER XIX.

Valentine's Day.—Festivities.—Mauvais Temps.—Maltese Pigeons. St. Paul's.—Explorations.—The Capuchin Monastery.—Nix Mungare.—The Weather.—The Protestant College.—St. Paul's Bay.—Farewell to Malta..... *page* 336

CHAPTER XX.

Syracuse.—Catania.—Palermo.—Monte Reale.—The Cathedral.—Florence.—Works of Art.—Pistoja.—Milan: its Cathedral.—Magenta.—Lago Maggiore.—St. Gothard.—Fluellen.—Mount Pilatus.—Baden-Baden.—Vittoria Day.—Wiesbaden.—Gambling.—The Greek Church.—Frankfort.—The Rhine.—Rotterdam.—Promotion..... *page* 352

CHAPTER XXI

Stray Notes.—Statistics.—Captain H. Turner.—Recorded Services of G. B——, C.B..... *page* 377

ROUGH NOTES BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

"MAN PLODS HIS WAY THROUGH THORNS TO ASHES."

CHAPTER I.

Promotion.—Homeward Bound.—Parting.—The Road Again.—A Poetical Captain.—Old Quarters.—Christmas, 1829.—Fancy Ball.—Death.—The Route.—An Impromptu Nose.—Parting Honours.—Mauvais Temps.—Foot Races.

I HAD been now a *brevet-captain* for two years, a rank that is graciously conferred on gentlemen who have served as *subs* for fifteen years. It carries no additional pay, it brings one on the roster for garrison duty as captain, and retains him for all the drudgery of regimental duty as a junior ensign. But here comes a H. G. Gazette, dated 7th August, 1828:—"G. B., to be captain by purchase"—after seventeen years! people said it was dearly bought; it was the first chance I had, and I thought it a good bargain, although I paid more than the regulation; besides I popped over the heads of *nineteen* lieutenants. This was a great stride for me, but I could hardly expect that those nineteen unexceptionable soldier-officers were all offering congratulations without a little feeling of jealousy. However, it was now a *fait accompli*, and we were always good friends. My little "woman," M. A. B., was now seven years old, shooting up like a tropical plant, pale and delicate, but very pretty. All the medicos recommended her a voyage to England without delay. European children, after seven, begin to feel the climate and pine away to straws. Mamma would not part from her little treasure, and so I engaged a passage in the good ship *Protector*, homeward-bound from Calcutta, for which I paid 2,000 rupees. We left Bangalore for Madras, 20th September, 1829, to meet

the big ship; the rains were on, and our journey very disagreeable—thunder, lightning, and tropical showers.

One night our palkee-bearers were so drenched with rain, and frightened by the rolling thunder and lightning flash, that they put us down and vanished. Our *houses* were not waterproof against such a terrific storm. I called and bawled for my black cattle to come and take us up, but no go: they were all *perdu* under a shed, which I discovered by a flash of lightning. I waited for the next flash of the brilliant light to take my bearings, and then made a rush amongst the "boys" with a roar that made them jump; and now seeing me like one half-drowned, they assembled, took us up, and away we splashed in darkness, nothing but the torch to light us on our way. It still poured rain. In an hour or so we came to a full stop. I called to my little *interpreter* (who was rolled up tight in a blanket) to ask the cause of another halt: one of the "boys" (an old stager with a white moustache) had been bit by a snake. "Bring him here, and bring the torch." His foot was bleeding. I pressed the blood from the wound, washed it with brandy and Riga balsam, gave him some brandy and laudanum, and bound up his toe—and a very big black one it was. Perhaps it was not a venomous reptile, or I may have hit upon a remedy. However my *patient* was all alive at the end of the journey, when we put up with my friend, Major Kitson, at his pretty bungalow, five miles from the sea.

The ship had arrived; I went on board, and instead of finding our cabin as promised, all prepared and comfortable, it was cramfull of the captain's stores, who was ashore, and no one would attend to me; so I left written orders to have the cabin cleared out and ready for me next morning. I was early on board and found all as I left—everything in confusion. The captain had got a young wife somewhere, and was showing her off to his friends ashore and neglecting his business. I saw nothing for it now but to work myself. I stripped, and without any aid I cleared all out of the cabin but the *cockroaches*, bribed a sailor to wash it out, and opened the scuttle-light and venetian door-blinds, the smell being pestiferous. I had a hard day's work, left the ship in the evening as wet as a

sponge, and in a fury with the skipper, who deserved to be ——. I was occupied two days more in furnishing the cabin and killing cockroaches and centipedes. Now all was ready for sea. I was engaged to dinner at Messrs. Parry & Co.'s, and there happened to meet the purser, captain, and his fine wife dressed in tip-top style, with the whip-hand of every one. No captain ought to be permitted by the owners to take a wife to sea; they are always a nuisance, quarrelling or commanding, showing off authority before passengers, or sending for the skipper when he ought to be on the look-out.

The ship sailed away on the 3rd of October. I watched her till out of sight, and then wandered back to the silent bungalow. I had changed my quarters to Colonel M'Lean's hospitable mansion, where I got a nice little detached place to myself. I was dreadfully knocked up by the last few days' hard work in the sun, but said nothing. Dined at Government House at eight o'clock, when I ought to have been in bed. Still worse, I went to a ball next night to please the ladies, and returned very ill; a little better next day, and was persuaded to go to a musical party at Mr. Taylor's, one of the Members of Council. Ten o'clock saw me home quite *hors-de-combat*, and one of my eyes bunged up, painfully inflamed. I sent for Dr. Mack, of the Governor's body-guard, as a friend to come and see me. He commenced operations by putting fifteen leeches on my temple and sending me to bed. Worse next day, and my eye closed up tight; forced it open, and lanced the ball. Put a blister behind my ear and told me to keep quiet. Next day again worse and worse; my eye like a lump of clotted blood, and much fever, with excruciating pain. Kept swallowing drugs and had those horrid blood-suckers applied once more, which relieved me a little. On the fourth day I was still worse, in great torture, and the leeches were fastened on to me a third time. Third day, the doctor had little hope of saving my eye, and hardly a spot was left to put on the leeches; applied them to the old sores. My other eye had now become affected, and I was dosed with calomel until I could not speak; my tongue swelled up, and all my teeth

shook like reeds. For *fourteen* days there was a discharge of calomel from my mouth, and with pain and difficulty I could swallow a little chicken-broth to keep me alive. As the doctor told me afterwards, he was obliged to use violent remedies for a most virulent disease, and that I must have had an iron constitution to stand against the "attack and defence;" fresh blisters being constantly put on old sores almost set me wild, but I was most thankful that the means used were blessed, and I was turned out all right, and fresh as a four-year-old, in one lunar month.

So much for knocking about under a tropical sun at Madras. Doctor Mack was considered the best oculist in India. Alas! poor fellow, he was kicked out of his buggy by a wild horse, soon after this, very much injured and unable to treat himself. He was numbered with those in "God's acre"—as kind-hearted and talented a young fellow as ever breathed.

. I took to the road once more, changing my line of march. Miss McL—— stored my palankeen with a most abundant supply of good things; my old set of palkee-bearers that carried me two years ago found me out, and asked leave to enter into my service again. Glad to have them, and glad to get away: everyone up country sending down daily to execute commissions, without any regard to distance. A thermometer at 120° in the sun.

Captain Norman Maclean (of ours) was one of those amiable, kind-hearted, good-tempered follows who are favourites with everybody; he sent me more commissions for other people than for himself. When I had collected a load for a bullock-bandy, I hired one of those antediluvian curiosities, and sent it off at a snail's gallop about three weeks in advance of a palkee. Being in a poetic strain, sitting under a cocoa-nut tree outside, while my black *man chambermaid* was switching out the mosquitoes and hunting a scorpion, I penned a letter in pencil for my friend Norman, and sent it to the post:—

"Dear Norman, I have received your letter,
And few things muckle I like better

Than to sit me down and write
To those kind friends whom I esteem—
Friends who are aye the same, I ween,
When I am out o' sight.

" While musing o'er some auld Scotch songs,
'Boot hieland chiefs, and a' their wrongs,
Of feudal times and clans:
Three pages, and a wee bit more,
With a' the news frae Bangalore,
Was put into my hands.

" 'T was dated 15th of October,
A day, in troth, ye were nae sober,
Altho' I ken you're Loyal;
For after twenty years' lang dance,
Cutting your way through Spain and France,
You say you 'll quit 'The Royal.'

" Ye ken it is nae selfish thing
In me to stop you in yer fling—
I only give advice.
Stay where ye are—where'er ye roam,
Through foreign lands or e'en at home,
You're sure to get your rice.

" The bit, ye ken, we eat and drink,
Our braw fine duds and little chink,
Is a' we need expec',
As long 's we steer the coast o' life,
Ye'll find nae more but unco' strife,
To keep ye frae the wreck.

" Seventeen years since I left my home,
The crooked paths of life to roam—
And what am I the better?
Wi' kicks and blows, frae friends and foes,
Weel tamed at last, and gudeness knows
I'm now not worth this letter.

" My kindred scattered, dead and gone,
And few have I now left save *one*,
And she is far at sea,
Treading the ocean's trackless path,
Wi' all the horrors of its wrath,
Yet thinking oft on me.

" I think I see my lassie, too,
Wi' pearl draps as big as dew,
Come gushing from her eyes.
For oft she said, ' O, dear papa,
You will not leave my poor mamma,
So sick she cannot rise.'

" My bonnie birdie clasp'd my knees,
Until she made my heart's blood freeze,
To see her little heart
Ready to burst at every sigh—
For well she knew the time drew nigh
That we were soon to part.

" And aye it is a painful thing
To part frae those so near o' kin
As wives and children dear.
But when we know 'tis for their gude,
Wi' thankfu' hearts let's stap the flude,
And wipe away the tear.

" 'T will always gie me muckle pleasure,
And now that I have plenty leisure,
To execute your wishes;
So af I go this very day
Into the Fort, and draw my pay,
To buy your shrimps and fishes.*

" Be advised, gude lad, and let some clown
Cock his bonnet at Betty B——n;

* Sardines.

Or leave her wi' her rakes;
For if you want a real gude wife,
And wish to settle a' your life,
Gang to the Land o' Cakes.

"Now far-ye-weel, and dinna say
My time's been idly passed away,
About them new conditions;
For ilk a day in truth I'll say
Some chit* or message finds its way,
With twenty new commissions.

"There's bonnets, books, caps, lace, and gin,
Seidlitz powders, swords of tin,
And costumes for play-actors;
With whisky, brandy, plates, and dishes,
Pots of jelly and smoke-dry'd fishes—
My room's like any factor's.

"Although 'tis better late than never,
Tell Mrs. J—— I will endeavour
To find that woman famous
In making her children's bonnets, three;
Purchase her combs—charge no fee!
And pay her bill to "Camus." †

And now farewell, let no one know it,
Your friend, G. B., has turned poet!!!"

This poetic effusion made Norman laugh, I was told, for three days. I sent him another on my way up the country, but I think one specimen is about enough to go forth to the world in this edition.

Got safe and well back to my old quarters, in time for an amateur play—"The Miller and his Men." I never saw it better performed even in London. The scenery was beautiful

* A note or letter. † The great shopkeeper.

and the acting unexceptionable. A ball and supper finished off the evening's amusement.

24*th December*.—The bachelors of "The Royal" gave a pic-nic to the ladies of the cantonment, in a tope north of the Fort. The tents were pitched the previous day. Breakfast at nine o'clock. Tiffin at three for a party of 87—port, champagne, and claret-cup in great demand; and away at five, to explore caves, pagodas, and the bund of a great tank. This tank was of great circumference, wide as a lake, and watered the district about here. When the Fort was taken by the British, Tippoo bolted, and to cover his retreat, cut the bund of this enormous reservoir; the water flowed so fast and so deep across the Seringapatam-road, that he gained six hours on our troops, and made his escape to Seringapatam. The tank never was repaired afterwards, from a superstitious feeling of the different Rajahs, although it fertilized an immense tract of country.

We had our band out, as usual, and the ladies enjoyed the pleasure of a quadrille on the broad green until the moon got up to light them home. On all such occasions our Colonel excused the officers from the usual early parade next morning; a most agreeable indulgence. As the old cock crows, they say, the young one learns. I was then a young cock, and learned a good deal which I practised afterwards, I believe, much to the satisfaction of all under my command. To harass young men, after dancing all night at a ball or performing in theatrical amusements, in having them at parades and drills by daylight, with their eyes half closed, I considered a sort of useless cruelty, and one that tended to no good. My officers were always welcome to a blank day for hunting, fishing, or shooting, and to any late public party at night. "No parade to-morrow."

I passed the Christmas-day, 1829, far away from the cantonment, all alone; arose early, took two servants and some prog, and rode on; did not know or care where to; came on a pretty tope and a tank; cast anchor under a great guava-tree; boiled my kettle, and had breakfast. All was so peaceful and retired. I enjoyed a whole day near the village of "Agram,"

where Colonel Patterson, H.M. 13th Dragoons, had built a little cottage, in order to pass a quiet day now and then, and where Captain and Mrs. D—— afterwards entertained a select party of friends, with whom I passed another delightful day, and gave it the name of Christmas Cottage.

The old year of 1829 was closed at Bangalore by a grand fancy ball, the best I had ever seen at home or abroad. Every heart entered into the full enjoyment of the evening. At the extreme end of the great ball-room stood the theatre, with its beautiful drop-scene, facing the grand assembly. About nine o'clock, nearlly all the company had arrived, in their various costumes; characters all good from the Queen to the Cooly. I was myself the leader of a band of country musicians and ballad singers, and being manager of the theatre, I had the stage lighted up, and a *select* party ready behind the scenes to dance and sing. We had three violins and a tambourine, two ballad singers, two sailors, two broom girls, Dirk Haterick, a Dutchman, and some country clowns—all ready when the drop-scene arose, and displayed a beautiful forest scene. My party sallied forth from both sides in a country dance, and surprised the assembly, who cheered and encored until we were danced almost to death, when the scene shifter blew his whistle, the curtain dropped, and we were left to our refreshment.

The characters were all very good and superbly dressed. Colonel Wetherall was excellent as a colonel of the Royals in the reign of James I. Mrs. W——, as a Russian peasant in her holiday dress, looked charming, as she always did in any dress. Mrs. Charles Wetherall, and her handsome sister, Mrs. Muller, as "Dame Gillian" and Formosa, were beautifully dressed. Captain Norman Maclean, as "Dirk Haterick," was inimitable. Captain Sherriff, as a Highland chief, ditto.

Major Locky Maclean, father of the regiment, was everywhere but in the dance. Twenty-three years of a tropical sun put an end to his prancing in a ball-room; excellent, worthy, fine old soldier. My note-book records nearly all the assembly that was soon to be dispersed never more to meet again. When the Ghurry announced the departure of the old year,

there was a cheer for the new, a health to the ladies, and then to supper, laid out in tents.

The scene changes. I went next day to visit one of our officers, Lieutenant S——; poor fellow, he was being supported in his bed by two servants holding him up. He held out a hand to me—cold as ice—and said, in a faint voice—"Here I am, you see, fighting death as hard as I am able, but fear I cannot weather the storm. I anticipated great pleasure in going home after so long an absence, to meet my friends; 'tis hard to be cut off in the bloom of life." I said—"I hope you are going to a more happy home, and that your hope and trust relies upon the Saviour." "Yes," he said, that is my only hope," and fell back upon his pillows. His eyes became glazed, the cold death-sweat covered his face and hands, a deep sigh, and he breathed away his soul.

January 27th, 1830.—We had an earthquake at Bangalore, by way of a little change, which rather surprised and alarmed the natives when the chairs and tables began to move; but these quakes pass away so quickly that they are quickly forgotten.

Feb. 21st.—"Orders, sir," said a sergeant, passing the book into the mess-room as we sat at dinner, our usual hour being three o'clock. "One field officer, three captains, nine subalterns, and 300 men of the Royal Regiment will attend at five o'clock, as a funeral party, to follow the remains of Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay, N.I., to the place of interment." Not one of us knew that this poor stranger was in the cantonment, and I heard some grumbling and disappointment that he died at all at such a time, it being very hot and dinner not over. Although he was interred with military honours, it appeared that he had not a friend to close his eyes, nor anyone to claim his medal, which was sold by auction, along with the rest of his kit—such is the life of a soldier!

April 17th.—One of our ladies died to-day, greatly regretted, most deeply lamented: the young wife of a young officer, the daughter of our commandant, Sir Richard A——, cut off in her bloom after one year of a wedded life.

Lieutenant-General Sir George W——, commander-in-

chief, Lady W——, and family, arrive at our station. We royal fellows, always first in the field, gave Lady W—— a grand ball and supper, which example was followed by nearly all the regiments in the garrison. The day was fixed by Lady W——, it was the birthday of Sir George and their son, and gave an opportunity of paying them some flattering compliments. Colonel Wetherall made a handsome and soldier-like speech on their health being proposed after supper, and our party broke up joyfully at three o'clock in the morning. I don't know if it was meant as a complimentary return, but on the following day it was intimated that we should leave Bangalore for Arnee in a few months, there to remain until we received orders to embark for Europe—Arnee being commonly termed the "H—ll of the Carnatic"—and so we found it. Sir George was at times a very cantankerous old soldier, and I thought had a sort of jealous spite against Colonel W——, who was about the most popular man in Madras, or out of it; there was as much difference between the two as between the stations of Bangalore and Arnee—one a paradise and the other a purgatory. Sir George, however, was a Badajos man, a gallant soldier in those days, and that must never be forgotten.

Riding across the parade one day, I saw an officer lying on the grass, and found to my horror that it was Captain Hake, of our 13th Dragoons, who had fallen from his horse, and whose sword-scabbard had actually been forced through the thick part of his thigh, so far as to be within half an inch of passing out on the other side. It was impossible to pull it out, having a barb like an arrow on the end; so I galloped off to find a doctor, the poor fellow lying in the sun until my return, when he was got into a palkee, taken home, the armourer sent for to cut the scabbard, then a cut with the surgeon's knife, and the steel sheath passed through the wound. The femoral artery was only just grazed, so his life was saved. We had a very clever young fellow, an assistant surgeon, Sam Dickson by name, who had but very little practice, but a great deal of skill. I often wondered how educated gentlemen entered the service as a profession, with the paltry pay of 6*s.* 6*d.* a day, about equal to that of a good bricklayer in

London, and not half that of a doorkeeper in the House of Commons. Dickson discovered his mistake in time, cut the army, set up for himself, married a high-caste lady, and made his fortune before I was a major. Riding home from parade with him one morning, we heard a row in a compound. "What's all the fun about there?" cried D——. "Oh, sar, oh, doctar, Ramsawmy cut nose of him's wife." The doctor was in the crowd in a moment, calling out for the *nose*—"get me the nose!" The poor woman was squalling and bleeding, a few other fellows pummelling the black butcher, and half a dozen of women tearing his hair. "Get me the nose, I say!" cried the doctor. "Oh, sar, him thro nose into milk hedge; can't get—nose gone!" "Yes, sar" (cried another black fellow), "I see one crow pick him up and fly away." The poor woman's nose being devoured by a crow, the doctor had her taken into his house, and formed a nose, or something like one, from the scalp cut from the forehead, and drawn down by some surgical operation, which answered the purpose of this prominent feature, and grew into some decent form in time, but spoiled her beauty. This vile assault was made in a fit of passion and jealousy, for some of the native women are extremely handsome, their figures and forms beautiful and majestic. The girls are best seen coming from the wells, with their pitchers balanced on the head, walking so erect and with such grace, the long white scarf fastened round the loins, one end coming up the back over the left shoulder and crossing the bosom, all the rest bare, and such beautifully-formed limbs, the glass bangles round the wrists and ancles, and the long, glossy, strait, fine hair, dressed so nicely, and eyes so bright and black.

Lieutenant Holman, R.N., the interesting blind traveller, arrived here, writing his book of travels as he goes along. He lately visited Ceylon and Fernando Po. He travelled in Russia, Siberia, Poland, Austria, Saxony, France, and Italy, and finds no difficulty. He told me that he lost his sight while on service on the North American station, and felt the injustice of not having got a pension. I met him at dinner several times and found him a very agreeable, well-informed young man.

He gathered his information by inquiry, comparing two or three accounts of any one thing together. He noted the best, wrote between bars, had it afterwards read to him, corrected, and copied by a scribe.

July 10th.—I suppose Sir G. W—— got tired of us, for all of a sudden we had orders to march away from our charming quarters—our very home, I may say, for many of the officers had purchased their houses and grounds; but our Quarter-Master General saw no necessity for the move, and could not provide transport all at once; elephants, camels, bullock-bandies had to be collected, so we had a respite of some weeks, which annoyed our great chief. In the meantime preparations were being made to do us great honour.

July 20th.—Sir Theophilus Pritzler gave a ball and supper to "The Royal," as a farewell party. Sir George and Lady W—— and all the cantonment were invited. The palace was beautifully decorated. Three fine bands of music were stationed in the galleries, and the dancing kept up till three o'clock, in spite of the heat. The Major-General rose after supper and proposed the health of Colonel Wetherall and the officers of the Royal Regiment, when the walls of old Tippoo's palace echoed with the applause of some hundred voices. The General complimented the regiment in the most feeling manner. "He had the pleasure of having them under his command for five years, during which time they deserved his unqualified approbation; and now, as they were about to leave India, he begged to assure the officers, collectively and individually, that they had his warmest good wishes wherever they went. The conduct of the men was orderly, soldier-like, and exemplary at all times. During the last four years the officers made it a point to promote happiness, good feeling, and unanimity throughout the society of the cantonment. They had won the esteem of all. They were leaving Bangalore with regret and regretted by everybody; more particularly by himself and family. They were leaving a name behind them that would do them honour wherever they went; and he would always feel a pride in renewing his acquaintance with them in whatever part of the world they might afterwards meet."

Colonel W——ll returned thanks for us all in his usual happy way.

21*st.*—A day of rest. No parades.

22*nd.*—Sir G. W—— ordered out our regiment to-day in review order. After a performance of their old eighteen manœuvres, that took as much time as would fight a battle, the great chief had to express his entire approbation of the corps, and its movements and appearance, and this being our last grand field-day, all the cantonment was out, the ladies considering it a duty and a pleasure to be present. The officers of the artillery gave a grand ball and supper in the evening.

23*rd.*—We gave a farewell dinner to General Pritzler and his staff, including all officers in the garrison.

24*th.*—The officers of H.M. 13th Light Dragoons gave us a farewell dinner-party.

25*th.*—A day of rest, to cure champagne headaches.

26*th.*—The gentlemen amateurs performed "The Rivals," to please Lady Walker.

27*th.*—The officers of the four N. I. regiments—15th, 33rd, 36th, and 39th—united and gave us a splendid farewell dinner in the Public Rooms, a convincing proof of the fine feeling that existed between the two services. When the toast of the evening was proposed I thought the house was coming down on the top of us from the thunders of applause. It was all very gratifying, but hard work in such hot weather. When they began to sing "Auld Lang Syne" I stole away, having to march next morning.

28*th.*—We began our march to-day, with 779 fine-seasoned old soldiers, our route being for Arnee. Every man, I believe, left a *blessing* behind him for Sir G. W—— for this very unnecessary and expensive movement. No regiment had come out to relieve us—our barracks were left empty and useless — the Malabar monsoon was coming on us—and Arnee was about the very worst and most remote villanous hole in all the Carnatic for volunteering as is usual when regiments are going home.

Our first day was to Kistna-rajah-pooram, seven miles. When I saw my tents all pitched, I rode back with a friend to a

quiet family dinner, and on the following day I found the camp twenty-two miles on, at Ooscotta, tents pitched in a Paddy-field, wet and dirty. Third day ten miles, to Narcipoor. Incessant rains day and night. My friend D——n, who had come so far, left us, and returned home like a wet sponge. Our next march to Colar, nine miles. It rained all the way, and all the day; everybody thinking of Sir G. W——. Amongst 5,000 souls there was not a dry skin. We had about 4,000 followers, besides bullock-bandies, elephants, horses, camels, and other sorts of transport. On arriving at our ground, we sat upon our horses, the soldiers standing in the rain, for two hours, before the elephants arrived with the tents. The poor camp followers—men, women, and children—almost famished with cold and wet—a cheerless sight. They have such thin covering that they only exist in sunshine. All my baggage, bed and all, soaked with rain, and our horses shaking at their picket posts—night wet and stormy. Colonel Wetherall joined us here.

August 1st.—Marched four miles, and encamped on a piece of wet, uncultivated ground, and mustered the regiment. Rained all night.

2nd.—Halted to-day. Went out a long way from camp. Saw some black curlew—too wild to be hoaxed; got some ducks and antelopes. The ground dangerous to ride over, from the multitude of ant-hills. I had a runaway Arab horse and my hog spear, but the wild hogs snorted away at a gallop, and saved their bacon. It is capital sport hunting this game over the plains; when pressed hard the old boar is a very ugly, rough customer, and with one or two spear-wounds gets so savage that he will rip up your horse with his great tusks if he gets the chance.

It is wonderful with what rapidity a camp with such a multitude of people may be moved away: we had some 5,000 specimens of humanity of one sort or another, black and white, *café-au-lait* colour, yellow and brown. In twenty minutes after the second bugle-sound we were all under weigh. The first bugle was the warning, men stood by their tents; at the second blast all the tents fell together; the camels and

elephants were already kneeling down to receive their loads; the elephants pulled up the tent-pegs, and *handed* them up to be put in the bag, and otherwise aided and assisted in the loading. The soldiers pitched and struck their own tents, packed up their bedding, and put it into the bandies, when the whole cavalcade stretched along the road or path for many miles. As the elephants moved along they *tipt* the ground with their trunks at every step to feel its solidity, and never passed a tree without wrenching off a great branch, first flapping off the flies from their sensitive carcases, then peeling off and eating the bark as they tramped along. The Mahout sat astride on his elephant's neck, his feet in the *stirrups*, the goad alongside, with a spike at the top, to give him a dig on the head if disobedient to orders. Two or three black fellows might be lying asleep on the top of his load, but the elephant is not to be imposed on; he will carry a fair, honest, good load, but not a pound more; if you owerweight him, he will shake off the whole concern, and, with his trunk erect, give such a warning blast, as much as to say—"Don't try that again, you unmerciful brute, for I won't stand it."

3rd.—Marched to Shamarapilly, about eight miles; fine morning; our cattle up in good time, pitched our tents on stony ground. Took a long ride after tiffin. My horse ran away with me; no bit could hold him, although he was considered in a deep consumption by the *vet.*, and fed upon boiled sheep's head and broth every day, a dish he was very fond of.

4th.—Pitched to the east of Baitmungulum. Lieutenant Brown shot a snake, seven feet long, that came to pay us a visit.

5th.—Ventichaghurry, and encamped on the bank of a large tank, two miles in circumference. After tiffin I was challenged to run one hundred yards for a lottery-ticket. "No," I said, "make it two miles round the tank," hoping to get off. But it was no go; the bets were made, and lottery-tickets were booked everywhere. Lieutenant Kerr, a very active little intelligent fellow, was my adversary. The arrangement was quickly made. Our *starting* post was to be the *winning* post. All the regiment turned out and sat upon the hill side, to see this great race. We went off *dos-a-dos*, and passed each

other about half way, well blown. Kerr, keeping the inside of the course, went plump up to his knees in a swamp, and I got into a paddy field, over my ankles at every stride. We were floundering about here for half a mile. I expected to see a fatigue party coming down to our assistance every moment. But we struggled on, now both about equal distance from the run in, and up hill, the men cheering, officers laughing and booking their bets; 6 to 4 on K——, 3 to 2 on B——; equal bets at the distance post; both *horses* fearfully beaten. K——, drops fifty yards from the post, and B—— wins. I was carried to a tent half dead, not able to speak or to move a hand or foot for an hour. I thought I should never recover; my bellows broken, my voice gone, and unable to articulate one word, the doctor using restoratives, and cheering me up to come out and see the next race. The colonel gave twenty rupees, a *sweepstakes*, for *all ages, catch weights*, same distance round the tank. Away went half the regiment, floundering on the swampy side, some of them nearly smothered in mud, and amongst weeds by the water side, trying to keep the short cut. Not ten of them ever got round the tank at all. The prize was won by a knowing jockey, who kept away on dry ground nearly half a mile from the lake. The rest were nowhere.

(My friend K—— is still hale and hearty, a retired field officer, a country squire, and as fat as a turtle.)

6*th*.—Marched to Naikanairy, where we halted a day, to give a farewell dinner to Captain Norman Maclean, who accompanied us so far. He had seen all his service in the regiment, and had now exchanged into the 26th, to remain in India. He was a great friend of mine, and universally liked. Our ladies came up to us here, and we all dined together. When poor Norman's health was proposed after dinner by the colonel, in a most complimentary and feeling speech, he became quite dumb, his honest and affectionate heart mounted up to his throat and choked him, the tears flowed along his cheeks, and he sat down, unable to utter a word. For some moments there was not a dry eye in the tent. We gave him a piece of the mess plate, which he valued greatly.

Next morning early I saw him shaking hands with every man in his old company who came to bid him farewell. I then accompanied him several miles on his way back to Bangalore. Many, many years had passed when I saw him again, and then it was to see him placed in his lonely home in Kensal Green.

One of my elephants killed his keeper to-day, who went out some distance from the camp, as usual, to cut forage. Whilst the mahout was binding it in bundles the elephant, against all order and discipline, began to help himself and knock about the bundles already tied up. Being rebuked with a blow on the shins, he took hold of his keeper in his trunk, as a cat would a mouse, dashed him on the ground, put his great foot on his body, and crushed his life out. He had no sooner committed this murder than he repented, roared as an elephant can roar, and bolted off to the jungle to hide himself. He was followed up by six other elephants, and it occupied their ingenuity for seven hours to catch him. At length, being driven into a corner and surrounded, he surrendered and was brought into camp a prisoner. He was at once loaded with chains on his legs, and tried by a court-martial. An elephant was placed on either side with an iron chain, the dead body laid on the grass before him, when he roared most awfully, being perfectly aware of what he had done. The order was given by a mahout to inflict the punishment, when the two *drummers* took up two heavy iron chains in their trunks, and laid on him right and left. He submitted patiently, but made the camp echo with roars of lamentation and pain. He was then picketed by himself out of all society, an iron chain attached to his hind leg, which he dragged after him on the march. I was informed that this was the third man he had killed in four years.

8th.—We descended the Ghauts this morning at daylight; the scenery *magnifique*, and the white jessamine perfuming the air. Found our camp formed, and tents pitched in a tamarind tope, the baggage having been all sent on yesterday with an escort of 200 men. It consisted of 300 bullock bandies, or carts, 19 elephants, 20 camels, 500 coolies, horses, tents, commissary stores, and 3,500 camp followers. A beau-

tiful mosque, and a tomb lie close to our ground, and not far away a tiger jungle. Two of the inhabitants appeared in the course of the day to a couple of jolly subs. who went out to explore, and made them run for it.

9th.—Marched through a beautiful valley, and encamped, the prisoner elephant still dragging his heavy chains after him. My boy killed a poisonous snake in one of my baskets, where it had coiled itself up during the night.

10th.—Marched thirteen miles to-day. Hot as you please.

11th.—Encamped under the fort at Vellore. Thermometer in our tents 99°. The cantonment clubbed together and gave us a capital dinner in the public rooms (the wines were good and cool, but Hodgson's beer was always preferred to anything else). It was hard, hot work while it lasted, but we were not bothered with any toasts or speeches. I passed the evening with my old friends, the M'Leods, and marched the next morning, the 12th, for Chittoor-Choultry, about fourteen miles over the worst roads in India. It rained very hard in the morning, before we moved, which doubled the weight of our tents, while the men actually waded up to their knees in muddy water for miles, all in good humour and bare feet. We found our mess tents pitched and breakfast all ready at ten o'clock, but it was 2 P.M. before our baggage arrived. The road lay to-day through a valley fertile in rice and pulse. There is a narrow pass between the hills, as strong as Thermopylæ, admitting but one elephant at a time, a position easily defended against an army. We marched next morning, at gun-fire, for our destination. It rained upon us all the way. There was not a dry rag in the regiment when we filed into the dirty old fort of Arnee, over a bund up to our ankles in mud. The ramparts had long ago been destroyed, and the ditch was still full of stagnant green water, snakes, and frogs, the barracks bomb-proof, and the heat exceeding any former India fire that we had endured. Thermometer in the shade 95°, in the sun 130°, pretty well considering it was the cool season. We turned 300 bullocks into the square, and gave them a full sweep through the fort to eat up the long grass. Altogether it was the most villanous hole that

could be selected for a European regiment, a very —— upon earth. The men were very much disgusted, for I overheard them quietly saying—"We are sent to Arnee to die like dogs, because our services are no longer required. It will be a saving to the Company, they will not be at the expense of sending so many of us home. Make your wills, and don't forget that gentleman that sent us here as a reward for twenty-three years frying in India." Many were the *blessings* offered up daily by men, women, and children; for to add to our other comforts we were charged for our quarters, and our allowances reduced. Seven officers taken ill last night, one man dead, and forty admitted into hospital. Took a walk round the ramparts; met three snakes on my way, one black and two brown. Killed the game, and glad to escape from the effluvia in the ditch. Our band-sergeant, Welsh, died suddenly.

3rd Sept. We got up some races; a grand match was made by Mont—y and K—rr. The Vellore officers came all the way to sport their rupees and have a jollification. I rode the winning horse, and won a good deal of money for my backers. K—— rode his own horse, and lost another lottery-ticket. We found plenty of game about here; the natives are as patient as they are expert in taking it. When they find a flock of ducks upon a tank they crawl down under cover of the brushwood, fasten a bag round their loins, put a chatty or earthen pot over the head, with holes to enable them to see their game, then slide into the tank, nothing appearing above water but this bunch of weeds; they move along so gently there is not a ripple, and the ducks often begin to *nibble* at it, when blackie grasps one of those innocents by the feet and pulls him under, breaks his neck, and puts him in the bag, the others are diving and enjoying themselves, until the bag is filled, or something gives the alarm, and the sport ceases. Forest and field birds are caught in nets, such as pea-fowl, partridge, quail, jungle-fowl. Quail are of sizes from a sparrow to nearly the bulk of a partridge. Snipe are caught in vast numbers in hair gins. The quail are often kept for fighting, like game-cocks, and sometimes so well trained and tame they

will run after one, like the partridge, or like a dog in the highway.

16*th*. Began our volunteering for 55th and 62nd Regiments; this is a time of great excitement; the men who wish to remain in India get a bounty of twenty-seven rupees and eight annas, which they generally spend in drink; but there was no trouble, nothing but regret when too late. I was ordered to take those men to Madras, 293 volunteers, and glad enough I was to get away from Arnee, although I disliked the duty. On the 28th I started with my detatchment, consisting of Lieutenants Butt, Montgomery, Bedford, Kerr, Dalton, and an assistant-surgeon borrowed from John Company; twelve non-commissioned officers, 258 privates, a Havildar's guard of two naigs and twelve natives, sixteen tents, one tindal, thirteen lascars, fourteen doolies, three sick-carts, with camels, coolies, horsekeepers, grass-cutters, about a thousand people. The colonel, officers, band, and every man off duty accompanied us for five miles on our way, when the sun got very powerful; then three cheers and a painful parting. The old Royals broke up—a finer body of well-disposed men never crossed the plains of Hindostan. All was now painfully quiet—many a one of them then said, "Oh, 'tis a black day this that I left my good old regiment, where the officers were my friends, and the colonel a father to us all." There was hardly a word spoken that day on the march, for soldiers have feelings like other folk. Before we got to our ground the sun was hot enough to fry a beefsteak. The rear of our long straggling column was attacked, robbed, and ill-used by banditti, having no arms to defend themselves; these black thieves do their business quickly and disappear in the jungle, not to be followed. My butler, Murray, an excellent servant, and as faithful a fellow as ever lived, had our breakfast always ready and disappeared after dinner with the mess-tent, to prepare for the following day, and for the next six days, when I gave over my charge at the Grand Depôt of Poonamalee — the Chatham of the Madras Presidency.

On our line of march to Congeravam, Mr. Cotton, the collector, being absent, sent his butler forty miles to place his

house at our disposal, and prepare dinner for all our party. Such was the hospitality in India.

A pedlar came to us one day to sell his scorpion stones; he had some scorpions in a basket, one of which he let loose to prove the virtue of these stones. As this venomous, horrid-looking reptile scampered off, he put his finger on its back, when instantly it turned over its tail and stung him; he first pressed the blood out of the wound, then applied this little smooth black stone, which adhered until the poison was extracted, then it dropped off. I was very sceptical about this cure of a scorpion bite, and offered a reward to any of the servants that would try the sting and the remedy, but none of them would venture. George, the barber, who had been with the regiment for twenty years shaving his "*Brother Officers,*" as he called them, was induced *by persuasion* to make the attempt. "Let him loose," said George, "and give a me the stone. No 'fraid you coward fellows" (though shaking with fear all the time). The scorpion hurried away and George after him; after several nervous efforts, he put his finger on its back, when he was instantly stung. Forgetting the stone, he began to shake his finger from the agonising pain, and ran out of the room, his hand swelled up to a great size very soon, and he was unable to use a razor for four days! We had another barber, called Jemmy, who had fifteen years' service in the corps; he and George were like Whig and Tory, but they never shaved any but their brother officers. No officer, non-commissioned officer, or private soldier ever shaves himself in India. George and Jemmy were rivals. The young fellows, always ready for mischief and fun, told George one day that Jemmy had been telling very bad stories about him, and, as *their* barber, it was a deep insult, and *must* be resented; all George's black blood got up to his crown, when he swore he would *shoot* Jemmy. A *message* was sent, delivered, and accepted, weapons chosen by their respective *brother officers,* and the hour of meeting, in a tope, at five o'clock, when the two antagonists appeared with their seconds, each carrying a soldier's musket loaded with three blank cartridges. Up to this time they were very valiant; George saying, "I shoot him if I can, he tell no more lies;" Jemmy

protesting he *nebber* tell lies on George; but he was great rascal. They were placed at forty yards' distance, ground being measured with great solemnity; a doctor at hand. All being now ready, they had orders to fire low and crack shins at the signal, when down went Jemmy with the recoil of a treble charge of gunpowder flat on his back; and George had such a crack on the jaw, they both lay there as dead men, or very badly wounded, until the doctor recovered them out of this most frightful funk, when they shook hands, kissed each other, and became great friends ever afterwards. The officers of the regiment presented George with a handsome silver box before we embarked, in testimony of his long and faithful service. Poor fellow, he cried like a child on receiving this gift, and was quite unable to speak a word of thanks. The duello caused a fund of mirth and amusement for many a day at the mess table. I had leave *not* to go back to Arnee, and took up my quarters with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, in their elegant mansion on the Mount-road, where I enjoyed peace, and plenty of sea-bathing for a while. I never went into the water without my hog-spear in hand, the sharks were always so hungry. Three young fellows of the 29th N. I. went down one evening to have a refreshing bathe; they all stripped and began to play about, and dig holes in the fine sand; one of them said, "Let's dig a grave for B——." "No you won't," he said, and made a dash into the sea; in a few minutes they heard a frightful scream—a shark had him by the leg; they *splashed* in to his rescue with a shout, and got hold of him; the shark let him go in a moment, but returned to his prey, and got him under water; his two brave companions held on, dragging him to land, and succeeded, but the poor fellow was so torn and mangled, his life blood was drained off. They laid his body on the sand until one went off for help, but too late, Brem—h was dead.

Madras was very hot. I had got a touch of the jungle fever coming down from Arnee. No prospect of our embarkation for months. My friends in Bangalore sent for me, and would have me to come back. I asked permission for short leave, having nothing in the shape of duty on hand. Sir G—— W——

refused me plump. I mentioned this to the Governor, Mr. Lushington, at dinner one evening. He kindly said, "I will give you a passport to go where you like until you embark for Europe: the Commander-in-Chief has no more command or control over the *Fort* or any troops in it than the King of Khandy." I told the Adjutant-General I was going up the country. He said, "If you do, Sir George will order you back." I ordered my palkee, and bolted, leaving the two great men to settle the account, but heard no more about it, and arrived with my friend on the 13th of October.

My old friend and messmate, Surgeon Robert Shean, H.M. 13th Dragoons, took me in hand, and banished the fever out of my bones. I remained here enjoying the festivities of the cantonment until Christmas. We heard of the death of King George IV. and the accession of King William. Mourning for the King of England to-day and rejoicing for the King of England to-morrow. Such is life!

The 62nd regiment arrived from England, and took up our old quarters on the 16th of November. I was busy for a while superintending the monuments of some of our officers being finally executed and placed in the Cemetery, as was our usual custom everywhere we went. This last duty being complete, I packed up my knapsack, and thought I heard the old drums beating off "The General."

> "Did you not hear the General say,
> Strike your tents, and march away?" &c.

These few words are familiar to every soldier in India—"The General" being the early summons to strike tents and march off.

My regiment left Arnee on the 7th January, 1831, for Madras. I left Bangalore for the last time on the 12th for the Mount, halted to refresh at Vellore with Colonel and Mrs. Taylor, very kind, hospitable, good people; he was commandant in the Fort and Vellore. Colonel Stewart was Paymaster of Stipends, and had charge of the royal prisoners, the King of Khandy and Tippoo's family. I never could get a peep at any of those lions; they seldom came out of their respective dens,

and never admitted Europeans into their presence. When any of their ladies took ill, the doctor prescribed without being permitted to see them. They are all kindly and liberally treated; they have no limited income, but everything they want but liberty is provided.

There is a pagoda in the Fort of great and wonderful splendour; its carved stone pillars, groups of all sorts of animals cut out of the solid granite, elephants and horses caparisoned with all their trappings, are most perfect; the horses' bridles are formed of chains of stone and round balls of stone in the mouth, which may be turned round and round but cannot be taken out. This multitude of figures are beautifully carved, and present nothing offensive like those of the great pagodas at Congevaram. This was a work of twenty-five years, and would do credit and honour to the greatest artist in the world.

Arrived at St. Thomas's Mount on the 17th January, and put up with my friend Chalmers, an officer of high caste, a cultivated mind, a scholar, and a gentleman. Found my regiment encamped at Marmalong Bridge, close to the race-course. The race meeting commenced next morning, the 18th. I was on horseback by daylight to see the sport; the morning was cool and pleasant. I met nearly all my Madras friends and acquaintance; no end to ladies in all their gayest attire, sporting the colours of their favourite horses. Horses high caste and beautiful, a grand stand, cups of great value, stakes worth running for; the ladies' cup, the nabob's cup, and the civilian's cup were all well contested, the running being very close. Colonel Showers, H.A., from Bangalore, and Captain A. Maclean, 13th Dragoons, were the great winners. The great father of the turf, General McD——, commonly called "Arab Mack," seemed to lose everything; his horses were ever hindmost; although beautiful Arabs to look at they had not the go; however, he was *allowed* to win a *little race* now and then to keep his courage up, for he had spent a fortune on the turf. The meeting lasted for the week, when many young gentlemen of the civilian tribe were cleared out. The last day Captain Maclean's horse, "Sackcloth," cleared for him 25,000 rupees, when he was sold to "Arab Mack"

for 3,000, to lose everything afterwards. I had been living in clover for some time past; now I went into barracks to live amongst the rats and the bandycootes, the latter a villanous sort of an ugly brute between a rat and a badger, some near relation to those monsters I left at Rangoon.

I overheard a deuce of a shindy between master and man this morning. An elderly person who laughed at the tooth-ache could transfer his grinders from his mouth to his pocket at any time, and always deposited them at night in a tumbler of water. Blackie was early in his master's tent, just about dawn, when the crows are wide awake, and pitched out the glass of water, not seeing the valuable contents. One of those hungry birds snapped up Mr. Thomson's porcelain, and flew away with it never to return.

Our foot-race lottery-ticket turned up a small prize. I got my half, being 375 rupees. *Per contra,* I lost my Arab horse from disease, and was robbed of 1,000 rupees. This is what bankers call profit and loss. It was a big loss to me, and little profit; but what can't be cured ——

February 1st.—The *Wellington* sailed to-day with the head-quarters of my old regiment, Colonel and Mrs. W——ll, Coote, Hill, Mayne, and McKenzie; the Colonel in very bad health. Went to a fancy ball given by the Honourable Mr. Harris, member of Council, to Lady W——. The spinsters were scarce, and the bachelors crying out for a fresh importation, the late arrivals being nearly all disposed of. It was hot work until two o'clock in the morning.

There is a fine old bridge over the river Adrian, near the Mount, with twenty-eight arches. It was built from a legacy left by a Madras merchant, called Adrian Fourbeck, long, long ago. At the west end of the bridge there stands a pile of building upon a rock, partly a Roman Catholic chapel, and here it is said St. Thomas the Apostle was buried. Tradition states he was killed here while converting the natives. There is a curious rent in the rock whereon the chapel stands, covered in by a small dome; here they say he struck water from out of the rock to quench the thirst of his followers.

I do not know what converts the Roman Catholic bishop is

making here, a great many professors have lost their caste and consider themselves Christians. Engaging servants they are often asked, "What caste are you?" "Massa's caste, sar." "What do you mean by that?" "Massa eat beef, I eat beef. Massa drink brandy, I drink brandy. Massa get drunk, I get drunk!" "Very well, you won't do for me. Shigram po—be off quick." Some of those fellows drink like fish. When I found any of my lads drunk, they were always in a helpless state, having gone into my brandy-bottle wholesale. I always poured a tub of cold water over their head and shoulders, which astonished and refreshed them considerably, and gave them full permission to leave my service when able to walk.

28th.—Mrs. B——, the wife of one of our officers, was buried this evening at St. Thomé, deeply regretted. She was borne to the tomb by the soldiers of the regiment, at her own request. Four ladies in deep mourning were the pall-bearers.

Captain Fraser of ours also died, leaving a young widow to hear the agonizing *plunge*, as his body was committed to the deep just after embarkation.

4th March.—Went to the Presidency to a grand ball and supper given by his Excellency the Governor to Lady W——, and right glad I was to get away at two o'clock in the morning. The smell of the oil lamps and sulphur fireworks in the compound were anything but refreshing. The supper was bad, and the iron forks odious; no change of plates, and the fair sex left without a rose on their cheeks, while their cork-screw curls unfurled themselves into straight, damp locks.

When these great gatherings assemble at Government House, perhaps a thousand people, one cannot expect a silver fork and three clean plates. Blackie sometimes sticks a silver spoon or fork under his belt for *fun*, and takes it home for profit; but at Government House dinner parties it is quite different. There is abundance of plate belonging to the establishment, which is regal.

The following public record of the services which were rendered by "The Royals," during a period of twenty-three

years' residence in India, appeared in General Orders of the 25th February, 1831:—

"8847. No. 53. Fort St. George,
"25*th Feb.*, 1831.

"G. O. by Government.

"The Right Honourable the Governor in Council cannot permit his Majesty's royal regiment to quit India, after forming a part of the army of this Presidency for twenty-three years, without publicly recording his high sense of its distinguished services.

"During the Mahratta war the royal regiment was more than three years in the field. It nobly maintained the character of British soldiers at the battle of Mahidpore, and after gallantly sharing in other conflicts of that eventful period in the Peninsula, it embarked for Rangoon, and assisted in maintaining the honour of the British arms, and in establishing peace with the Ava dynasty.

"The Right Honourable the Governor in Council has only to add further that the conduct of the officers and men of his Majesty's royal regiment when in garrison has been such as to meet with the entire approbation of the Government, and that his best wishes for their continued welfare and fame will accompany them in whatever part of the world the national interests and honour may call for their services.

"By order of the Right Hon. the Governor in Council.
"(Signed) ROBERT CLERK,
"Secretary to Government."

March 16*th.*—I paid the men of my company their prize-money to-day for the Mahratta war, over-due about fourteen years, amount per man being sixteen rupees, one anna, and five pie. Two-thirds of the old soldiers entitled to this fortune were dead, a disgraceful and dishonest way of cheating the poor soldier.

21*st.*—We marched into Fort St. George and took up our quarters; my apartment was in a bomb-proof on the ground-floor, where a breath of air never reached me. I was baked like a pie-crust for sixteen hours a day; my only enjoyment

was sea-bathing early in the morning, always armed with my hog-spear, to meet a shark in case of an attack; then a ride along the beach till eight o'clock, breakfast at nine, and in light marching order till five p.m., *i.e.*, a shirt and pagamas, with the dew of humanity pouring from head to my heels all day long. I had a large bath always in a corner of my den, where I plumped in now and then, keeping my nose above water. Went on board the *Cambridge* to see another detachment of the regiment off. On my return found myself minus a few silver spoons and forks, carried off by one of those black vagabonds, always on the look-out for a grab at anything, and as sharp as crows.

25*th.*—Dined with his excellency the Governor, and asked permission to go on a ramble to get out of my bomb-proof quarters, now as hot as a baker's oven. I first went to pay my respects to my old brigadier in the peninsula, Lieutenant-General the Hon. R. W. O'Callaghan, who arrived to succeed Sir G. W. as Commander-in-Chief, and found him the same fine old trump. I must stay dinner and have a long clack about old times. He didn't seem to like India as a climate. "Don't you find it *rather* hot?" he said. "Not at all, in this grand house of yours, looking over the sea, and catching the 'doctor.'" "Who's the doctor?" he said. "The evening breeze, sir, flowing into your arms until ten o'clock at night, when you must shut out the land breeze, or you will have a stiff neck in the morning." "Where are you staying?" he said. "I live or rather exist in an oven or dungeon called a bomb-proof, as hot as blazes." "Well," he said, "you had better come and have a shake-down here, the place is too big for me." I told him I was going up the country a bit until my ship came round from Bombay to take us home. "Well," he said, "just do as you like, and if you want anything come to me."

CHAPTER II.

Homeward-bound.—Meum et Tuum.—At Sea.—St. Helena.—Napoleon's Tomb.—Arrival in England.

I WAS booked to go home in H.M. Ship *Calcutta*, then at Bombay, coming round to start on her first voyage for Europe. She was expected in three weeks, but unfortunately for me, she astonished the people at Madras, making her appearance in thirteen days, and all ready to embark the troops. I made every effort to get down to the coast in time, but the fates were against me. A frightful storm overtook me. The Palkee *boys* put me down on the road in the middle of the night, and left me there helpless. When I gathered them next day, I pushed them on, not by whacks but by bribery, to get up quickly, and I was just in time to see the big ship spreading her wings to the wind and gliding away, homeward bound.

I lost my passage, and a thousand rupees into the bargain, for each officer got fifteen hundred rupees to provide for his messing, which only cost him five hundred.

I went back to my hot bed in the fort, and kept myself warm until the next ship was ready.

June 16th.—Embarked on board the *Claudine*, in command of the troops, and sailed for old England on the 19th, glad to get away home, but still I left the country with great regret, and a multitude of kind, generous, and hospitable friends behind me. There was great lamentation at our embarkation. Many of the men who had long served in the country were married to native women, and were now obliged to abandon them on the beach. It was quite painful to see the agonised feelings of these poor creatures, clapping their hands and crying bitterly, imploring to be taken on board. I must do the soldiers justice in saying they were all in grief, and left all

their savings to those black wives whom they had taken for better or worse in the original state of marriage.

Most of the men were robbed by the boatmen in a dexterous way. They were taken across the surf to the ship as usual in Mussula boats. While the men were getting into the vessel, the boatmen broke into their little boxes, stole their money, fastened the lids of the boxes quickly, and had them nailed down, hoisted up, and the boats shoved off, before the discovery. The only fellow who saved his money was one who deserved to lose it. I found him drunk the previous evening and took his money, about one hundred rupees in gold, from him, and locked them both up separately for the night. I represented this robbery and plunder to the proper quarter before we sailed, but heard no more about it, the staff officer superintending being rather incredulous. "How could ten black fellows, without a rag on their backs, open boxes and conceal property?" Quite easily explained, as I told him. The bottom of each boat is strewed with thick brush-wood to keep the baggage dry. Here they conceal chisels for prizing up box-lids or trunks, and here they conceal the plunder. As the soldiers were taken into the ship, the boats dropped astern, and waited there with the baggage until all the troops had embarked. At this interval the disgraceful robberies were perpetrated, and many poor fellows lost their savings for many past long years of toil.

We had fourteen private passengers, and cleared away with a S.W. monsoon blowing hard, with thunder, vivid lightning, and rain; sea washing into the cuddy, making every one wretched. On to the end of June some frightful, squally weather; our little ship on her beam-ends, in the middle of a dark night, alarms landsmen; the ladies are in a forlorn condition, one of them, I believe, never went to bed; she was continually found walking about at night in a state of nervous alarm that could not be subdued. Up to the 12th July hard, squally, rough, cold weather, sea running mountains high; for three days no observation, never saw the sun, moon, nor stars. 15th to 19th. Very boisterous, cold, and rainy. 19th to 27th. Fine, sighted Point Natal, coast of Africa, and sailed along the

coast to take advantage of the current, which runs rapidly along the bank round the Cape.

We have got up a lottery, which creates a little interest in this monotonous voyage. Calculating the time of arrival at St. Helena, say nineteen days, nineteen tickets were put in a bag and drawn by the subscribers; the person who holds the number of the day on which we anchor at the island wins the prize. 1st August. East of the Cape 160 miles; day fine and clear; while at dinner, three o'clock, the captain, always with one eye open, looked up at the barometer, went out hastily on deck and took in sail, came back and sat down; the day was very fine; he kept looking at the weather-glass and went again on deck, lowered the top-gallant mast and took in all sail, to our astonishment. All we could discover was a cloudy sky from the north-west, but before the dinner-cloth was removed the captain himself was at the helm, every man at his post, and every stitch of canvas close furled, we people in the cuddy holding a death-grip of anything in our way. Great was the execution among the glass and crockery before it could be secured; the first sea that struck the ship was a broadside mountain of water that swept the decks quite clean of everything in its way—soldiers, women, children, jackalls, monkeys, birdcages, and a tiger in his box, which made *him* furious. The wind veered round right against us, and oh, how it did blow and rattle through the rigging! hatches all battened down, dead-lights in, storm-sails set, life-ropes laid along the deck, the sea lashing over us and down the companion ladder, flooding the cabins below, where traps of all sorts were knocking about all night, the ship pitching and rolling about in mountains of water. In this wretched position we laboured for nine days and nights, the little ship (450 tons) frequently under water and coming up like a duck, the troops below half drowned, and yet half smothered for want of air; the little space left open swallowed down tons of water: this was bailed out and filled again as quickly. It blew harder and harder day and night. I crawled out on deck on my hands and feet to look at this mighty, grand, awful scene of Divine power. It was terrific. 5th, 6th, and 7th. Blowing harder and harder,

8*th*.—Barometer still falling; nothing set but a storm trysail, the little bark kicking about like a cork, everybody appearing in danger of being injured; I was knocked against one of the iron knees in my cabin, and cut severely. The gale now increased ten-fold and bothered the captain and the cook, the former in a state of almost frenzy and alarm, the latter using all his ingenuity to get a big enough sea-pie for dinner. We had 190 souls below living like fish! Such helpless misery; but everything comes right in the end. The storm began to moderate on the 12th; on the 13th got sight of land, and found ourselves about six leagues from the coast of Africa, east of the Cape. 14th. Nearly a calm; wind sprung up from the S.E. right aft. O be joyful was visible in every eye, and away we went scudding along with every bit of canvas that the little duck of a ship could carry, doubling the Cape after all at eight knots an hour.

N.B.—Never undertake a *winter* voyage from India if you can avoid it. Leave Madras or Bengal in December or January, and leave England about the same time. A winter at sea is wretched enough without the chance of being ship-wrecked into the bargain.

20*th*.—Fell in with the south-east trade winds, and rolled on to St. Helena at nine knots an hour. Mr. John Russell, one of our passengers, died to-day (a Collector on the Madras Establishment, going home on sick leave); he was so knocked about in the late frightful gales that he was unable to rally; his frail shell was committed to the deep, and although enough ballast was inclosed in his coffin, it floated on the surface, and was seen above water until we were out of sight on our way. He was a kind-hearted, generous fellow, of high caste family, and had been private secretary to the late Sir Thomas Munro.

We made the island of St. Helena at daybreak on the 26th of August. It presented to the eye an abrupt, barren rock, towering to the clouds, changing its appearance as we passed along under the most stupendous cliffs. Rounding Munden's Point, we were relieved by a pretty view of the town in James's Valley lying between two mountains called Rupert's Hill on the east and Ladder Hill on the west. We let go the anchor in twelve fathoms water, a

sweet sound after being cooped up for sixty-eight days, with a plank between us and eternity. I lost my chance of the lottery prize by half an hour. I drifted ashore very quickly, and went to Saul Solomon's, a Hebrew boarding-house of long standing in the island, and so hospitable to all strangers. He only received your gold in return for civilities! Got some tiffin, and away to see all I could, and as fast as I could drive. My first exploit was to ascend Ladder Hill, up the ladder, 636 steps, almost perpendicular. There is a railway on each side of the ladder, for winding up the provision for the barracks above, where there is also a fountain of very delicious water. At the top I found a horse at a windlass, drawing up rations for the troops. The view is a grand one. There is an excellent school, and a flock of fifty fine healthy boys and girls, receiving a good plain education; also a good library and reading-room for the officers and soldiers, kept up by a subscription of 6*d.* per month. The officers have one table apart from the non-commissioned officers and privates. This is the corps of artillery; the infantry are stationed in the valley. I returned the zigzag way, a long roundabout down-hill, by a good road, with a parapet wall. Mules are most in use on the island, and it takes three of them tandem to take up a small load to the platform above. There are several very excellent shops. Solomon and Gideon keep a large supply of everything from all parts of the world at prime cost, *i.e.*, six times the original cost of some things, and 700 per cent. for others. But then they live on a cinder on the ocean, and people homeward bound from India love to spend their money in St. Helena, where Bony died! Reconnoitered James Town and the valley, until tired out, when I went on board for the night to look after my redcoats.

27*th.*—Had an early breakfast. Let a part of my men ashore for six hours, and proceeded at once myself to Bonaparte's grave. I cannot call it a tomb; that was denied the greatest general of the age, barring Wellington. Horses and mules were too expensive for a ride at 5*s.* an hour, so I made use of my legs. It was a long, hard pull up-hill, but the view is worth the labour. The roads are good, and cut out of the

rock in many places. Every stone has the appearance of volcanic eruption. The hill sides are bare and barren until you arrive near the top, where you find plenty of pasture and sheep among the braes and yellow whin, very like Scotch scenery. Having gained the top of "High Knoll," I descended by a small path leading to *his* grave, situated in a glen between two high hills, on a little green platform under a large willow-tree. Three plain, common slabs cover the dust of the great warrior—not one word to say who lies there. General Bertrand requested permission to have the word Emperor engraved on the slab, which was refused by his over strict jailor!

Madame Bertrand planted some "forget-me-not" flowers at his head, and bathed them with her tears—her last offering. It is a bonny green spot, and protected by an iron railing. An outer circle is formed by a wood paling, to keep "hands off the willow tree." But the poor willow had already suffered very severely, every Johnny Newcome with a long arm stretched across the paling seized a relic, and those who did not succeed found plenty of the same family growing along the hedges! The slips put in a bottle of water survived the voyage, and were planted on English soil as the genuine article! Napoleon died on the 5th of May, 1821. He and Sir Walter Scott were born on the same day, 15th August, 1771, two great men in their very different spheres. The Emperor's body was opened on the 6th, in presence of six medical men, including Professor Antommarchi, his own physician. An ulcer in the stomach was the cause of his death. He had often declared that it was hereditary, and that his father died of it. His heart was preserved. The body lay in state two days, and was then placed in a leaden coffin, inclosed in two others. He was laid in full uniform, boots and spurs, with the Legion of Honour and all his orders on his breast. All the troops in the island attended his funeral procession. Three rounds from eleven guns terminated the last honours paid by great England to Napoleon Bonaparte!!

I bent my way to Longwood, and sat down, tired enough, in the room where this mighty warrior had finished his earthly career. They were threshing corn in this apartment, where I

got a bit of bread and cheese and a glass of beer, to refresh the inward man. It would be a profitable old tumble-down place for the owner if his charges were equalized. I next visited the new house, "Longwood," which had been finished and furnished before he died, but never occupied. He declined to take possession. It is a handsome square building. The house was quite empty, and showed symptoms of decay. Divine service is performed in this house on Sundays for the inhabitants in the *Highlands*. There is a little old house about 150 yards off, that was occupied by Count Bertrand and his wife, so as to be near their master. It was intended that they were to reside with Napoleon at Longwood, but the fact of a new house being built, was but a proclamation of a long captivity, and only sickened his life.

At two o'clock on Sunday, the 28th August, the anchor was tripped, and we glided out to sea. All canvas now spread, we were driving before the wind at eight knots.

September 1st.—Passed the Island of Ascension at ten knots, too fine a breeze to lose, and so we got no turtle.

5th.—Crossed the line once more, with a leading wind, 165 miles a day. Agreeably warm!

12th.—A dead calm for three days. Caught two sharks. Oppressively hot and suffocating.

19th.—Fell in with the north-east trades, in lat. 13° N., and went along at eight and nine knots for seven days, when we were left like a log on the water until 2nd October, when a breeze carried us on twenty miles and deserted the ship.

5th.—A south-west wind came along with the new moon, and chased us up at eight knots.

From 9th to 13th it blew a gale, but all the right way; ship like a washing-tub, mountains of water breaking over decks and down to the cabins. Passing the Western Islands a child was born, and I baptized it by name "Claudine Flores," after the ship and the island close by.

18th.—Made the land of old England, and closed our voyage on the 23rd October at Gravesend.

24th.—Landed and marched to Chatham, having been at sea 130 days.

CHAPTER III.

Government Inspection.—Route to Edinburgh.—Our Quarters.—En Route again.—Cape Diamond.—Country Life.—An Impromptu Dinner.—Lord Gosford.—A Fancy Ball.—The Characters.—The Finale.

I WAS dreadfully disgusted at my new quarters; two wretched little rooms not fit for a dog-kennel, fitted up and furnished with four ricketty old chairs that paid barrack damages enough in their day to furnish a drawing-room; two small deal tables patched and impaired, very black from old age, and a smoky chimney; three rusty fire-irons of great antiquity, an old bellows and an iron candlestick completed the dwelling of a captain in the British army. I wished myself back in India a hundred times over.

The A. G. from the H. G., a very cranky old North Briton, came down without any notice to inspect the R. R. The men were in tatters, their accoutrements worn out by nearly twenty years' service instead of ten, when they ought to have been renewed. The breast-plates were polished bare and bright, no mark of the regiment left about them; all the better for the colonel of the corps: his off-reckonings or income from this source was nearly doubled. The old soldiers were seasoned old bricks and well bronzed, fit for anything but to appear before the A. G. of the British army. He found fault with everything. We were not the rosy-cheeked, well-dressed royal people he expected to see just so lately from the great empire of India, where pagodas grew on the trees, and everything was so rich and rare; we were found to be a ragged pack of redcoats not fit to live in England; and so an order came down in the night to be off in the morning to Edinburgh, two of her Majesty's ships of war being ready to take us away. Well, we had nothing for it but to obey orders, jump out of bed, and begin to pack up our traps

hurry-scurry. I had some nice things I brought home with me, but they were nearly all smashed in this hasty, useless move. Ladies were left to shift for themselves and take the land route. We were all clear away from Chatham without our breakfast, baggage and all pitched into boats, and we going down the river to the ships on one of those charming, foggy mornings of November so very salubrious to the health, comfort, and convenience of soldiers, who are supposed to have nine lives and no feeling. The *Galatea* and the *Stag* took us on board and kept us there three days before the fog cleared off to let them see their way. In the meantime the captain of our ship, a jolly good fellow, offered me his cabin if I would go back and bring down my little family. I jumped at the offer; groped my way back just in time to catch them before they left Chatham. I have generally found that everything comes right in the end, and so it was here in spite of the many blessings poured out on Sir J. McD——it G——l.

It was a long voyage and the men were nearly perished with cold, being so very unprepared for a sea trip at this season. Admiral Napier commanded the *Galatea*. We had some very calm weather. He had a mechanical fancy, got up paddles to his ship, turned by a windlass, and kept his crew and our men warm enough at this work!

If we left Chatham tattered and torn, we were in no better condition when we marched up to Edinburgh Castle to be inspected next morning by General P—— S——t. We appeared decidedly out of the dress circle, and got a hint that we might go further north; but there was another voice against any further ascent towards the North Pole; and so we passed an agreeable winter in modern Athens. The good people were hospitable and kind, and took a more favourable view of the "Royal Scots," their oldest corps, and did not forget that they had done something at Culloden in the olden time, and that in later days we had only to unfurl our standard at any time, and let them see there was not a more brilliant spectacle of British valour emblazoned on any colours ever presented by a crowned head to any regiment; and we were proud of them. Old musty General officers who had never

seen service could not understand this; all they cared about was *the* book of regulations, and counting one's buttons, and even measuring the distance with a pocket-rule from button to button with great gravity. I do not know if this put men in good training for the battle-field, but I know it made them very jocose and merry *after* the ordeal was over! Sir Patrick patronized a play one evening, which was intimated to the garrison; none of us went; as far as redcoats were concerned, there were empty boxes, which was considered personal; I believe it was nothing of the kind. However, we soon got notice to quit, and changed our quarters to a tumble-down place of antiquity called Fort George, planted on a moor far away north in Scotland, thirteen miles from Inverness, the nearest town in those parts. The Duke of Gordon was now our Colonel, and a right jolly good duke he was. He came over from Gordon Castle to pay us a visit, saw his regiment in the field, and was so much pleased with the general appearance of the men, their efficiency, good conduct, and sobriety, that he addressed them himself in a complimentary speech, and ordered them several barrels of ale to refresh them after a long field-day. He took the head of the table at our mess, made us all very happy, sung a good song, and invited most of us to Gordon Castle, with our wives and families, on whom he personally called to pay his respects. I need hardly say how deservedly popular he was with us all to the end of his valuable life.

We had nothing to do here but to eat, drink, and be merry, nothing more of drill than was needful. Our Colonel, G. A. W., knew very well how unnecessary it was to drill men to death, as was too often the custom when one had the chance of a broad carpet to tramp over! We got our salmon fresh out of the nets at 6d. a pound; if other people paid 2s. 6d., such was the *regulation* here, and, I believe, was never revised. We had pic-nics to Cawder Castle, the Fall of Foyers, and other old-fashioned places. Just as we began to like our country quarters, we were required in Glasgow. We found our way up the Caledonian Canal to that commercial city, very famed for smoking chimneys and mountain dew. Our barracks, of

course, were planted as usual in the most blackguard part of the town, hardly fit for wild beasts. Before we left this unhealthy, wretched, goodenough place for *soldiers*, we were all smoke-dried and baked brown. Our next move was back to Edinburgh Castle, a gentlemanlike quarter, and classic ground, high enough to look down the chimneys all about us. Of course we were now perfection, being under the eye of the Duke of Gordon of late! But still "Auld Reekie" was not to be our dwelling-place; we were transported to Manchester, where the volumes of smoke that were wafted into our rooms spoiled and tarnished our richly-embroidered uniform. We tried a place called Bury, where we remained just long enough to unpack our luggage, get all snug, pack up again, and be off out of the kingdom. I never could understand why we were *always* sent to sea in winter, unless the Q. M. G. at the H. G. thought it necessary to have every man's stomach cleared out once a year of all superfluous bile; and he succeeded. We were as nearly lost as possible in a gale of wind at this time crossing to Ireland. It was a terrible night; the steamers crowded; blowing like fury; horses got loose; one very valuable one, belonging to Captain Raymond, was killed (no compensation—he was not a F. O.); others injured. After a long struggle in a pitch-dark winter night, the skipper got the steamer round into shelter under the hills of Scotland, where we lay a day and a night until the gale got lighter. If we had been crossing over to fight the French, or do battle for one's country, nobody would say a word about it; but this most unmerciful practice for no purpose was to be condemned.

Newry held us in its watery embrace for the rest of the winter, when we moved to Dublin, and on to Cork, whence we embarked for Canada in July, 1836. The regiment was embarked on board an old transport swarmed with vermin called in France *Punaise*. The men had not standing-room upon the deck when assembled for divine service on the sabbath-day; we were packed like red herrings in a barrel; to sleep at night was impossible, from the multitude of B—flats that had entire possession of the ship; some ladies had *never* gone to bed

after the first night during the *seven weeks'* voyage of persecution; they sat patiently in an arm-chair by night, and got a *snooze* as they could catch it; the soldiers' children resembled small humanity just rising out of small-pox, they were so dreadfully bitten; and provisions ran short. We messed in a hole below, where the officers had uneasy berths. No thanks to the authorities at home if we arrived safe in the colony, for they surely took all means to destroy not only the comfort but the safety of her Majesty's Royal Regiment. We had been due at Quebec for three weeks past, and when we did land at the wharf in presence of Sir John Colborne and the *élite* of the city, the people expressed great pleasure and amazement to see a whole regiment turn out of a transport as clean and as nice as if they had emerged from a barrack for a field-day. The first impression was favourable and never wore off afterwards. Cape Diamond barracks, the Gibraltar of America, took us in for the winter—a jolly cold winter for those who liked it; but it froze up my eyes and no mistake, and when the wind blew from the east with the thermometer at 34 below freezing, your eyes begin to water as you go your night rounds, the eye-water immediately congeals, and you are frozen up. You may be frost-bitten too and not know it until some one makes a sudden attack upon your nose with a handful of snow, and begins *salting* you like beef. The first rush that was made upon my visage was when crossing the Hog's back one evening as I was going round my sentries. I was very much inclined to give my unknown friend a kick on the shins when he bawled out, "You are frost-bitten, sir." "No, I am not," I said. "Yes you *are*, though." And he went on scrubbing my face with handfuls of snow. The part affected becomes as white as paper; *you* do not see it, but your neighbour can; there is no present feeling, no discovery by one's self, so that all concerned near at hand consider it a duty to make a dash at every frost-bite they see. "We cannot see ourselves as others see us!"

I had four good rooms and a stove for cooking; my furniture arrived in Quebec before me. I had one of Wurnum's pianos—a first-rate instrument—and got settled down in

three days. Our windows looked down upon and over the Grand St. Lawrence into the island of Orleans, and commanded a fine view of the Falls of Montmorencey. This was all glorious at the start, and, while the sun was bright and warm, our field-days on the plains of Abraham were a pleasure, and *there* lay a big stone marking the spot where General Wolfe fell at the head of his gallant and victorious army, and there was *no* stone to mark the spot where Montcalm dropped at the same time and place; but, nevertheless, one of our governors, Lord Dalhousie, erected a monument to both the warriors, equalizing their merits.

While the summer lasted I was in love with the country, and often thought of closing accounts with the War Office and becoming a settler. I was very much urged to it by all the young fellows I met on a little excursion I made into the eastern townships—a beautiful fertile country, and no mistake. I went so far as to buy a felling-axe to begin, and inquired the price of farms ready made and not made. What a fine thing it would be to have a landed estate, woods and forests, horses, dogs, pigs, and poultry, and no parades nor drills! I went into the forest with my axe, and had a little exercise trying to fell a big tree, which I thought would be so easy and pleasant. I worked away for two hours and made but small impression; my back was nearly broken, and I gave it up. The *professional* woodman never bends his back; he cuts three feet from the ground, and leaves the stumps there for ten or fifteen years, burns the timber, digs lightly between the stumps, scatters his grain, covers it up with a thorn-bush, and has a succession of fine crops for a dozen of years without any manure; the yield of potatoes abundant and good. I went away far up into the west country beyond Niagara, where I met an old brother officer, who asked me to go out with him and stay a few days at his farm and see life in the forest. He came into Brandford and took me away in a donkey-waggon—a curious piece of ingenuity upon wheels. There was no road; we got over some miles of ground through the stumps, our bones nearly out of joint; the last stage was a *cordoroy* over a swamp. A *cordoroy* means trees felled and laid close together to keep one

from floundering in the deep spring and mud swamps. We came to a little log-hut at last. "That's my house, and you're welcome; we must hunt about for some dinner;" and he loaded his gun. "Have you much game," I said, "hereabouts?" "Oh yes; wild turkeys, hares, deer, fine large partridges that perch on the trees, and on the moors, all in their season." And he let fly at a hen and knocked her over. "That's for our dinner," he said; "they get so wild I have to shoot them." He took it into the hut and came back to me with a spade in hand to dig some potatoes, and a finer crop I never saw. The hen was boiled with a bit of salt pork he took out of a barrel, and with vegetables we had a right hearty dinner; one glass and a teacup sat upon the table with a bottle of the country whisky which had a peculiar flavour, but not bad while we stuck to a single ration. We had no supper, but went to roost early. He proposed his only bed for me, which I declined to occupy on any terms. Rolled up in my cloak, I slept on a bundle of straw. There was plenty of fresh air all about us, and our sleep was never disturbed but one night when a wild Indian got into our house, for what purpose we could not say, unless to scrape an acquaintance with *the* barrel of pork, or, what they liked better, a bottle of whisky. My friend had his gun loaded, and had a shot after him as he glided amongst the trees in such a hurry as to leave one of his mocassins behind him. There was a little tribe of American Indians not far off—quiet Aborigines who lived by hunting in the winter. We went over to pay them a visit, and asked the chief to come and pass the evening with us, *i. e.*, as was understood by Takayongwakie, to drink whisky, to which they were all too much addicted when they could catch it. This old fellow with the long name was up to time, and came armed with his tomahawk and feathers in his head to smoke the pipe of peace and drink his rations. After swallowing about half a pint of whisky, we asked him to give us the war dance. "A little more fire-water," he said, and the teacup was filled; when this went down he jumped up and, under great excitement, he went through the dance, yelling and flourishing about his tomahawk within an inch of my head;

he grew quite wild and furious, frothing at the mouth, and displayed something of the aboriginal too near to be safe or agreeable. He now lay down and fell asleep, and when morning dawned he was gone.*

I enjoyed this wild life in the woods for a week, and began to think it would not agree with us in the long run, however pleasant it might be to ramble about solus in the sunshine; so I returned home cured of my wild dream of burying myself and family in the woods of Canada, and stuck to my own trade a while longer.

Lord Gosford was governor. He was a very kind, hospitable gentleman without any pride or state about him except on state occasions. We dined with him very often, and he had balls and parties and big suppers for the Canadians, which they enjoyed, taking home little *souvenirs* from the table for the children! "Where are you going?" he said one day to me. "I am going the rounds, my lord." "Very well; then you must come and dine with me, and you will be half way for your night work." I had to pass his château about eleven or twelve o'clock every night that I was on duty. He was always doing kind things in this way.

I was ordered to Montreal as a member of a general court-martial in the middle of winter, and was accommodated with a seat in a sleigh for 180 miles over the most atrocious snow-road. Every few yards it was bump into a hole and jerk out again until my whole body and bones were bruised most painfully. In ten days the trial was over, and I had to undergo the same torture. Everybody in Canada knows what *cahrots*, or, in English, car-holes, are in snow-driving. The leather-headed French Canadians—a retrograde people—ran the same sleighs their great grandfathers used on the low runners, spoiling the roads; and nothing but an Act of the Provincial Parliament compelled them to become civilized and adopt the high runners, which they ever afterwards used with pleasure and profit. We had a Tandem

* How proud the old Indian felt when pointing out to my friend J. B——n the *scalp* nailed to his door, and telling how and where he took it.

Sleigh Club, which met once a week, the president always leading; wherever he went, the rest were obliged to follow. If a good whip, he ledthrough the most difficult paths, down hills, amongst the stumps, &c. Every now and then there was an upset or a smash, the ladies going down head foremost into the deep snow. Every gentleman took a lady or two in his sleigh; the horses were very good, and enjoyed the tinkling of their own bells; harness beautiful, and the sleighs perfection in their way.

The bachelors of the R. R. rejoiced the hearts of all the girls *in* Quebec, and out of it, by a fancy ball given in our barracks, the following account of which appeared in the *Quebec Mercury* :—

"Last night the bachelor officers of this distinguished corps gave a splendid entertainment to a numerous and fashionable party in their quarters at the citadel, for which invitations had been issued some time past, with an intimation that the company were expected to appear in 'full or fancy dresses.' Such entertainments are not of frequent recurrence here, and, when they do occur, create an additional excitement from the preparations required for those who choose to appear in fancy dresses, and in which even those whose age exempts them from assuming a masquerading disguise to a certain degree participate. At the ball of last evening fancy costumes were more generally worn than has been customary at similar entertainments in Quebec, and the variety and splendour of the dresses, amongst which might be found the garb of almost every nation, from the graceful and flowing garments of the East to the tawdry finery of the North American Indian, mixed with a variety of uniforms, naval and military, British and foreign, together with the splendid dresses of the ladies, formed altogether a scene of uncommon brilliancy. The company entered the officers' house by the centre entrance, but as the entire lower floor was made available for the entertainment, the passages extending the whole length of the building, 280 feet (the mess-rooms excepted), were tastefully lighted with Chinese lanthorns, and at intervals with variegated lamps, being in arches of evergreen boughs. The ornamenting of the dancing-room was simple and military in character;

stars of bayonets, surrounded with wreaths of evergreens, were on the walls; but at the end of the room was the proudest decoration a soldier would desire to display—the colours of the regiment—rich in the bearing of many a hard contested and glorious field, hung as proud records of the honourable service this old and gallant corps has rendered to the country. The floor was tastefully chalked with appropriate devices. At the upper end was the flower commonly known as the 'bachelor's button,' in a medallion surrounded by a garter, with the motto, *Sic fata volunt;* in the centre, in a larger medallion, was the Sphinx, and the word 'Egypt;' at the lower end, the National Thistle, with the motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit;* whilst on scrolls, between and around the medallions, were inscribed the several victories borne on the colours. The company began to assemble about nine o'clock, at which time his Excellency Lord Gosford arrived, and was received by Lieut. Colonel Wetherell, dressed as a private of the corps in the uniform of 1745 (not so smart as that of the present day, but still a very soldier-like habiliment), who conducted the noble guest to the dancing-room, where Mrs. Wetherell, as lady patroness, received the company. Sir George and Lady Gipps were present, and a part, at least, of almost all the principal families of the place, with the officers and ladies of the garrison. Among the dresses some were splendid, many very appropriate, and in a few the characters represented were admirably supported by the wearers. Amongst them we must especially notice an inhabitant of the Celestial Empire,* who, throughout the night, except at supper, kept up the character of a Chinaman; an American free negro was an admirable imitation of a sable dandy, and acted his part with spirit, as did a Yorkshire lad, who, however, retired early, not having yet accustomed himself to city hours. Of the gentlemen's dresses three possessed particular interest, as being connected with the history of the regiment, the oldest corps in Europe. These were an imitation of the dress of the corps at a very early period, with gorge armour, and the Red Cross both on the breast and back; a second was the dress to a later day,

* Lieutenant-Colonel C. B.

when the regiment was the Scotch Guard of Louis IX.; and the third the uniform in which the Colonel appeared, and of which we have above spoken. They are all taken from a series of drawings in the possession of Colonel Wetherell, which are esteemed to be faithful representations of the uniform of the regiment at different epochs of its existence. The dance was kept up with spirit till one o'clock, when supper was announced, consisting of every luxury, and wines of the finest quality. A large draught had been made on the hours of this 17th day of January before the party began to grow thin; and when prudence, rather than satiety, warning them it was time to depart, they retired highly gratified with the hospitality of their chivalrous hosts, whose fancy ball will long be pre-eminent in the annals of the fashionable gaieties of Quebec."

CHAPTER IV.

Campaign in Canada.—Attack on St. Charles.—The Result.—The Sisters.—Comfortable Quarters.—The Priest of St. Denis.—St. Eustache.—The Attack.—*Coteau du Lac.*—The Sunken Guns.—How I won my Spurs.—Montreal to New York.—Astor House.—New York to Philadelphia.—On to Albany.—Saratoga.—Its Amusements.—Home.

WE found the 32nd Regiment at Montreal, a corps as remarkable for their hospitality as for their gallantry in the field. We joined their mess for a few days until we got up our *sign*. Captain Markham, a great sportsman, kept his mess well supplied with game. Moose-deer, wild fowl, venison of different kinds were always falling to his gun. He would be out for weeks at a time in the snow, with his Indian hunters, following moose-deer, and bivouacking at night in the snow with only a blanket, but a big fire at his feet. He was a man of wire; but he was not iron, and broke down at the last in an East Indian climate.

I never bothered my head about politics, nor do I ever intend to do so. The French Canadians about this time seemed very discontented, and were led on by one Papineau, the Dan O'Connell of Canada, to break the law, and became very formidable in mischief, threatening to kill and destroy all loyal people, particularly the few troops we had in the country. They formed their head-quarters at St. Charles, a pretty town on the river Richelieu, and prepared for attack and defence. Sir John Colborne planned a little campaign with the handful of men we had, and sent the Royal Regiment to attack St. Charles, and disperse the rebels.

November 17th.—This day opened the campaign in Lower Canada. The rebels fired the first shot, and rescued some prisoners taken up for high treason by the Montreal cavalry. Two of the cavalry officers wounded, one trooper ditto, three horses killed.

18th.—Four companies of the Royals and two six-pounders, under the command of Colonel Wetherell, marched early from

Montreal, crossed the St. Lawrence, and went in search of the rebels; fell in with them on the road to Chamblé, where they took to the woods, which Captain Bell scoured with his company, taking some prisoners.

19*th*.—Captain Bell was sent to Montreal with despatches, and, on his return the following day, had to ride for his life to escape the enemy, being called upon to halt, which he declined. The darkness of the night and a good horse were his best friends upon this occasion.

22*nd*.—Four companies of the Royals, one ditto of 66th, and two guns under Captain G——, the whole commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Wetherell, marched from Chamblé, at seven o'clock at night, with orders to attack St. Charles next morning. The night was dark and rainy, and the roads almost knee deep in mud. Fires were lighted at different points the moment we marched to give the enemy notice of our departure. Crossed the ferry in scows, which took four hours. A terrible night, making only about a mile an hour. At daylight the men presented a frightful spectacle. Arrived at the house of Colonel Rouville the following morning at eleven o'clock, where men and officers were most hospitably entertained. He opened his house and his cellar to the officers, and his barns and outhouses to the soldiers, with a liberal allowance of spirits to every man. Here we remained until the morning of the 25th, when our men were pretty well refreshed, with their arms and appointments in good trim. Our grenadier company joined us the day previous, and we marched off in gay style, mustering a small force of 280 men, two six-pounders, and a few of the Montreal Volunteer Cavalry. The town of St. Charles is prettily situated on the right bank of the river Richelieu, in a fertile champaign country. After receiving a few shots from some houses on the roadside, which we returned double quick, and fired the houses into the bargain, we advanced towards the town, the rebels keeping up a straggling fire from the opposite side of the river. At two o'clock we came in front of the town, where it was fortified by a breastwork. We halted in column, a short distance on the right of the road, out of the direction of their guns, and summoned the rebels to surrender; the reply

was a volley of small arms and a cheer; then we opened a fire of round shot and shrapnel amongst them; but they were well under cover, having the houses and barns loopholed. We deployed into line, and advanced, the light company being divided and extended on both flanks in skirmishing order. The enemy now opened a brisk fire from their works, which was returned with effect. About 300 men left the town cheering, and moved into a corner of the wood on our right to turn our flank, when the grenadier company moved up, and beat them back. The centre companies of the Royals and a company of the 66th, and a few of the Montreal volunteers, were ordered to storm the barns in our front, making a little detour to avoid the fire from the thickest part of the stockade. Those companies were advancing too far, and still under a heavy fire, when I was ordered with all speed to bring them into action, while my own company charged in front. The ground was difficult to cross, being lately ploughed, and the frost very hard; the men, too, were dropping by the enemy's shot pretty fast. When I got up we brought our right shoulders forward, and with three cheers bore down upon the barns and breastworks, which were still lined with the rebels. In this advance Colonel Wetherall had an escape, his horse being mortally wounded; the Adjutant, MacNicol, was also unhorsed; twenty-one of our men fell, of whom one sergeant and four privates were killed, the rest wounded, some very severely, two of my best men mortally. On entering the town there was little quarter; almost every man was put to death; in fact, they fought too long before thinking of flight. Many were burned alive in the barns and houses, which were fired, as they would not surrender. Gun-barrels and powder-flasks were exploding all night in the burning houses, and the picture that presented itself the following morning to my eyes was terrible. A number of swine got loose, and were eating the roasted bodies of the enemy who were burned in the barns and killed in the streets: those brutes were afterwards shot. The loss of the rebels was great; their position was strong, and they defended it with desperation; but they were totally routed, and received a lesson that they are not likely ever to forget. We took

twenty-eight prisoners, destroyed a great quantity of arms and ammunition, spiked their two guns, and sunk them in the river, burned every house from whence a shot was fired, turned the priest's house into an hospital, and the church into a barrack. I found a journal in the house of the priest, the Rev. Mr. B——, which gave a daily account of all our movements from our leaving Montreal on the 17th of November. So accurate was this information, that it mentioned our having marched from St. Hilaire on the evening of the 24th of November, at eight o'clock. So far this was quite correct, for Colonel Wetherell marched our little force out of the town at the hour mentioned merely as a ruse to deceive the enemy. We returned to our quarters in about two hours after night, thus leaving our *friends* to defend a position on our route all the night, which they did to their great chagrin.

On Sunday the 26th, some few people came into the town, and asked permission to look out their friends amongst the dead. We encouraged the unfortunate creatures to return to their deserted homes; but few came in while we remained at St. Charles. Two genteel, nice-looking young women came to me and asked if I would accompany them to look for their father amongst the slain. I went along with them, and, alas! he was indeed found with his head shattered to pieces, and a most dreadful corpse, frozen like a log, with his limbs extended in the manner in which he fell, and the blood and brain congealed and forming a part of the horrid mass. These poor girls, with some assistance, had him placed upon a sleigh, and covered up. One of them never shed a tear, the other was in agony. I could fancy their inward feelings, and I pitied them from my heart, poor souls! It is such scenes as these that make war so awful, and, above all, civil war amongst a naturally quiet, domestic people like the Canadians, led on by a few ambitious, democratical agitators, who have nothing to lose and everything to gain. The inhabitants are a quiet, homely, contented people, very ignorant about state affairs or forms of government, but easily roused by their clergy, and not so easily tranquillized once they are led to believe that the British Government is trampling upon their rights and privi-

leges. The truth is, no people on earth enjoy so many privileges or have so little to complain of as the humble Canadian. He eats his pork, smokes his tobacco, and sits by his hot stove in the winter; in summer attends his farm, and jogs on in the same manner in which his great grandsire did before him without attempting the least improvement. He has no wants, and if told he was living under the best form of government in the world, he would believe it, and be happy; and if told there must be a change, he would think so too.

I had no great fault to find with my quarters in St. Charles during my short stay, only that all the doors and windows of the houses were smashed to pieces, and it was very cold; but I never changed my dress from the day I left home until my return; perhaps the best reason was that I was in light marching order, and had nothing with me but what was on my back. The house I occupied belonged to Mr. D——, formerly a decided Radical, but then a Government man, and one of the Executive Council. Having deserted his former principles, the rebels took possession of his property, and kept him a prisoner until he escaped in the middle of the night, shortly before we marched for St. Charles. His house was neat and commodious, handsomely furnished with every comfort inside and out; his barns were well stored, he had four carriages in his coach-house, with some good horses. The young ladies had their garden, enriched with all the choicest plants and flowers, but all were nearly consumed and destroyed by fire and sword. There was a handsome piano in the drawing-room, which had lost a leg in the action by one of our stray cannon-shot. Two of my men propped it up with a log, and commenced playing a duet in the evening after supper. All the fine trees had been cut down to barricade and form breastworks. The cattle were killed, and put into store for winter rations; the cellars were open to all who chose to regale themselves; an extensive library of books was scattered about like chaff; the young ladies' letters, dresses, bonnets, and all their pictures, paintings, &c., were in the rough embraces of unprincipled rebels, semi-barbarians, before we got into the town; and thus it was when I took up my quarters on the evening after the action. There

were plenty of feather-beds, blankets, Brussels carpets, and some furniture untouched, with abundance of provision, wine, spirits, &c., and my men were cooking and feasting all the night. As for myself, I did not attempt to lie down, but I patrolled about the town all the night in case of any attack from a secret foe; and every time I went out of this wretched house, the dead bodies presented themselves at my feet, the night being light as day from the flames of the burning barns. I sat amongst my men in the once happy and comfortable dining-parlour of a family that never could pass another night there, listening to the rude jest, and the different tales of the past day. "Well," said old Charley Plumb, "them fellers fought well. I worked amongst them till my bayonet was bent on a tough back-bone, yet I only killed three on 'em!" This was said in the coolest manner, with his pipe in his mouth, and without the least idea of boasting. "What a head that fellow had," said Bulger, "who was just going to shoot the Captain, there, till I sent him to the other world." This I was witness to. I saw the bayonet plunge into his ear, and through his head, and then he stood on the body to pull out the deadly weapon—oh, horrible! Such a scene I hoped never to witness again, but three weeks did not pass until I saw others quite as terrible. Such is war!

Sunday, the 26th, was passed getting our men into a proper state for future operations, attending to the wounded, and carting the dead to the churchyard, where they were thrown in one mass, to be interred in one grave. We buried our own dead in as decent a manner as circumstances would permit; then sent for the priest of St. Denis to witness the havoc made at St. Charles. He came, and I took his *reverence* round the works, and showed him *all* before a corpse was disposed of. It made him sick. He was then ordered back to report to his people what he had seen, and to tell them if they did not return to their allegiance and to their peaceful homes, St. Denis would not exist in twenty-four hours. This had a wonderful effect. He did go home, and prevailed upon his people to act according to our wishes, after which they never fired a shot from that rebellious town. I may now say a few

words about this little town of St. Denis. It also lies on the right bank of the Richelieu, seven miles below St. Charles. When we were ordered to attack St. Charles, another force, under a staff officer, embarked in steamboats at Montreal, sailed down to Sorel (or William-Henry), there disembarked, and marched for St. Charles, to attack that place upon the same day that we intended doing so. The weather was dreadful, the men fagged and quite unfit for action. On approaching St. Denis, they found themselves unexpectedly and strongly opposed by a large force there posted in stone houses, which opened a heavy fire. Captain Markham, 32nd, was severely wounded, with several of his men, and a few killed—in fact, they were repulsed, and obliged to retreat, leaving a howitzer in the mud, and their wounded in the hands of the enemy. It was upon the morning of this unhappy day that Lieutenant Weir, of the 32nd Regiment, was taken prisoner, and most barbarously murdered in the street of St. Denis, and then thrown into the river, where his body was afterwards found, most shockingly mutilated. This repulse gave the enemy courage, and made them fight well at St. Charles.

On the day of our return to Montreal, 30th November, Colonel ——— was embarking with a larger force and two guns, to retrace his steps to St. Denis, to kill and slay all before him; but his march was not intercepted; he found his howitzer, burned the property of the rebel Nelson, marched to St. Hyacinth and St. Charles, but saw no enemy.

Never was such a joyful welcome as we had on our return to Montreal. The inhabitants had been kept in a state of the greatest excitement and alarm during our absence, a rebel force being on the west side of the town, threatening fire and destruction, and only waiting to hear that we had been defeated at St. Charles, when the whole country would have been in a blaze from Quebec to Toronto.

The red-coats went up now a hundred per cent.—nothing but feasting and fixing of flints for the next ten days. The gentry presented Colonel Wetherall with a very handsome and valuable piece of plate, and her Majesty sent him the honour-

able distinction of C.B., an honour conferred only for distinguished service in the field.

On the 13th of December, the force under Sir John Colborne, consisting of the Royals, 32nd, and 83rd Regiments, five guns and some rockets, the Montreal Cavalry and Rifles, with some volunteers, marched from Montreal in two brigades, to attack the town of St. Eustache, and drive the rebels from this part of the country. We halted the first night at St. Martin, and on the following morning proceeded to the point of attack, making a long detour to avoid the usual road, which led to the ferry opposite which the church of St. Eustache was situated on the bank of the Ottawa, and which was strongly fortified and garrisoned by the enemy. We crossed on the ice about three miles below the town, which, fortunately, was strong enough to carry the force over in safety, although it gave way a little, and we lost one of the tumbrils with ammunition. I mounted a paling, and first saw, glittering in the sun, the double spires of that church which was doomed to ruin, and to entomb many of its then unfortunate and fated inmates. On our near approach, the guns opened a brisk fire upon the stone houses adjoining the church, while the infantry surrounded the town, in order to cut off the retreat of the rebels, the greatest part of whom had, however, retired on the first fire, leaving about 400 to defend the church. From the priest's house they kept up a brisk fire upon our men. The guns came up to a corner of the main street, and riddled the church door. The Royals then were ordered to storm it, which they did in most gallant style, firing the adjoining house, which burned out the rebels there. Under the great column of smoke that issued from this building, many of the enemy escaped from the church, and crossed the river on the ice; but they met the Volunteers who were waiting for them in the wood, and were slaughtered. The flames soon communicated to the church. There was but one choice left—to bolt out and be shot, or burned alive. There was no escape, and they died as they fought, regardless of life. Chenier, the only chief who stood by them to the last, was killed in the churchyard, a ball having passed through his body, entering his left

side under the ribs. This shot saved the Government £500, being the reward offered for his apprehension. He was a genteel-looking young man, about twenty-four years old, and had a wife and family. I took the stock from his neck, which was made of the common cloth of the country, it being a system amongst those unfortunates not to wear anything of British manufacture. This was one of Papineau's schemes to injure our manufactures.

The wounded were most severely riddled; many of them bled to death for want of surgical aid. I found one poor fellow with his arm shattered above the elbow with a grape shot. Some soldiers were just going to dispatch him, when I came up. He was crying for mercy, and the blood was pouring from the wound most rapidly. I took off one of my mocassin strings, and bound his arm tight, which stopped the effusion of blood. It was amputated the same night, and I believe he recovered. I had some difficulty in saving a few other prisoners from the soldiers, who were much excited. I walked about the most part of the night, not being in a sufficiently composed state to lie down. The town was in flames. The cries of the wounded were piercing, many of them being roasted alive. The heat of the fire melted the snow, and the street was in a puddle. The soldiers were cutting down houses, to prevent the fire reaching the hospital, and altogether the scene was too terrible to permit me, fagged as I was, to retire to my humble billet.

The fire reached the church clock just at twenty minutes past two p.m., and the roof fell in about six, burying in its ruins many an unfortunate misguided wretch. I saw their cinders next morning, some only partially burned, others almost entirely consumed. We marched on to St. Benoit, alias Grand Brulé, next day in pursuit of the rebels; but found none. They deserted the town, and dispersed all over the country. This being one of the chief seats of their disloyalty for years back, we burned the whole town, church and all, and then retraced our steps to Montreal, bringing home 108 prisoners, many of them wealthy men, and leaders of the blind. G——, the general-in-chief, was so hotly pursued for some days, he blew

out his brains while in the act of being made prisoner. I saw him brought into Montreal on a train immediately after his death. He was considered a reckless ruffian, and proved himself a coward.

On the 3rd of January, 1838, I was appointed Commandant of the fort and garrison of Coteau-du-Lac, a place of some importance, situated on the edge of the St. Lawrence, and by the side of the main road leading to the Upper Province. The rebels having threatened to march upon this place and secure the guns, previous to the attack at St. Eustache, it was deemed prudent to have all the cannon sunk in the river, as there were no troops in the country that could be spared to defend it. The guns were accordingly disposed of in this way, after which Colonel S—— of the militia took possession of the Fort in the Queen's name, collected some volunteers, and placed himself in command, with full pay and rations. However, this did not long continue. When I superseded him in the command, I found everything in the greatest disorder, irregularity, confusion, and a total want of system; the Fort in the most defenceless state, the men without the shadow of discipline, eating up Government provisions, and just doing as they pleased. I commenced to work immediately, and to reform abuses; got a drill sergeant, whom I promoted to the rank of sergeant-major, had regular parades and drills, when all officers were present, and drilled in the ranks amongst the men; the guards were regularly mounted, and sentries posted and relieved according to the rule of the service; formed the men into messes, and instead of cooking at all hours during the day, appointed stated hours for breakfast and dinner; provided them with knives, forks, plates, bowls, &c., and soon got order and regularity established. Superintended the workmen employed by the engineer department in putting the Fort into a state of defence, and in the course of a month had a very respectable, orderly garrison, officers and men well acquainted with their duties. I now thought it possible to get a gun or two out of the river. Having first found out the place where they were deposited, I cut away the ice to the brink where they lay, and the water being clear, I distinctly observed four

twenty-four pounders at the bottom. By the help of about seventy men whom I employed, I got ropes and chains passed under the guns, had long poles cut in the woods, laid them sloping from the ice down to the guns, and by main force hauled them out of the water. Each of these long guns weighed two tons and a half. They were all spiked, and, most unfortunately, with patent spikes. Having applied to head-quarters to have my guns now examined by an artillery officer, Captain Stanway was sent up to see them and report; but his report being unfavourable, the matter dropped at head-quarters. I got two clever fellows, who promised to take out the spikes for a consideration. I agreed to give them two dollars a gun if they succeeded; if not—no pay. They drilled them all out in three weeks, very nicely, and without injuring the vents. As this operation was reported to Sir John Colborne as impracticable, I took some credit to myself for perseverance. I mounted two of those guns, having made platforms for the carriages of the strongest material. I recovered, by dint of perseverance, upwards of four thousand cannon shot from the river, and I now commanded the country all about for the space of a mile. Within that distance I could have destroyed every house from my batteries. Captain S—— was again sent up to examine and report upon my works. He returned perfectly satisfied, and reported my platforms unexceptionable, guns well mounted, and skilfully unspiked. I fired several shots from these guns up and down the river to try the effect and strength of the platforms, and to calculate the distance at which I could knock down a house, and to let the good people about know that I was well prepared in the event of any future disturbance.

I received the thanks of the Lieutenant-General, who now sent me a *carte blanche* to do as I liked, and ask for what I wanted. I recovered twelve more twenty-four pounders in the middle of the winter, erected a sawpit in the forest, cut down my timber, finished more platforms, erected four batteries and a drawbridge, and made myself secure against any enemy. This was a place of great importance, the rapids being in front, and all boats going *up* the St. Lawrence having to pass through

the canal locks in this fortress. I had a weary winter of it; but it suited my taste, and gave me a brevet majority. I won my spurs, and it made me joyful.

May 22nd, 1838.—Major Henry John Warde, Royal Regiment, died this morning, deeply regretted, aged thirty years.

August 10th, 1838.—Went with despatches to Lord D—— and Sir John C——; the former, at Quebec, being now the Governor. I dined with his lordship, and returned to Sorel, the summer-house of Sir John C——; got his despatches, and went off with them to New York to meet the *Great Western* steamer.

13*th.*—Left Montreal at nine a.m., crossed the St. Lawrence to La Prairie, nine miles; took the railroad per steamer to St. John's, eighteen miles, dined there—excellent dinner—and embarked on the *Burlington* steamer, the handsomest and best conducted boat perhaps in America—every part of her as thoroughly clean as Buckingham Palace, with an excellent table. Sailed, two p.m., for Whitehall, 150 miles; touched at Plattsburgh, Burlington, and other places on both sides of Lake Champlain, making the distance 175 miles. Arrived at five a.m. next morning. Scenery down the lake and river very fine; thousands of wild ducks rising from the rushes within shot on both flanks. The river, approaching Whitehall, which is situated in the mountains, becomes so narrow that a steamer cannot turn, and the many windings make it difficult to navigate.

14*th.*—Had breakfast, and started at six a.m. by the canal to Fort Edward, twenty miles, through a rich and fertile valley. Took the stage to Saratoga, twenty-four miles, over a very fine country. The stage-coaches take nine passengers inside, which is by no means very agreeable in such hot weather. I never had the good fortune at any time to travel by stage with one passenger less than the full number. In Great Britain people are frequently disappointed in travelling. "Coach is full, sir." Not so in America. There are always plenty of coaches ready, and if any to spare, they are sent back to the yard. They are well horsed, and easy to ride in, with both

sides open in fine weather, having no glass windows. No old dowagers to sing out, "Please to shut up that window on the right, sir; I'm catching cold." Arrived at Saratoga at four p.m., jumped out, and into a rail car, which started directly for Troy, thirty miles, over a beautiful country. Pulled up for a few moments at Ballston, famous for its mineral springs; a pretty little village, and likely to become a flourishing place; it is intersected by a canal. Crossed the North River over a covered wooden bridge, nearly half a mile long, and stopped, at seven p.m., at a very fine hotel. Troy is a very beautiful, flourishing town; population 19,500; handsome houses; fine wide streets, well paved, with rows of shady trees on both sides of many streets, which is a great luxury; fine public buildings and excellent shops, where may be had everything that England can produce. In front of the hotel, a beautiful fountain showered forth its crystal waters, which sparkled and refreshed the bright green grass all around it. The town is well lighted with gas.

15*th*.—Left at five o'clock; delightful morning. Took a small steamer to Albany, six miles, a very fine, handsome, flourishing town on the right bank of the river. Transferred myself to a large steamboat here, and set off for New York, down the beautiful Hudson, 150 miles. This is considered one of the finest rivers in North America for its beauty of scenery, quite an English-looking country on both banks, diversified at every point with hill and dale, beautiful villas, handsome towns and villages, gardens, orchards of apples and peaches, extensive fields of Indian corn, meadow, and all sorts of grain, mountains of pine, and rocky hills covered with plants and shrubs not known in Europe. At West Point there is a battery commanding the river, with a barrack and some handsome buildings on the brow of the hill. Higher up, on the Catskill Mountains, 3,000 feet above the river, you see a splendid hotel peeping through the forest, where many an invalid enjoys the purest air that blows, and is glad to visit in the hot summer months away from the bustle of New York. Passed the town of Hudson, still reeking from the effects of a disastrous fire, which too commonly occurs in America.

Arrived at New York at eight in the evening, put up at the Astor House, the finest, largest, and perhaps the best conducted hotel in the *world*. Everything is carried on with the greatest carefulness, propriety, and attention. Breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper on the table to the moment; everything of the very best, and the cooking excellent. Two dollar and a half per diem is the charge for board and lodging, wines and liquors not included, of which there is abundance of the best in the house, but very expensive. There is a separate table for families; but in America all boarders at hotels dine together: seldom or never such a thing as a separate dinner ordered; if so, it is generally a separate charge. People never sit long at their meals; they take their wine at dinner, and get through the whole ceremony in less than an hour.

There are many other fine hotels in New York, and always crowded. It is a city of enterprising merchants, a beautiful city, and worth seeing even at a great expense. The best and most numerous servants are the blacks; they are cheerful and attentive, honest, and always in good humour. The American ladies are far inferior (generally speaking) in figure, manners, and personal appearance to the English; and the men are too much engaged in business, smoking, and spitting, to study the politeness and etiquette of English gentlemen; they are unpolished; their whole conversation was about dollars, trade, real estate, stock, &c., *calculating* and *guessing*.

16*th*.—Went on board the *Great Western* steam-ship and deposited my despatches with Captain Hoskin.

17*th*.—Met some old friends; dined with one of them, and passed an agreeable evening.

18*th*.—Up at five, and took the route to Philadelphia, ninety miles—first, per steamer, up the river, twenty miles. Style of houses along the banks for some distance, particularly at New Brighton and Bristol, very handsome; fine rich country, but very flat. Took the railroad to Boardenton, thirty-five miles. The little boys and girls jumped in with their baskets of apples and peaches at every halt, for sale. A refreshment car accompanied the train, where you might call for anything you wished.

Joseph Bonaparte's house and property stands upon the Delaware, at the end of this railway, where we took again to a steamer, and went up this fine river to the city. Beautiful *châteaux*, villages, and fine farms attract the attention all the way up. Landed at two p.m., in light marching order, *i.e.*, without any luggage. What a comfort, sometimes, just to take all you require in your pocket! Stopped at the "United States Hotel" as Major B——, R.R., British Army, and received every attention. What a luxury are such lovely trees as ornament many of the streets of Philadelphia. I observed one very fine weeping willow, of great size, at Bonaparte's door, double the size of that over Napoleon's grave. Philadelphia is one of the most regularly built towns, perhaps, in the world, laid out like a chess-board. The streets are very long and very wide, and are called after trees, Chestnut, Walnut, Cedar, &c., or 1st, 2nd, 3rd street, and so on. The squares are all shady and green, grass well and cleanly kept. The market is entirely covered in, and extends up the middle of the street for nearly a mile; yet this street is so wide that a double railway passes through it, and there is more than enough room for two carriages to pass on each side. The market is well supplied with everything the country affords. I saw a fine statue of Penn in front of the hospital.

The public buildings are handsome, many of them entirely built of white marble; the basement and steps of some of the houses being also of marble.

The new museum is a very handsome building, and boasts the longest and loftiest room I ever saw. The only object which particularly attracted my curiosity was the skeleton of the mammoth; the tusks were very perfect and of enormous size—perhaps three times as long and as thick as those of any elephant that I ever saw.

19*th*.—I made my acquaintance with an American officer on his way to join his regiment in Florida, who gave me some information about his service. I find both officers and men are better paid in their service than in ours, and that they inflict corporal punishment on bad characters, when *not* quartered in large towns.

Crossed over to Brooklyn, a pretty large town, which would be included as part of New York were there a bridge; as it is, steam-ferries ply every five minutes, and take you over for four cents. This island lies so much higher than New York, that many people lodge there during the summer, coming over to their business in the great city every morning. I embarked on the *Swallow* at five P.M. for Albany, 150 miles. This is the fastest vessel on the Hudson, or, perhaps, in America. We arrived at the end of our voyage at half-past three o'clock in the morning, including stoppages at different parts, in ten and a half hours, crowded with passengers; she can make up 300 beds. This is all very well for the owners, but a great nuisance for other people, there is so much bustle, such eating, and cooking, and spitting amongst the Yankees, and smoking and chewing tobacco. They never miss a meal. I believe, if it was the fashion to have three dinners a day, they would join them all; yet every meal is a separate charge; there is, however, no noise about the navigation of the vessel: every thing in that department is perfect; not a word is ever spoken; all is managed by the tinkle of a bell. Had breakfast in Troy, where I remained three hours, walked to the top of a hill and took a good look at this beautiful country. The rail steamer took me up at the hotel door, and I bade farewell to *Priam* and his city.

21*st.*—Arrived at Saratoga at ten a.m., and put up at Congress Hall, a very fine hotel and of great extent, being large enough to accommodate from 300 to 400 people; the verandah in front measured 222 feet long by 18 wide. There was a similar one in the rear, looking into the garden. I went down o the spring at once and had some of the water so famed in America. It is by no means disagreeable to drink, and rises from a neat sunk well under a colonnade. The spring must be very productive, as a man is constantly employed bottling the water for exportation, besides what is daily drank and carried away. There are several other springs in different parts of this little town or village, as it is called, and a great number of very fine hotels; indeed the whole place consists of hotels and boarding-houses, and they are always full. We dined at

two o'clock; all sat together, as usual (in America) at the *table d'hôte*. Two old warriors sat opposite to me—one called General, the other Major; the latter, as is often the case in our service, was the older. They talked of the revolutionary wars, and so forth—of rank and titles which they never wished to see in *their* land; no aristocracy, no hereditary titles or honours except what was gained by merit. There were many ladies at dinner; some eat their pudding with a knife, and others picked their teeth at table. They were many of them young and handsome, well and fashionably dressed; but this Yankee fashion spoiled all. A band, consisting of five or six black fellows, performed during dinner; mighty enchanting, perhaps, to some of the company. The gentlemen were chiefly of the first class, and there was little spitting. It appeared to me that it was indispensable for every one here and at New York to wear a brooch in the bosom of his shirt.

Diamond pins carried the day, although they would have cut a more brilliant appearance by night. The company arose from dinner with one accord as soon as they had finished eating; the ladies to the drawing-room to chat, and the men to idle about, drink gin-sling, cock-tail, sherry-cobbler, smoke, and spit over the balconies, a very intellectual amusement. I believe those said American ladies are very idle. I never saw one of them with a needle or at any sort of work. I am told they do not make very domestic wives. They danced, and played, and sang in the evening, quadrilled and waltzed; they were very lively, but not graceful; the music was of ancient date and *jig* time, with the exception of that played by one plain-looking girl, who sang very well, but whose attitude at the piano was very awkward.

Saratoga is the Cheltenham of America; people visit the springs from all parts; the town is improving, and will, no doubt, be a place of great note. The main street is very wide, with rows of shady trees on both sides, making a pleasant and refreshing walk in the heat of the day. There are yet few amusements beyond billiard-tables and a circular railway, where two may start in a kind of chair,

and propel themselves round at the rate of twenty miles an hour, so long as *their* steam lasts. About three times round is a mile. The ladies sometimes ride on horseback, or drive out to different parts of the country. The morning is occupied drinking at the wells.

22*nd*. — Up at three (horrible), and off towards home, with all anxiety to get back; forty miles of as bad a road as any in the world, and nine inside passengers; the coaches only carry one outside. Had breakfast at Sandy Hill.

Brother Jonathan, in showing off his dexterity as a whip, cutting round a corner with his six fine horses, upset the coach and pitched us all on top of each other; all the bandboxes were broken and he rolled down the hill, but was up in a jiffey, pulling some ladies out of the *upper* window, saying to one burly dame, "I guess *you* too round to come out of this hole." *He* took the whole matter as a joke, or something that he was accustomed to in this hill country.

Took steamer to St. John's, and arrived there at seven o'clock on the morning of the 23rd August.

Arrived at home at eleven o'clock last day of the races; too hot to attend, but went to a pic-nic dinner with my family, and dined in an orchard on the top of *the* mountain commanding one of the most extensive views in Canada.

CHAPTER V.

Promotion.—Barbadoes.—Our Ménage.—George Town.—Barbadoes Ladies. Embark for England.—On to Ireland.—Life in Dublin.—Battle of Toulouse.—The Duke of Richmond.—Lord Gough.

WHILE stationed in Toronto, I got my promotion—Major, 1st Battalion, Royal Regiment, quartered in Gibraltar; and to Gibraltar I was obliged to go—a long and expensive journey, chiefly by sea. I had not been there five months when I was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel, by purchase, in my old battalion, and had to retrace my steps all the way back to Canada, where I arrived in the spring of 1844, and found my old friends at Quebec, who gave me a joyous welcome. Soon after this we were ordered to Halifax. Before my arrival, the whole regiment had embarked in two ships for the West Indies. One vessel cleared the River St. Lawrence, and got away safely. The right wing was wrecked off Cape Chat in a snow storm, but all hands were saved, and picked up by the very last steamer of the season, and carried back to Quebec, where I found them. On this occasion, Lieutenant Lysons, a most intelligent, active young officer, made his way to Quebec, across the country some hundred miles, partly in snow-shoes, and just arrived in time to catch the last steamer of the season. Why were they sent away in winter, in the snow winter when the river was closed? Wooden heads somewhere, incapable of any safe calculation and indifferent to life or property, manage these little matters, at times!

I called at the Horse Guards when I arrived from Gibraltar, and asked for orders. "Go to Canada," they said, "and take command of your regiment." They knew that my regiment *had sailed* from Canada, yet this red tape department insisted on my going to Quebec for the purpose of following in the wake of my battalion to the West Indies. As it happened,

I did meet one half of my people, but that was an unexpected hit.

I asked the Adjutant-General to allow me to proceed direct from England to the West Indies, and join my regiment there.

"No," he said; "go to Canada."

"The St. Lawrence is closed, sir, with the ice. I can't get that way."

"You have got your orders," he said. And I was bowed out. My business was now to obey orders, and so I did, however inwardly reluctant.

I next applied for a passage out. This was no go either, and as unjust as the other was provoking. I was told to provide my own passage, and make all haste. I need not tell what I was inclined to say or do in this emergency, but I believe I acted wisely for once! I went away with my constant companion same night to Liverpool. Went on board a sailing ship for New York, and arrived there after a long, boisterous, dark, cold, and rainy voyage. The skipper was a Yankee, wore *top boots*, and a very long great-coat, but always kept his weather eye open. "What sort of weather is it above, Captain?"—"Thick as *mush*,* and can't blow any harder, I guess."

We passed the summer in Halifax, where fishing was our chief amusement. I had my men on St. George's Island, and I believe every one of them had a fishing-rod. We caught lots of good sea fish, and speared lobsters by torchlight; serenaded the fleet in harbour with our band and choir by moonlight, and had such nice pic-nic parties by day-light! When the snow came on we embarked for Barbadoes in the *Pique* frigate, Captain Stopford. Mrs. G. B. and self messed with the captain, and, according to *regulation*, she was charged 14*s*. a day! I paid in proportion. The ship rolled dreadfully, and sickened my poor horses almost to death; when we anchored off Barbadoes I had them hoisted up and dropped into the sea, when, joyfully snorting, they swam away to shore. Barbadoes is quite a sugar island, bare enough of trees, and consi-

* Mush,—a porridge of Indian corn meal.

dered very healthy when there is no sickness! It is an island of white coral; the roads are white, wearying one's eyes when the sun shines, and that is always by daylight. Every spot is cultivated and bears sugar-cane or vegetables, or black children who *grow* like *Topsy!* The people are idle, fond of pleasure, and live for lazy enjoyments such as they are, and do not much scruple at little thefts, and do as little work for their wages as they can. Fuel is scarce and dear, and only required for cooking: mine often disappeared before the time. I watched my Master of the Horse going home one evening with a long walking-stick as thick as his leg, part of my fuel, helping himself along, quite lame, of course! and in his old hat on top of his woolly head a lump of English coal; of course he could not tell how it came there! I had a nice bungalow and abundance of Guinea grass for my horses, and plenty of Guinea fowl, which roosted in a beautiful tulip-tree in front of our door; noisy birds they were, but laid plenty of eggs when I could find them; so cautious and cunning, I have watched them for hours creeping to their nests. We had plenty of poultry and lots of eggs. Humming-birds were always fluttering about the windows, losing their way and getting into the house; the humming noise is made by the rapid action of the wings: pretty little darlings, and of all colours, sizes, and shape, we loved their society.

At sundown every evening we mounted our horses, had a gallop over the Savannah and a ride along the sea-side about the time the land-crabs were taking their usual stroll. They are a community of very singular people; at certain seasons they assemble on a parade of their own, and, I suppose, under some commanding officer, and march down to the sea in thousands to spawn. Their uniform is scarlet; they march sideways like Paddy on his outside car, defend themselves like some of the native women with their claws, and live underground.

We had two large barracks, one of iron; the grave-yard was under the men's windows—a very remarkable and interesting view, and well chosen by the authorities to keep invalids in remembrance that the garrison was deposited there every seven years! The island was healthy while I was there, but the

yellow fever was on its way to destroy the next regiment (66th) that came. I kept my men engaged daily at something of amusement,—cricket, foot-ball, and other sports, which, I believe, kept them healthy; it is a thirsty land, and everybody drinks too much, particularly soldiers, who get top-heavy, lay down under a broiling sun, get up in a fever, go to hospital, and generally finish off life in this perilous way without one thought of another world. We had a tolerable mess, seeing there was little to eat and no society. We had dancing parties for the young ladies of the island, good music *toujours*, and as much enjoyment as one could expect on a coral rock amongst sugar-canes. The pepper-pot was a standing dish of a dinner, and served my turn many a day: it was never empty.

We had a few good neighbours on the island whose hospitality and kindness has never been forgotten—the "Airy Hill" family foremost. The Governor and General Commanding gave big official dinners at times, but the *buttoning* up of gold-embroidered uniform, sword, sash, and belt kept one in a *melting mood* all the evening; the ladies' curls dropping their corkscrew uniformity, spread over their necks in languishing softness and grief. Every one knew how to drink wine and sangaree, while the dishes were passed on. Ice we had from America, and a cool bottle of beer was always welcome. A hurricane pays the island a visit occasionally; where it comes from or where it goes to nobody kens. Nor can any one fancy the power of these storms; the little native houses are carried off like feathers, bars of iron torn out of balconies and bent like a bow. I saw a solid brick gate-pillar wheeled half-way round from about the centre; no place is safe but the hurricane-house. There is one at "Shot Hall" proof against all the winds of the West Indies.

Right or wrong, I never spared myself from the vertical sun. I have scampered over the whole island on horseback in the heat of the day, from sea to sea; there is always a rattling breeze through the island, most refreshing, and good sea-bathing, if one does not mind the sharks! I was sent on duty to British Guiana on the coast of South America. George Town,

the capital, lies below the level of the sea. The barracks are built up on piles, five feet above the ground, and underneath the water flows and the dead are buried, how? The grave is dug as usual, but not very deep, the water springs in and fills it up, the coffin is put into this bath and kept down by two poles, while the earth is cast in. Barbarous—but I saw it.

The country is extremely fertile; sugar is made all the year round; the birds are beautiful in plumage, but they can't sing; snakes and serpents always on the move, and ready for action; fruit and flowers *ad libitum*, and no end to the army of mosquitoes. The town is intersected with canals, all covered with green scum, which may be healthy and good for ducks, but I like a running stream, and a crystal top. A West-India regiment lay here, all as black as "Warren's jet." I had to record their names, and numbers, and services in the books of the regiment, like our own corps; they were all African blacks, and had fancy names given to them when first caught. One was called "Duke of York," another "Wellington," and so on, such as "Shakespeare," "Gimlet," "King George," "Punch," "Blue-bottle," "Vinegar," "Doctor Slop," "Jeremy Diddler," "White Wash," "Snowball," "King Pippin," "Ugly Mug," and "Cupid," a fellow, six feet high, with a woolly head, and a flat nose, white teeth, and tattooed on both cheeks; they all answered to these names, and considered them quite genuine, notwithstanding the smiling and smirking that was irresistible in the court.

I had a banquet given me by the chief merchant—a grand blow out, everything good and in very good style; but, hot as it was, I could not get *warm* to the place, it looked all cholera morbus, yellow fever, and sudden death, and I was glad to get away on a West-India steamer back to Barbadoes; stopping a day and night by the way at Granada and Trinidad, very pretty islands to *look* at, a rich soil, abundant in vegetables and fruit, but the meat market was a carrion spectacle.

The native women in Barbadoes walk very erect, and some sport a fine figure; they dress well, too, on Sundays. Seeing one of these majestic looking dames in front of you, as you crawl along the sunny way, dressed in a handsome English

bonnet and feathers, rustling silk dress and green parasol, you naturally look back. Oh, my gracious! a smile of deep pleasure rests in the white corners of the eyes of this Venus; you look at her, and she is pleased with your admiration, and gives a little coy smile, smoothing down with one hand her silk dress, and showing her white teeth through a mouth as wide as a saucer. She sails along as proud as an Australasian black swan with all her fortune on her well got up, handsome figure.

On week days the same *lady*, or somebody like her, may be seen walking along as erect as a statue with a basket of hens on her head for sale. "I say, you woman with the fowls come here," said a new arrival in this sweet colony. No answer; walks on. In a very loud voice, "You woman, stop, I want to buy some of your poultry." No answer; walks on more majestic. "Oh, I'll bring her to," said an old resident naval officer, "*Lady, Lady*, wid de *bowls*, please come back." She instantly wheeled about, and with a bland smile said, "Yes, sar, you *gentleman*, sar, you spake proper respec; some peeples hab no respec for ladies, you a good gen-tle-man, and by my *bowls* plenty sheper dan nobody else!"

It was a joyful day that brought a big ship into the offing to carry us all to England. I got on board at once to see our house, and to ask the captain a hundred questions, when he would be ready for sea, and so on; and he said, "I'm not come for you at all, I am to take home the 89th regiment." "They are all detached," I said, "and scattered over the islands, and cannot be got together for an age;" "I don't care," he said, "I will be paid demurrage for every day I am detained." This struck upon my ear like music; I galloped off to the General and asked him to embark my regiment; "Ready to go on board, sir, to-morrow; you will save the public a large sum; the next ship can take up the 89th." A word for the public and one for myself just in time; and it prevailed against a mighty opposition from the Adjutant and Quartermaster-General's department. We got away, and very thankful to my gallant old friend, who was as obstinate as a crooked stick, if any one dictated to him. I loved him, because

he was a brave *Talavera* man! One dark stormy night we were struck by a gust of a hurricane and a water-spout at the same time; the ropes were torn out of the blocks, the sails flapped about tattered to ribbons, nothing on deck was visible. It was a moment of terror, when, as we thought, the ship was going down, after one of those quivering motions that has so often preceded such calamities: it was a little time of breathless anxiety, the ship righted, the ferocity of the tempest blew over, and we were saved by the Power who rules the trackless deep.

Twenty-eight days brought us to the Cove of Cork, but nobody in authority would acknowledge us, we were not the regiment at all, this they miraculously discovered after we had orders to disembark, although I had sent ashore my returns. We were kept on board for several days, until official applications went to Dublin Castle, and then to the Horse Guards, to know how we were to be disposed of. "Send them round to Scotland." Now, taking the direct course up St. George's channel, three days would have finished our voyage; but the wooden heads sent us down the English Channel through the Straits of Dover, and all round the east coast of England to Scotland, in terrible weather, blowing and snowing, for twenty-five days longer clothed in West-India dress. And in *white* trousers, the men were employed clearing the decks of snow when famishing with cold, and short of rations,—so much for the beautiful arrangement of one of our military departments at this time.

We were passed on to Glasgow direct, and as the next winter set in with the usual gales, we were embarked for Belfast in something like a hurricane.

I was detatched with my company to Castlewellan for the rest of the winter, where we enjoyed the hunting season, and a good share of Irish hospitality, particularly with the Murland family, and at Mount Panther; but always sure to get the *hookum* to march when we got into snug quarters.

After a short stay at Parsonstown, where we partook of the hospitality of Lord Rosse, and had many a peep through his wonderful telescope, our next move was to Dublin. Plenty

of duty, field-days in the *Phœnix*, parades and drills, great mess dinners, public and private parties, and plenty of fun for your money: poor Paddy does say and do such droll things in his own peculiar *naïve* manner, every one laughs but himself. Look at that notice on the door over the way: "Asses' milk every morning fresh from the cow!" A wild looking fellow from the country came into the barracks one day, and said he wanted to *'list*,—"Why do you want to *'list*, Pat?" "O faith, I left me *father's* house this mornin', bekays I found he was only *my uncle*, an' I'd stay no longer." The Queen paid us a visit, and received the warm reception she deserved from all her Irish subjects, who went crazy for a week. I claimed the honour of receiving her Majesty with a guard of honour, and the standard of my regiment; being Commanding Officer of the *Royals*, the oldest regiment in her Majesty's service, and that of which her father had been Colonel: there was much competition for this honour, but my claim was irresistible. Her Majesty paid a visit to the Duke of Leinster, where I was invited; it was a great day at *Carton*, our band, and other bands, went down; and there was music and dancing and feasting all day, and a jolly come home at night. The Queen rode on an outside car, which carries the wheels inside, as the inside car carries *her* wheels outside; everybody was pleased, and nine-tenths of the people were d—— No, just merry—every night, for the joyful opportunity of getting *screwed, then's* the time when Paddy's best feelings possess him—out comes everything, good, bad, and indifferent. The levee at the castle was a scene of the most admired disorder; everything was so arranged, or so disarranged, that everybody pressed on together in one wide scene of helpless confusion; the *rear ranks* closing up so tight, that dresses were torn, officers' spurs rolled up in lace flounces, and dowagers' wigs driven from their right position; feathers were flying, and some ladies were presented to the Queen minus parts of dresses which cost so much anxiety in arrangement. My wife had a grand dress for the occasion, which was tattered and torn, but it was a great day for Ireland.

Outside, there was a flare up amongst the police and the

carriages; coachmen all wanting to be first at the door, got out of place, a knot was tied not to be unravelled: the dragoon escort even failed. I saw one of those *swordsmen* cutting at the reins holding in a pair of fine spanking horses; every cut that he made was fruitless, the coachman letting the ribbons drop slack at every blow; he baffled him in this way, and kept his place.

The Peninsular medal was tardily bestowed. Some few dozen of the old coves, amongst whom was the gallant Sir Charles Napier, assembled in Dublin on the anniversary of the battle of Toulouse, 10th of April, 1814, to celebrate the day, and display the medals. We had a joyful dinner-party, the band of my regiment was in good voice and fine feather, and sang the following song, which I pencilled off for the occasion in the morning. It was encored, and the chorus might have been heard far and wide. The fourth verse alludes to the brave, the noble, and persevering Duke of Richmond; but for whom every old warrior at the table might have gone to his grave without a bit of ribbon.

On another occasion, while quartered in the city of the Limerick lasses, Lord Gough was entertained, in his native town, at a public dinner, when the old song was once more sung by our Royal band, the last verse being added by me in honour of so great and gallant a soldier.

BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.

TUNE.—"*In the days when we went gipseying.*"

In the days when we went skirmishing, a long time ago,
Our bayonets fix'd and hearts so staunch,
To meet the gallant foe;
When every heart seem'd full of mirth,
And for the morrow keen,
And glittering in the moonlight night
Our muskets might be seen;

And glittering in the moonlight night
Our muskets might be seen:
And thus we pass'd a social time,
Though mix'd with care and woe,
In the days when we went skirmishing, a long time ago.
In the days when we went skirmishing, a long time ago.

Our hearts were light, and bayonets bright,
All nature's face look'd gay;
The cork its leafy branches spread,
To shield from scorching ray;
We talk'd of battles fought and won,
And of the hero's grave;
Of victory with laurels crown'd,
And glories of the brave;
Of victory with laurels crown'd,
And glories of the brave:
And thus we passed a social time,
Though mixed with care and woe,
In the days when we went skirmishing, a long time ago.
In the days when we went skirmishing, a long time ago.

Here are we met, some ancient coves,
To celebrate this day,
And drink the health of those so dear,
Who shared with us the fray;
On April 10, these gallant men,
Who now are far away,
Fought side by side—'twas England's pride
To gain that glorious day;
Fought side by side—'twas all our pride,
And thus we slash'd away.
And so we finish'd off the war
By this decisive blow;
'Twas six good years of skirmishing, a long time ago.
'Twas six good years of skirmishing, a long time ago.

Amongst our gallant heroes brave,
There's one we'll ne'er o'erlook,
A captain then amongst his men,
But now a noble duke.
He ne'er forgot his comrades bold,
Nor ceased to love their names,
Until their noble, gracious Queen,
Was pleased to grant their claims;
Until their noble, gracious Queen,
Was pleased to grant their claims.
And now we pass a social night,
Unmix'd with care or woe,
In memory of our skirmishing, a long time ago.
In memory of our skirmishing, a long time ago.

One star from that old brilliant war
Shines bright and glorious yet;
The noble lord, now at our board,
Whose sun will never set.
On old Barossa's dear-bought heights—
On Talavera's plains—
At Goojerat—there he fought;
Thank God, he still remains;
At Goojerat—there he fought;
Thank God, he still remains
To meet his friends this social night,
Free from care and woe,
In memory of his skirmishing, a long time ago.
In memory of his VICTORIES, a long time ago.

CHAPTER VI.

Route to Greece.—Railway Accident.—Cephalonia.—The Black Mountain.—Ancient Samos.—Ithaca.—The Acropolis.—An Earthquake.—The Ionian Islands.—Corinth.—St. Paul.—Athens.—The Parthenon.—The Temple of Theseus.—The Queen's Birthday.—Leave Athens.—Smyrna.

I HAD enough of Dublin joys, like others, and was not sorry when we got the route to Cephalonia, one of the Greek islands in the Mediterranean. In the second month of the year 1853, I formed my gallant old regiment in the square of the Cork barracks for embarkation; every man was steady, sober, remarkably clean, and fit for anything. The band was tuning up for the old song, "The girl I left behind me," when the postman came up with the letters—one addressed to me from the Secretary of State, desiring that I might remain behind, repair to London, and be ready to give evidence before a committee in the House of Commons on the important affair of an Irish election—an Irish election always involves one or both parties in trouble. In one hour afterwards I embarked my old comrades as they were loudly cheered by the multitude, who were lavish with hurrahs and kind wishes for the "Royals." Many were the weeping eyes of wives and sweethearts, whose white kerchiefs fluttered in the breeze, until the steamers were well away down the beautiful "Lee" to meet the transport at *the Cove*. The General-Commanding had a peculiar way of doing things, not for the comfort or convenience of a certain class of officers encumbered with extra family baggage. I had two carriages on shore, ready packed to go on board, but my friend, the General-Commanding, passed the day on board to see everything in its proper place, and ordered not a pound of extra baggage to enter the ship. My friend, Admiral Purvis, commanded the ships, if our General ruled the troops, and he sent all my traps with his compliments to the captain, to be not landed, except in Cephalonia; and there I found all safe on my arrival.

We passed a week with our esteemed and hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Leycester, at Bella Vista, Queenstown, then crossed the Channel, leaving Bristol on the morning of February 24th, in a first-class express train for London; the day was bright, cold and frosty. After passing the Ealing station, five or six miles from London, tearing away at a frightful pace, the train ran off the rail up a bank fifteen feet high, and toppled over, down upon the rails, wheels *up*, and G. B. & Co. down!

We were in the midst of the *débris*, covered up by the wreck in darkness and terror, in fact, buried alive, unable to move hand or foot, until the carriage was broken up in search of the killed and wounded; we were then discovered amongst the latter, and laid out upon the bank to breathe more freely. I began to examine our bones, and *tried* my legs,—all right, not even a fracture, although otherwise severely injured, it being two years before I recovered the use of my bridle hand. Mrs. B. was very much shaken, but less injured, part of the wreck having formed a sort of arch over her body. It was the hand of God saved us, and to His name be all the praise. One of our passengers, a Director (Mr. Gibb), was killed, and several badly wounded; still the accident must have been worse, had not the locomotive broken away, kept the rail, and stopped the down train from running into us, which would have smashed up the whole concern, for it only pulled up twenty yards from our wreck. I was detained a long time in London with this election affair, where there was a great amount of swearing *pro* and *con*. When some Paddies take the book into the swearing position, if not watched, they may by accident kiss a *thumb*, or push a nose against the Bible, and give a smack as if it was done well; and if there happens to be no cross, lies don't count.

Being released from many a long walk in the lobby of the House, and left to myself to go in search of my regiment, we made up a nice little family party and started from London on the 21st of May, 1852, for the Greek Islands, *viâ* Ghent, Cologne, Hanover, Leipsic, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Gratz, and Laybach by rail, and by coach to Trieste, halting at all

those places to suit our convenience, and to see all that was interesting; and a most interesting and a charming tour it was (all at our own expense !). From Trieste we went on by a steamer to Venice, to see the Venetians, who, like water-fowl, have fixed their nests on the bosom of the waves. We admired all their splendid churches and exquisitely wrought statuary, listened patiently to the miraculous tales which were told us, and paid cheerfully for the information; took our ease in our gondolas, sipped coffee at "Florian's," and left the beauteous city with regret.

Returned to Trieste by steamboat, a fine, cheerful town with a splendid harbour. Sailed from thence to Corfu, arrived 13th June, and put up in a very unpretending but comfortable hotel for a week. 'Tis a pretty evergreen island; the dark-green dull olive-tree is everywhere to be seen; there are vineyards, too, and wine and oil, and woodcock and quail without number. We birds of passage saw all the sights, dined with Sir H. Ward, the Governor, and other friends. The bands of our corps played on the esplanade of an evening, where all the beauty and fashion of the Island assembled in carriages, on horseback, or *à pied;* it is a most interesting place for a short time for strangers and invalids, but I never fancied islands myself for a long residence. It was late on the night of the 19th June when we reached Cephalonia, but there was a joyous welcome, quarters provided, supper on the table, our servants in attendance, all my household furniture, carriages, &c., had arrived safely; there was no bad news, and all was serene. Got a big house,—people require big houses in hot countries; thermometer 90° in the shade. Argostoli is the capital, where a steamer touched once a week. Not much to relieve the monotony of rather a barren, rocky island. The olive and grape currant form the wealth of the people; they make agreeable, nice country wine. Market very indifferent, where a sheep's tail is sometimes sewed on to an old goat and sold for mutton! Parades, drills, dinners, evening parties, riding and driving, sea-bathing, and dropping bits of silver into the clear blue sea for Greek boys to dive for, always with success. I was commandant, and used to take my regiment

out into the country at times to pass a whole day. We had cooking in camp fashion, a system of military education so much neglected and so very requisite for soldiers to thoroughly understand. We had the good company of the ladies, and enjoyed our camp-dinners amongst the woods and the rocks. Our band was first-rate, and our choir excellent. I had a particular bugle-sound for the singers, when they all came to the front; then the catch or glee ran through the ranks from front to rear, the most cheering and charming style of music on a march. Then we attacked old castles and took them by storm in sham-fight—plenty of powder, but no lead; some wounded, but nobody killed. In the evening, Col. and Mrs. G. B. "at home," and so the time slowly and happily passed on. Yes, happily, like school-boy days, they were; but where are all my brave men now?

The Black Mountain is so-called from the dark pine forest, 3,000 feet above the sea, a retired cool place to pitch one's tent for a few days in the hottest season. At the old chapel, where the bones of St. Januarius are preserved, you will find donkeys and mules to carry you up this steep and rugged ascent to the mountain top. This patron saint comes forth at certain holy times, or in times of sickness or famine, to do the needful, is carried in grand procession and held in great reverence (on account of the miraculous gift of healing lying in his old bones) by the priests, who expect you will come down with the dust.

Their funeral processions are rather quaint. After death the ladies are dressed out in their finery: kid gloves, silk stockings, their gold ornaments, some handsome dress, and a wreath of flowers round the head. The body is thus laid in a shell and carried about uncovered through the town that all may see and say farewell, but none of the finery goes to the grave. A bishop or head of the Church is buried in his *uniform*, placed in an arm-chair. He is let down into a pit or grave, and so disposed of after being exhibited, all the priests growling a solemn dirge.

August 8th, 1853.—Left home at 6½ A.M. Drove across the island to Ancient Samos, roads steep, with declivities on either

side; the arbutus growing in great luxury, covered with crimson berries. Stopped in a valley to water our horses, found a well, but it was covered up and locked. A kind Greek woman came over from her cottage in the distance with the key, opened the well, and drew water for us. We then had some grapes from her vineyard, but she declined any remuneration. We found some very curious caves in an open field. Some of our party went down to explore, while I sat in a large locust-tree, out of the broiling sun. They had a ladder, and a guide, and a torchlight. After a long journey underground, without coming to the end, they got safely back, with a broken ladder, no torch, and their clothes all draggled and torn, laughing at their useless adventure. On to the ruins of that ancient city, which once stood on the beautiful Bay of Samos, and is supposed to have been swallowed up by an earthquake; some of the ruins being still visible. I cleared away from the rubbish a mosaic floor, quite perfect and a fine specimen of that art. On the hill-side, sloping down to the sea and the old city, there were many tombs hewn out of the rocks, and several stone coffins quite perfect, every one, no doubt, having had its tenant in former times. The custom was to bury treasure with the dead, so that the diggings were carried on for gold, even in Greece, before Australia was discovered.

We had a refreshing bathe in the sea, then our bit of dinner, and here our party divided; some went to visit the old city of Argos; myself, our chaplain, L. of the engineers, and Doctor B., sailed over to Ithaca; started at 5 P.M. in an open boat, blazing hot. Only seven miles across, the Padre in his shirt catching the breeze. A four-mile walk over the hills brought us to the little town of Vathé. It was late, and we were tired; but Captain Spence, of the 31st Regiment, stationed here, refreshed us with a good dinner. I got a straw bed in an empty house, so full of lively companions that I wished myself up the locust-tree again. However, next morning Colonel Woodhouse, the resident, took me to his quarters. A wedding was coming off next day in his house (it was for this purpose our parson came over). The lady was a pretty Greek girl, about seventeen or eighteen, named Evanthea

Marato. The first of her name signifies a beautiful flower, and a bonny lassie she was. Her husband to be, Mr. M., an assistant-surgeon, did not speak Greek, and she only a few words of broken English. The Padre read the service, and she assented with a mild, timid simplicity, looking as white as the perfumed orange-blossom that decked her brow. The Resident, Mrs. W., and their daughter had always been kind to this young lady, and prepared a handsome *déjeûner* on this occasion.

At 5 P.M. the happy pair went off in an open boat, six oars, and a well-dressed crew, for ten miles of a pull, to some fairy spot to dream of future days.

Ithaca is a small island, but all classic ground, very rocky high hills and little cultivation. The town lies along the beautiful harbour, shaped like the ace of clubs, very deep entrance, narrow and running between two stupendous rocks. The ancient city of Vathé lay on the slope of the hill above the present little town, now covered with vines; and here you may trace its foundation and the tombs of its kings. Many stone coffins were found here, containing valuable gold ornaments. One contained treasure of the most precious antique gold, found by a landowner, inspected by many people of taste and judgment on the island, but no one being able to buy, he smashed all up and sent it away to some other island to be disposed of. The sarcophagus of Penelope was discovered here, and destroyed in a search for treasure.

From the Bay of Samos to the Bay of Ita, across the narrowest part of the island, is but a quarter of a mile as the bird flies. The Castle of Ulysses stands, high and towering, on a lofty and craggy hill overlooking both bays; while on another, more to the right, and more lofty still, Homer kept a school. Time has not levelled the site of those places, celebrated in history. The magnitude of the foundation-stones preserved them.

After dinner, away on our tats up the craggy mountains; not a square yard of level ground to be seen. What a noble view. The Morea and all Greece seemed at one's feet as far as the Bay of Corinth. But how do the people live on this

island? It rises like a St. Helena out of the sea; no verdure but the vine and olive.

21*st August*.—Up at four, and away out of the house. *Blew* up the doctor with my whistle, and gave the engineer a poke on the ribs to stop his dreaming. I do not recollect anybody being ever in time but myself. We returned to Samos as we came. Here we found our friends had just returned, and pitched their tent on the sea-shore, and were preparing their breakfast. Just in time, for we had nothing but three greedy muzzles; four slices of fat bacon fried with six or seven eggs, a tin quart pot full of tea, and some bread fell to my share. The sun was 100° overhead, and so we all dashed into the sea for a cooler; then away for a ramble. Some olive-trees of venerable antiquity grew in a neighbouring valley, one of which was hollow and sheltered five of us inside the trunk. I measured it in circumference *eighteen yards*. I believe the olive to be the longest liver of all trees, and I hope yet to see those on Mount Zion.

Now for the Acropolis. What a pull under a vertical sun; but we made the rush. We fell in with many tombs, some very perfect, as they were hewn out of the solid rock perhaps two thousand gone-by years. Three of us only got up to the cap of the mountain; the others gave up, and got into the shade. What a wonderful fortress this must have been in its day of glory. The ruins extend all round the brow of the hill. The foundation-stones were huge blocks, from fifteen tons weight, according to our engineer's measurement. Part of the walls were still eight and ten feet high, the great blocks fitting closely as they were originally put together, without cement or binding. All round the hill blocks of the stone walls lay in scattered confusion; how they ever were got up there, and put together in such a scientific way, would puzzle an antiquarian; but we do know that Greece and Italy produced the best architects.

We walked all the round, and sat at one of the ancient gateways on a large stone block, shaded by an olive. It was the Sabbath-day. I told the lads to keep quiet, and I would read a chapter from the New Testament, which I had in my pocket.

When I got as far as the fifty-first verse of the twenty-seventh chapter of St. Matthew, our hearts trembled within us. We did not speak; the very mountain was shaken under our feet by a violent earthquake, the block we sat on vibrated, the leaves on our shady olive quivered (for there was not a breath of wind), and we distinctly heard the apparent dislocation, crashing, and shattering of the rocks beneath, as if some powerful agent was at full speed forcing a tunnel underground with the noise and speed of a railway, under a salute of a thousand cannon, roaring in the infernal regions below. Nothing I believe creates a feeling of such *terror* as an earthquake, and I am no stranger to this feeling. I have been placed, in the course of duty, in positions of danger near the cannon's mouth and in showers of lead; but I cannot say that I ever quailed as I did before the unearthly roar and vibration of an earthquake. It always reminded me of Numbers, chapter xvi., verses 31, 32. We found our friends halfway down the hill, sitting in amazement and alarm; but they were in more safety than on a future day. *Three* of them, in joyous health and young manhood, followed me to the war, only to fall under their colours! two in death, the other leaving one leg in the grave. In less than sixteen months I lost some of my brightest and most valiant youths.

Weary of an idle life, I got a month's leave to travel. We made up a little party, and left Argostoli early in October. Yes, it must have been early, as we arrived on the beautiful island of Zante on the first day of the tenth month. Only five hours' voyage, delayed for a little off Missolonghi, lying close upon the coast under the mountains. Here, in a secluded, poor Greek fishing town, Lord Byron—

> Gently and calmly, on a summer's day,
> Lost his hold of life, and passed away.

Many Greek passengers came on board our steamer here in their national costume, which is rich and beautiful. Went ashore at Patras. It was Sunday, the scene was gay, and here I first saw the Greek in all his pride of dress, and remarkably well pleased with himself. His nicely-embroidered jacket, his *forty* yards of snow-white folded *kilt*, his red cap, bare neck,

fine figure, fancy leggings, and his *tout ensemble* were impressive; but there was a hauteur and effeminate dandy look about him that did not show much pluck to wield the sword and arms he carried then in defence of his country or against the Turk he dreads and abhors so much. There is a good view from the castle hill, *our* black mountain conspicuous in the distance. The streets are good and wide and well-watered; some very good houses; the cafés crowded; cards and billiards on the Sunday not to my taste. The ladies, not any of them like the "Maid of Athens," seemed to enjoy themselves in their own way, and in their holiday dress. This is a fine currant country, and well known to the trade. Went on board at seven p.m., and resigned myself to the most unmerciful and obnoxious of B-flats and F-sharps! Early up next morning, and a dash into the briny deep, a cup of coffee, and away up the Gulf. Stopped at Lepanto for passengers, a small town sloping down to the sea, walled in, with a castle or fortress on the hill-side. Mountains on every side, grand in appearance, and classic in character, Parnassus towering above all the rest. Landed passengers at Ægium, a small, pretty town, close to the sea. A Greek was cutting grass with a *scythe*, which caught my eye at once, the first I had seen out of England, and now we were well into Greece, amongst the natives and the Greek costume.

In the Ionian Islands the people, with the exception of the *mountaineers*, ape English manners, language, and costume; but they hate the English protection, and wish to be released and united to Greece. Little do they know that the change they are crying out for would be from freedom to slavery. Vastizza, ancient Ægium, commanding a fine view of Achaia; a leading breeze, and down to Scala, lying on the side of a steep hill, in an olive-grove, under Mount Parnassus, which was capped with snow. A chain of mountains on both sides the Gulf. Took in a great many Greeks here; fine-looking men, well-dressed and cheerful, and of a superior class, although second-class passengers. As night came round, they put on their *capotes*, and made a general move to the poop, every one with his bed in hand, which having spread upon the deck, he put on his dressing-gown, and fixed himself for the night like other people. Every-

one carries his bed when travelling, a Zante quilt of a thick, warm, double-padded texture of wool, very light and comfortable; it is spread out on a mat, "an inseparable companion," and a good pillow of down is indispensable. All is folded up in the early morning, and strapped on the trunk of each owner. Anchored at Letraki at half-past eight p.m., finishing our voyage in the Gulf of Lepanto.

Up at four in the morning, and in the saddle at five, having engaged some *tats* over-night, and away to Corinth as hard as we could scamper, leaving one of our party to see after our traps across the Isthmus. Some of the little tribe of quadrupeds got unruly, kicked off saddle and all, and rushed into the bush; delay the first. Then our guide *saw* banditti in the distance, and we must all turn back. A roar of a laugh at this set him wild with fury. He pulled up and dismounted; but seeing us tearing along, he followed in our wake until we got to the celebrated old residence of St. Paul. We first made for the Acropolis to cheat the sun. It is a remarkable rock, on the top of a steep and craggy mountain, surrounded by walls of masonry, and occupying the strongest position I ever saw. Inside a wide extent of ruin exists, while the exterior seems still impregnable. It had often been besieged; but never taken but once, and that by treachery.* Inside the walls are many relics of antiquity. There are deep wells and pure water, the ruins of large barracks and private dwellings. It stands alone a monument of some thousand years, commanding a most extensive *bella vista*. The Gulf of Lepanto, the Ægean Sea, with its islands, and Athens in the distance. It has its strong double gates, sally-ports, drawbridge, and donjons. A few poor, wretched-looking, half-starved Greek soldiers, keeping the entrance-gate, all the garrison of modern times, were too glad to hold our *war-horses*, and show us round the far-famed

* The Roman General Mummius (146 B.C.) sacked and destroyed the ancient noble city, and carried away all its wealth and marbles to decorate Rome. Upwards of 120 years afterwards, Julius Cæsar rebuilt the city, and colonized it from Rome, seeing that it was naturally such a very strong military position.

Castle of Corinth for a few pieces of silver. Down below, on the seaside, you may see the ruins of Kenkree, or Cenchrea, once a large seaport town on the Ægean Sea, where St. Paul shaved his head, and made a vow. The once celebrated city of Corinth lay at the base of the castle hill, and it was a city, for we have God's word for it (Acts xviii. 10), I would think a great city, with hardly any vestige of the original left standing, except seven columns of the Temple of Minerva, which have stood the storm of two thousand years. Some blocks of temples and public buildings lie scattered about; some of the old fountains remain, shooting forth clear, sweet water, where we and our horses drank, so refreshing in a thirsty land.

Here St. Paul preached the Gospel, and worked at the tent-making with his friend Aquila for a year and six months, and here he left the Jews in their unbelief and blasphemy, and turned to the Gentiles. The poor, wretched little town of the present day lies about a mile from the Sea of Lepanto. The ground is stony, rough, and flat for miles about; but fruitful in olives, corn, and vines. We got some sort of breakfast at a poor khan. I read the eighteenth chapter of Acts, and we started away to meet the waiting steamer at Kalemaki, some six or seven miles across the neck of land dividing the two seas. How soon England or America would unite those seas by canal; it was at one time attempted and partly cut by one of the Roman emperors.*

The old amphitheatre lies about a mile from Corinth, in the middle of a field, once perhaps in the heart of the city. The outline is quite clear and distinct; the stone cut seats and the

* It was Nero. When Vespasian was subjugating Galilee, and slaughtering the poor Jews in every fortress which was taken by the Roman soldiers, who spared neither man, woman, or child, Gamala, Jotopata, Tiberias, Mount Tabor fell, and all the inhabitants were most cruelly butchered, excepting six thousand of the able youth, who were sent to Nero to be employed in the digging of a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth. Thirty thousand, too, were sold as slaves. This was unhappy Israel, feeling the bitterness of the wrath that came upon them for having rejected the Saviour, who would have gathered them together and sheltered them with His love; the Romans had come, and taking away their place and nation (Deut. xxviii. 49–52). This was in the year 67, before the terrible siege of Jerusalem.

entrance-gateways, the dens for the wild beasts, apartments for the gladiators, wide, long, and roomy, cut out of the solid rock. The shape is oval, and the building might have held many thousand spectators; there is still room to shelter some hundreds of men in the old apartments cut in the rocks. Near Kalemaki we fell in with the ruins of another amphitheatre, in which the Isthmian games were celebrated in ancient times, and also with other ruins, leaving their mark of broken columns and huge blocks of granite and marble.

The steam was up as we reached the shore of the Ægean Sea; paid the full amount and something over for our *post-horses.* There was a row as usual. The guide demanded more; we resisted, and he pitched all we gave him into the sea in a passion of fury! Some one standing by said, "Oh, he will fish it all up when you are gone." On board, "Let her go," and we steered away over the light blue sea, Mount Ida on our left, Salamis right ahead. It was in the Bay of Salamis that the Persian fleet was destroyed by the Athenians many centuries before the Christian era. They are still proud of the victory, and never forget to point out the place to strangers.

At six p.m. we landed at the Piræus, the port of Athens. After a grand flare-up amongst the *cabmen,* we got our traps into a couple of carriages, with the help of Elias, the master of the Hotel d'Angleterre, who generally meets passengers with a kind invitation to his house. And very lucky to meet such a useful, intelligent fellow in a strange land. He was a handsome, well-dressed, liberal fellow, a regular Greek, and spoke English in his way; he knew everything, and made our way easy. Our agreement was six francs a day, no extras. Good rooms, good beds, and good attendance, and a very fair *table d'hôte;* but the wine, which ought to be of the best, we could not drink, because of the *rosin* they mix with it—they say, to make it keep. Their wine is odious, although the grapes are the very best, and honey the most celebrated comes from Hymettus—at least the Greek poets told us so in school days. But here I was in Athens, too late for a ramble. Dinner at seven. Early to roost, and disturbed in the night by an earthquake, which

rolled my bed under me; nothing very uncommon in those countries.

The young morning found me sitting between two colossal pillars of marble in the Parthenon on the Acropolis of Athens. What a noble ruin! A temple of marble, with its fifty-three fluted pillars, nearly all standing erect. What a collection of antiquity is here! such monuments of ancient glory! What temples, what blocks of pure white marble, what heaps of statuary scattered about defaced and broken! There's a leg, an arm, a foot, a bosom of exquisite model; the veins are marked out like nature in that foot and ankle, so delicately formed by some ancient master of the art. Oh, what barbarous hands have been here! How and why were all these works of noble art so recklessly destroyed? Here lies some explanation at your feet. See those exploded shells and shot, too, of iron and stone. Look into that vault full of skulls and bones, clean and white; they were once the brave, the active defenders of this imperishable place; no ground for interment in the Acropolis; here the dead were cast, and some quicklime did the rest. Discovered more vaults underground, full of dried bones of those slain in the last siege by the Turks in 1827. That white skull was pierced by a bullet right through, an easy death. Shattered bare bones here in plenty. Death is written on all things.

I believe the city of Athens was at the height of its splendour 450 years B.C. During the administration of Pericles, great wealth was acquired in the Persian conquest, and some of the most celebrated sculptors and architects that ever existed were then employed there. But Athens changed masters twenty-three times, was twice burned by the Persians, while everything valuable was destroyed by Philip of Macedon; the port and city nearly levelled to the ground by Sylla; the Acropolis plundered by Tiberius, and ravaged by the Goths in the reign of Claudius; and, lastly, the city and territory were ruined and despoiled by Alaric. It fell into the hands of the Venetians, and was sacked in 1445. It was taken by a general of Mahomet, and besieged and taken by the Turks in 1688.

In the revolutionary war it was a scene of repeated conflicts, but it is slowly rising once more out of its marble ashes.

What a grand view! the plains of Attica, rich in cultivation; the island of Salamis, resting in the Ægean Sea; Mount Hymettus, and such remnants of ancient glory all around one!

Home, with an appetite for breakfast.

Here I stand on Mars Hill (Acts, chap. xvii.). Yes, on the Areopagus, the identical spot where Paul, the ambassador of his blessed Master, our Lord and Saviour, preached to the Athenians. There is no mistaking this celebrated, this ever-to-be-remembered spot, where the men of Athens were first made acquainted with the true God. Here are the sixteen steps chiseled out of the hard limestone rock, where Paul ascended, and turned round to address the heathen multitude, as recorded in Acts xvii. 23.

Above, on the platform of this extensive rock, the judges sat in open air, to hear and decide the causes of the people. Their seats were hewn out of the solid rock—primitive courts of justice! On the north side of the rock, the ruin of a little church may be seen, which had been once dedicated to Dionysius the Areopagite—Acts xvii. 34.

Early up, and had three hours' ramble before the morning meal. First to the Temple of Theseus, the most perfect of all, standing there before Christ's blessed appearance on earth 496 years! This temple is supported by thirty-two marble columns; the inside contained a collection of the finest works of ancient Greece, nearly all broken or defaced; some beautiful marble sarcophagi, exquisite figures, heads, arms, legs, and drapery in mutilated forms; outside, marble seats and marble chairs for public use. On the hill above stands the "Agora," or market-place, well selected, on the solid rock; stalls and seats and benches are hewn out of the hard limestone, always clean and dry. A flock of sheep were at hand; the shepherd, with a long stick and crook at the top, made a dash amongst them, hooking one by the hind leg; his assistant cut its throat with a knife in a moment, and left the poor thing to bleed to death, kicking and struggling all the time. They caught and killed as many as they required

in this way, and then dressed them for the market where they fell.

A little above this is Pnyx Hill, where important matters were decided by the people, and where Themistocles harangued the multitude. It is a platform on the solid rock, with steps hewn out, leading up to the simple stage, and there it is, unaltered by the lapse of some 3,000 years.

Went back to rest on my favourite seat, Mars-Hill, and wrote some letters there. On the north of this rock you may see the ruins of a little church, which had been dedicated as I have said; part of the walls are cemented to the basement, and a very ugly place it is to look down upon from the perpendicular height. On the opposite side there is a cave under the platform which might contain some twenty mounted horsemen.

The monument of Philopappus, on the hill of the Museum; the prison of Socrates, hewn out of the solid rock, where he was compelled to drink the poison cup; a remarkable double tomb cut in the solid rock, where the bones of two great people reposed for ages; the Theatre of Bacchus; the gate of the new Agora; the fountain of Clepsydra, forty steps under ground, and the well thirty feet below the stairs; the Temple of Jupiter Olympus; the Arch of Hadrian; the Lantern of Demosthenes; the Tower of the Winds; Stoa of Hadrian—and many other antiquities, bring back to remembrance our old school days.

October 6th. — Dined with Sir Thomas Wyse, the British Minister. Nice party. Met Lord C—— there and General Church, a fine old warrior in the Greek service, and had some interesting conversation with him about his campaigns in Greece.

7th.—The Queen's birthday. A salute of 101 guns divided by four, and beginning at daylight in the morning, and ending by noon; then a procession to the Greek Church. The Bishop, a fine-looking, venerable, Abraham sort of man, with a long white beard and moustache, was supported by two priests, holding two lighted candles crossways. The service was chanted by a few plebs plebis, in their common outdoor dress. The Bishop in his robes, Ministers of State, and

officers of all ranks in full dress, superb uniforms, all talking in groups; no devotion, all matter of form, streets lined with cavalry and infantry, and the church full of soldiers—all poor-looking, wretched troops. The ceremony lasted about half an hour. The Bishop said something in a very low voice, which brought forth a sort of a stifled cheer for their Majesties, and the crowd dispersed, not appearing to care a rush for King Otho or his Queen. The chief people were pointed out to me by a Greek officer whom I happened to know. The Greeks have one great redeeming quality—they know not the Pope of Rome; the Czar is their Pope, or head of their Church, and surely the Emperor Napoleon would make as good a Pope for the French. After so many centuries of darkness, tyranny, and delusion, the eyes of the people begin to open wide.

Left Athens at four p.m. A five-mile drive to the Piræus; a good dusty road, flanked by vineyards, olives, and figs. Paid our passage to Constantinople (a long word to write often—I won't try it again), £5. 11*s.* each. On board the *Lycurgus*, and away to Syra, twenty-four hours out of our way, to meet the steamer from Malta to take us on. Went ashore, and up to the barren rocky heights; no trees, no verdure, nothing but one thick crop of stones. The upper town lies high up the hill, crowned with a white chapel. The lower town by the sea-side; a fine harbour and a brisk trade, and 25,000 inhabitants. There is a convent here, where eight English ladies have buried their charms for life on stony ground. Now away through the Archipelago. We have on board Greeks, Arabs, Turks, French, and Italians. See that son of the Prophet, how devout he is; three times a day, his face towards Mecca, he humbles himself on his knees for prayer, regardless of all the crowd around him.

At seven p.m. close to the island of Scio. Anchored off Smyrna on the 10th, half-past five p.m. Recommended not to wander beyond the walls of the town, in case of being kidnapped by banditti, and held to ransom. Two officers had lately been trapped; in attempting to escape, one was shot dead; the other got off by diving into the sea, and swimming until picked up. Yande, a Greek, is the leader of the robber gang

here at present. Up, and saw the sun rising over Mount Pagus. Smyrna lies along the shore for about two miles under the ancient Acropolis; population, 150,000; it was the birth-place of Homer. The Bay of Smyrna is *magnifique*, as the French say, but those Eastern towns look best at a distance; the dream is over when you get ashore on some rickety landing, and fall into the society of a hundred clamorous, uncouth, boisterous Babylonians all gabbling together in an unknown tongue, and gathering you up, baggage and all, *nolens volens*. Hired a guide, and away to reconnoitre. The villanous streets, as usual, had not been paved nor repaired for a century. Had an escape from being jammed against the wall by a caravan of camels coming home from Bagdad with merchandise, the streets being only wide enough to admit one of those long-legged fellows with his burden at a time; they travel in strings, never making way for man or beast.

We got donkeys to carry us up to the old castle, from whence there is a grand view. The ruin is very extensive, and of great age. Here is the site of the church of Smyrna, and no mistake. (Rev. ii.) Here St. Paul and St. John preached Christ crucified for the sins of the world; and here Polycarp suffered martyrdom in the good cause of his Master, in the arena of the Amphitheatre, the foundation of which is still visible and easily traced. Standing on the walls of this great ruin, you see the roads branching off to Ephesus, Laodicea, Thyatira, Pergamos, and Sardis—a grand view for a Bible reader. The eight beautiful columns from the Temple of Diana in Ephesus were removed to adorn the Mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople—at one time, I believe, a Christian temple. There is a remarkable ruin under ground in the castle hill, of considerable extent, and divided into apartments completely arched over. This is supposed to have been the original Christian church of Smyrna.

CHAPTER VII.

Smyrna.—Warlike Symptoms.—The Golden Horn.—The Dogs of Stamboul.—Howling Dervishes.—A Turkish Bath.—A Turkish Sabbath.—The Stamboul Bazaar.—Mahomet's Beard.—Arab Troops.—Turkish Government.—The Austrian Lloyds.—The Lazaretto.—Mount Pentelicus.—Reminiscences.—Return to Cephalonia.—Quiet Life.

THE town of Smyrna is divided into four quarters, for Jews, Turks, Franks, and Armenians. The women cover their faces, eyes and all, with black crape. The cypress tree grows to a great height, and overshadows all the burial grounds of the Turks; the graves are not opened a second time. An upright stone, with an epitaph or inscription, and carved figure of the turban on the top, marks the resting-place of the male *bird*. If he had made a pilgrimage to Mecca, the stone turban is painted green, as he wears a green turban when alive. The head-stones of departed ladies are blank; they have no souls, living or dead, as their barbarian lords declare, so it is said there is no respect for their memory. I have always found the Turkish burying-grounds in a disreputable state, untidy, unwalled, and quite neglected; but nothing could be so bad as our own churchyards at home: they were a disgrace to humanity until the new cemeteries were established in Great Britain.

Visited all the bazaars; they asked seven prices from us Franks for every article, and lost their market. You will find the *scribe* at the corner of the most public streets, writing letters (as dictated) for the people; they are a good deal in demand by the fair sex, who, like all other nations, do something in the love department; and as they never uncover, their blushes are not seen.

Went into a mosque, having first put off my boots outside, according to the custom. All at worship in the dust before the Prophet, apparently in great devotion. The people are summoned to worship from the top of a minaret, by calling aloud, "La-Allah-illa-Allah, Mahomet resoul Allah" (there

is but one God, and Mahomet is His Prophet); come and pray; they abhor a bell, and never use them in any way. Their sayings are quaint at times, such as "Allah kerim" (God is great and merciful); "Inshallah" (please God); "Mashallah" (in the name of God). I never saw a Turk hurry himself, unless when helping to carry a deceased friend to the gravé, when they do trot out a bit, with now and then a "chabuk" (quick); the sooner underground, the sooner in paradise!

The Hermes runs through the town, but is at this season an insignificant stream. Figs are imported from this place in abundance; they are dipped in salt water, then put into drums and left to ferment; when this process is over, they are packed tight and shipped.

Went on board our good steamer *Scamandra*, very tired, and took a siesta. I had a nice cabin to myself, lived well, and found the officers of the ship very polite and obliging. Altogether it is by far more comfortable on board a French steamer than any of the Austrian Lloyd's craft that monopolize those seas.

Astounding news, just arrived, war proclaimed against Russia. *Nous verrons*; if so, what a row there will be! Sailed at 4·30 p.m.

11*th*.—Nine a.m., just past Troas, plains of Troy on our right, and the fleet ahead; how exciting. There they are in Beseika Bay, and now we are in the midst of them. Pulled up for two and a half hours; what a gay and gallant scene. Here is the French *Ville de Paris* and the *Britannia* lying side by side in peace; the four-decker *Valmez* and the *Trafalgar*, with their mouths open, ready to bark and bite. Here is the grandest fleet in the world; but what were they doing here for four months past?

Lieut. ——, from the Admiral's ship, boarded us. I gave him the information he came for; he says all are very tired waiting here so long, and are anxious to move on. No proclamation of war yet.

Entered the Dardanelles at one o'clock. Forts on both sides bristling with great guns and heaps of *stone* shot piled

beside them; batteries all along as you sail up. At seven p.m. entered the Sea of Marmora at Gallipoli. Country seems fruitful and well-wooded.

12*th October*.—At 10·30 a.m. anchored in the Golden Horn, at Constantinople. The first sight of this wonderful old city is very grand; it strikes me as being a magnificent place—the very head-quarter capital of all the Eastern world; and this impression would be lasting did you not put a foot on shore. When you do, the dream is over, and you open your eyes upon dirt and disappointment; you at once think of getting on board again out of this bedlamite row; but your baggage is laid hold of by a dozen gigantic porters, against whom a single person has no chance at all; if you have two or more parcels, they are carried off, *nolens volens*, by two or more of those savages to different quarters of the town, never asking where you are going to. As our party numbered five, we held off those Turks until we made an arrangement, when two fellows took all we had on their backs, and rushed through the crowd up a steep hill or street, and would have carried us all on top of the trunks for a dollar.

We put up at the Hotel de l'Europe, G. N. Destuniano; called at the Embassy, Lord de Redcliffe out of town. As I was the bearer of a despatch for him from Athens, we hired a six-oar caïque for the day, and went to Therapia, his country residence, far up the Bosphorus; called and sent in my card, with the papers; but was not admitted.

13*th*.—Early up to rove about for a couple of hours before breakfast—lost my way in Stamboul, was beset by a pack of dogs, and really in danger of being devoured; one great ugly mangy brute made the first attack upon my liberty, and would not let me stir; then came crowding in from the different streets his supports, next the reserves, then the outlying pickets from all quarters, until I was surrounded by a pack of the most wretched, starving, mangy hounds, that are only to be seen or met with in Constantinople: here they are part of the community, a self-existing race, independent of any master, never molested—they are born in the streets and die in the streets, and return to dust and carrion in the streets; they

divide the town amongst themselves, they have their respective districts, and woe be to the dog who intrudes, or poaches out of his own parish; he is set upon, and if not worried out of life, he is lucky to get off bleeding, yelping, or disabled, to his own people. Being surrounded, and having nothing to defend myself with, I appealed to an old Turk sitting at his door and smoking his pipe, and looking on with great complacency; he rebuked his canine friends, who perfectly understood his meaning, for they all dropped off gradually, and slunk away round the corners, leaving me at freedom. After this I never turned out alone without a big stick, the sight of which made them vanish before me; I was no longer in friendship with those inhospitable brutes, and as they seldom move out of one's way, every fellow I met got a whack from my bamboo that made him yelp.

A great bully of this tribe always sat at the corner of the street, under my bed-room window; he was ever on the *qui vive*, and never permitted any of his clan to pass his post by day, but at night there was a general foraging, and always a general action. I was constantly roused out of my sleep, when, opening my casement I endeavoured to quell the row and disperse the mob; but it was no go, they always fought it out.

At last I brought home a quantity of ammunition and piled it on the window sill outside: there was a bloody battle the next night on the same ground; the moon was bright, I opened the window and hit a fellow on the head with a big stone, that made him look up; another and another shot set the combatants flying to the extreme end of the street, where they continued this family quarrel till daylight. Although I was much annoyed by the brutes, I never could resist laughing at their systematic and determined arrangement.

We engaged a dragoman for a dollar a day, during our stay; an intelligent young fellow, who spoke some English, dressed like a Briton, and knew everything. Without such an attendant a stranger can do nothing but gape about, see nothing, and lose his time.

A caïque, or Turkish wherry, is the boat here; it is light and sharp at both ends; there are different sizes, carrying from two

to six or eight oars; you sit upon cushions in the bottom, and keep very still and quiet, or you may be upset; but the Turkish boatmen manage them well, and shoot over the Golden Horn and up the Bosphorus with great rapidity: we hired one for the day with six oars. Every boatman pulled two oars, and we shot across to Scutari, about a mile and a half; here we found some wretched-looking little tats for hire, already saddled. After the usual boisterous wrangle about the price of a ride, we mounted and rode away at a tearing pace over the very worst apology for a road I ever saw, and I have seen bad ones, a wild Turk leading the way as guide and owner of the smart little horses. We made for the hill Bulgurba, some miles distant, from the top of which there is a sublime view, the Golden Horn, Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the great city, its old walls, its mosques, palaces, and some of the relics of two thousand years. Met some Turkish ladies out driving in open carriages—wretched machines of the earliest construction and with no improvement for 1,000 years. We galloped right up at them before they found time to put on the yashmac, and saw that the youngest of the party were very handsome.

We next introduced ourselves into a very singular place of worship, that of the Howling Dervishes. They sat round the room with their backs to the wall in great quietness for some time, when a couple of them suddenly got up, threw themselves into gentle attitudes, which soon increased to an excitement next to frenzy, whirling about with the greatest velocity, and gabbling away with unlimited speech and gesture until quite exhausted. They sat down, and their places were filled by others. Some ran outside the door where rice-cakes were sold, and swallowed one at a mouthful as big as a cheese plate, took a *whiff* from a pipe, and away back to their wild work. The women were in a latticed gallery above, to see, but not to be seen.

Crossed over to see the palace of the Sultan from the water; extremely hot, ordered to close up our umbrellas—why so? that no part of the sun's bright rays might be shaded from his Highness! Not caring a rush for this worthless monarch, we hoisted our sunshades, and pulled away to see the new palace, which has been ten years in building and is not yet finished.

The state barge was waiting for this mighty potentate, who was inspecting the works, so that we could not get in.

14*th.*—Up before the sun; crossed to Stamboul to have a Turkish bath, of which we heard so much when little boys. The first apartment is the preparing-room,—large, wide, and lofty, lighted from the top by a dome; couches were arranged round the walls, where fat Turks sat cross-legged, smoking their pipes and sipping coffee without sugar or milk from cups not larger than an egg-shell. I was conducted into a gallery, and sat there a short time to cool; I was then presented with a pipe and coffee, neither of which was at all in my way; waited on by an attendant young Turk, with a nice, white, long, warm cloth; told to undress, and not be afraid to leave my watch and money just where I sat. I was rolled up in this winding-sheet; clogs were placed on my bare feet to keep them from the cold marble floor, and I was then conducted into the next apartment, placed on a couch, had a pipe and coffee, remained there twenty minutes, when I found myself in a shower of perspiration. I was then champooed, my robe taken off, and another warm, dry one wrapped round me. I was now led into the bath-room, and the door closed; it was most intolerably hot. I looked all about for *the bath;* nothing of the kind—all a delusion. I was in an alcove, on a white marble seat, under a little fountain of hot and cold water. Being now stripped of my long robes, a fresh attendant poured over my head and body large basins of warm water, keeping all the while scrubbing me with brushes, champooing me all over, and washing me with soap until my whole frame became as pliable as whalebone. I was then rubbed quite dry, covered all over with clean, white, warm cloths, and taken back to the last room, placed upon a divan, and kept there to cool; had a pipe and coffee. After about twenty minutes' rest, I was conducted back to my original post, left upon a soft couch until I became quite cool, then dressed, paid my bill—a very small one—and home to breakfast with such an appetite and as light as a fairy. The Turks are cleanly in person, it being part of their religion to wash often. This great bath-house is filled with them early; they were lying about like fat turtles

in No. 3 bath-room, being scrubbed, champood, curried, and combed in their lazy indolence. I expected to have found a plunge-bath, but there is no such thing in Turkey.

This is Friday, the Turks' sabbath. The Sultan goes to the mosque; got into a caïque, lay in the water to see him pass by. At twelve o'clock a royal salute was fired from the battery, taken up by all the ships of war in the harbour; yards manned. Here he came in his beautiful state barge, swift as twenty-four gilded oars can cut through the deep. The barge was white and gold, the oars the same; he sat on velvet embroidered cushions under a splendid canopy; he wore a blue embroidered uniform and the common fez; he was a good-looking, black-muzzled son of the Prophet, with large dark eyes and a thick black beard. I saw him very distinctly. Not a word was said; no cheering, 'tis not the custom; all umbrellas were closed, and sketch-books, by order; a guard of honour awaited him at the landing; there he mounted a fine horse with gay trappings, and rode to the mosque over the most filthy break-neck road I ever saw. This Friday being also a holiday with the placid Turk, we took a six-oared boat and went up the Bosphorus at a tearing pace to the "Sweet Waters of Asia," a regular pic-nic place where the beauty and fashion of Constantinople assemble for pleasure and amusement—the old Turk to smoke himself into a delirium of pleasing dreams, and the girls to devour sweeties and talk and laugh and tell stories like other girls, nothing of the face visible but the large, soft, liquid dark eye; however, several pretty ones were divested of the yashmac, not expecting to see any Christian redcoats on their sacred soil. We went up smartly towards them and had a full view. Before they had time to adjust this singular mask they looked at us with a leer and a smile; one bonnie lass with a laughing eye made a sign to us that we had better look another way or we might have our hands cut off, drawing her finger across her wrist; but we laughed the louder, and walked down the ranks inspecting them all; they had their jokes as well, no doubt. They all sat upon carpets on the green turf by themselves, their black slaves in attendance wearing the yashmac.

We walked up this valley for two miles on the green sod, and drank of the sweet, clear waters at the fountain under the shady trees; groups of ladies sat here uncovered, their carriages in waiting.

This, no doubt, is the original paradise of our *turkeys*, and where they came from. Not less than a thousand of those fine birds in that flock, two men herding them with their long reeds—this is indeed the land of Turks and turkeys! Went on, up the Bosphorus: saw the Turkish fleet at anchor—twenty-two ships of war, two of them three-deckers; went ashore on the European side and had a nice walk. I would say that the Bosphorus is about a mile and a half wide on an average all the length, handsome houses and gardens on both sides; the water flows under many of the houses, and may prove most convenient for disposing of supernumerary wives and bairns.

15*th*.—Away on a *cruise* by myself to Stamboul; wandered into the great bazaar near to the Seraglio, the most extensive, perhaps, in the world. It is covered in like our arcades, but is dark and dismal: the spider webs had not been disturbed to all appearance for a century. All sorts of wares here from the four parts of the terrestrial globe; carriages pass down the centre, painted and gilded, one horse, *led* by the coachman. Such antiquated things!—no doors, a rusty old iron step for the slipshod, indolent lady—there she plants her delicate foot, and rolls over the side on to her downy cushions; and moves on, tossed about like a disabled old hulk in a rough sea. Went on to see a fine barrack in the town; was stopped at the gate. The officer on guard came out to ask what I wanted. He spoke a little French; so did I, and explained that I wished to see a Turkish barrack, when he took me at once through all the building; the soldiers were well put up, and very comfortable, only they sleep three or four in a bed. I accepted of a pipe and coffee; we sat on a bit of carpet cross-legged, had some small talk; I gave him my card, shook hands, and we parted. I went now to see the Mosque of St. Sophia, took off my boots outside, according to the custom, and walked in gently; their barbarous worship

28622

was going on. I neither spoke, nor smiled, nor advanced beyond a few paces, when I was, in a most insulting tone and manner, ordered out by some fellow who kept close to me in a menacing attitude, yelling at such a rate that the crowd began to surround me in no very friendly style; I began to fear that they were led to believe I had been guilty of something improper in their mosque, and they being such wild fanatics, I saw that I was at their mercy, being alone and in the heart of the city. I was boiling with indignation, and quietly leaving when this ruffian gave me a shove. Turning round very sharp, I was in the act of giving him a ticket on the nose, but curbed my passion, contenting myself with as much abuse as I could give him. I got out of the gate with all the curses of the Prophet on my back, and deeply did I regret that I could not pay this mad fellow another visit with aid enough to cut off his beard; and, by the beard of the Prophet! if it ever comes to my turn in any sort of legitimate way, I will sack their unholy mosques without ceremony.

I can fancy a man being tired to death; I have not a leg to stand on, so down I sit in the street upon a big stone. Naval officer going by—"Tired, sir?" "Yes, quite done up tramping over these abominable streets; may the beard of the Prophet choke the paving board!" "*One* hair of Mahomet's beard, sir, is all that remains of the great impostor, and its value is beyond calculation; it is kept in the Sultan's treasury, enclosed in boxes of silver and gold and crystal—the most valuable relic of antiquity."

"Some impostors show you bones of saints that cure disease; the Popish Church is full of them—there's 'The Holy Coat of Trèves.'" "Just so," he said; "all vile vagabonds together: to see Constantinople, sir, no one should land: take a deck view, cut your cable, and be off; good day!"

The long bridge is a good place to see the people; look at all the women as they pass — like sisters, dressed so much alike—gay colours, loose robes, shawls from neck to heels, yellow boots or coloured slippers without stockings; how they shuffle along under a burning sun with bare heads, mouth and nose buried in the yashmac. Some of our Jack tars came

ashore one day for a spree, and took up a position on this bridge to see the world; curious to see the bloom of a lady Turk, they made a simultaneous dash amongst a covey of those birds, whipped off their yashmacs, and kissed them all. There was a general squall without any wind; the men Turks got savage and pugnacious, the sack and the bow-string were in their eye, and how to arrest the sailors was their first consideration. A British tar going off quietly with an old Turk—when that comes to pass, England will be no longer a naval power: they swept the bridge from end to end, flooring every son of the Prophet who laid hands on a blue-jacket, and retreated to their ship.

16*th*.—Attended Divine service at the Embassy in a private room; paid for admission at the door—there is no English church. A good extempore sermon by our fellow-passenger from Athens, the Rev. Mr. Knight, and a most agreeable companion he was; he was *en route* to Alexandria, Ceylon, and India, to inspect mission schools. There are eight American missionaries in Turkey, but they can't do much amongst the Turks. I heard of one or two who bought Bibles, but heard of no converts.

17*th*.—Up early to see some troops landed; they were nine regiments of Egyptians going on up the Black Sea, accompanied by the bands of all the regiments in the city. They were all Arabs, stout, hardy-looking fellows, that would fight and give no quarter when the steam was up. If one might judge from appearance, they were in heavy marching order—knapsack, capote, and rug—tin canteen and large pouch, their arms, percussion, new and clean. Dress: white jacket and trousers; shoes, but no socks; all wore the fez; and in the capote, which was slung over the pack, they carried their rations. The Hôtel d'Europe is one of the best in town; landlord and all his staff very civil and obliging—no extra charges; everything reasonable, and no complaints. Board and lodging only 8*s*. 4*d*. a day, a good table, plenty of *vin ordinaire*, good bedrooms looking over the Golden Horn. The landlord and George, our dragoman, came to see us all safe on board the steamer *Australian*, a fine ship, very fast, and very *uncomfort-*

able; three steamers with troops just passed up the Bosphorus; preparations for war visible; I would say in a few days there will be broken heads on both sides the Danube. Without the aid of England or France, this empire cannot last any time; the people are in darkness as well as their monarch—all infidels, defective in morality—the court nobles rogues and peculators; the strong in every department bear down upon the weak until the poor private soldier is cheated out of his paltry pay and rations, and left to fight the battles of his country in wretchedness and starving want; on earth there could not be a worse, more scandalous, or more bankrupt government. It is very probable that we may be here again sooner than one may expect, for good or for evil. The higher ranks in the army are well paid; a captain gets sixteen dollars a month, junior officers barely a living; the private a few pence daily. He is a quiet, patient, willing biped, badly clothed, badly disciplined, very slovenly, yet willing to learn, and fights best behind cover.

A bad dinner and a crowded table at six. Steam up and away from this old city of a thousand years. The first thing you see in the morning is 20,000 Turks smoking 20,000 pipes. The last thing, or music, you hear at night, is that of 20,000 mangy dogs barking, quarrelling, and fighting in the streets! Last blink of Constantinople: the lights in the Sultan's Palace. Farewell—*Au revoir.*

18*th.*—Early on deck; fine fresh morning; crowds of people lying under their Zante quilts, just beginning to open their eyes—Jews, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Franks, and Spartans, all in their respective costumes.

19*th.*—Went ashore at Smyrna with the Rev. Mr. Knight; Armenian church was being built. The Bishop of Philadelphia was here, an ignorant old man, who had not even any knowledge of the ancient churches of Asia; how could he, when nothing would persuade him to read the Bible? The Rev. Mr. W. sent him a Prayer Book in the Armenian tongue, which he returned, declining to read it. While the good missionary called his attention to Divine things, he said:—"Never mind those matters; give me some news."

Mytilene, close upon the bay, looks light and pretty, with its houses built upon square towers some twenty feet high, projecting on all sides.

20*th*.—Hailed by a ship bewildered and lost in the crowd, like the Irishman who lost his cow, and didn't know where to find her—all the token he could give: she carried her tail behind her! Gave him the true course, and steered on over the briny deep to Syra, where we anchored at 9 a.m.

Now for a scene. There goes the yellow flag for quarantine, because there is nobody sick,—part of the *red tape* of this country; however, there is confusion, want of arrangement, and filthy decks in those Austrian Lloyds' steamers; so much reversed in the French boats. We had bad attendance, vile food, a great want of courtesy, and heavy charges. They kept no faith with first-class passengers; allowed the second class to intrude even to our cabin doors, where dirty children squalled all night. They also took possession of the poop, exclusively understood to be for the first-class passengers; here they shook out their bedding, and lay like lazy dogs day and night. One likes a good breakfast at sea; the bell rings, and twenty hungry bipeds descend to raw sliced ham and *sausages*—of the *chien* or the *âne*, who could say? An olio of duck bones, potatoes served up sliced in oil and vinegar, some hard-boiled eggs, not over fresh, mutton chops, or rather bone chops, without any of the mutton but the skin, dirty salt butter running off into greasy oil, an old hen, as tough as a Turk, smothered in cold tomatoes, some very bad apples and honey, old grapes and figs, vin ordinaire, and a great show of coarse blue crockery. The Austrians laid into the raw ham, which disappeared in no time, and as it is customary to eat everything but the plates, the table was cleared before we Ingleses had time to look at the rapid movement. We kicked up a dust, in hopes of getting something, but all in vain, and being just in the humour to get anything to appease one's hungry passion, I took to my pen, and gave the public warning to avoid these steamers, and stick to the French line. This letter was published in a London paper, and contradicted by the agents of the Austrian

Lloyd's Steam Company. I replied, and if I did not state the whole of the facts in my first letter, they got the whole truth in my next, verified by five British officers, whose names were a guarantee. There was no reply; they were shut up, but found it convenient and more profitable to work a reform on board this said *Australian* steamship, which was visible in after times. An extremely hot day, no breeze, lying close to the shore, the yellow flag hugging the mast—this quarantine is a disgusting bit of jobbery, as practised in Eastern countries, where might makes right. The passengers for this port are all taken off to the Lazaretto, there to be locked up: at the discretion of the small authorities; they pay for their imprisonment, for the filthy den must have its tenants, and the tenants must pay. There goes a boat-load of Turks to be locked up, what immovable, placid animals, and the ladies, too, as mute as white mice, nothing visible to express life but the full, liquid, dark eye above the yashmac.

"Pa-ti-en-ci-e," as the Portuguese used to say, when we helped ourselves to a frying-pan, just at their dinner time, with a wink and a *vos-ma-ce luego*, that was, "You will have your turn by and by."

We were in hopes now of having the deck to ourselves, but no such luck,—here are still the representatives of many nations. A Bey, with his wife, mother, and family, going to Albania; he is to be Governor of a district, was promoted from a servant in the Sultan's palace, got into favour, and got an appointment; he has just peeled to the skin upon the open deck, put on a clean shirt, packed up his bedding, swept the floor where they have been lying for three days and nights, spread out his carpet, and has taken to his pipe. They are all down again, and not likely to disturb themselves for three days longer; a black slave girl attends upon this distinguished family. The day is far spent, and the dinner is over, as bad a one as you could expect at Timbuctoo. Water-soup, fish without sauce, tough-boiled buffalo beef, stewed carrion of some kind, roast hens of great antiquity, pudding, and pickles, a lemon, and tooth-picks, with *vino ordinaire poco*; and now for the nocturnal concert—squalling, uncouth, peevish

children at our cabin doors, their parents snoring like windmills, officers swearing, calling, and demanding quiet, no one paying the slightest attention to any of the aggrieved, the B-flats out foraging, the thermometer at 90, sleep if you can. Up at daylight to get out of this den of small fry which still bivouacked at my door, and yelling in an unknown tongue. Here is the Piræus, or port of Athens, in view.

I was glad to see my old friend, Elias Polycronopolis, in the crowd that flocked alongside our ship. He had carriages in waiting, and in one hour we were at our breakfast in Athens, glad to get clear of the pleasures of an Eastern voyage, encumbered with such a freight of live lumber.

Met my friends from Ithaca, Col. W., his wife and daughter, an only child, a sweet girl in her teens; the following year they were childless, and left to mourn for life.

22*nd*.—Up early, and prepared for a fourteen miles' ride, Col. and Mrs. W., two artillery officers, Gillum, Rolland, Leahy, R.E., and Doctor Brown. Tats at the door at nine o'clock; all mounted and clear away, after a fashion of rough and ready, over a fair sort of bridle path to Mount Pentelicus. Some little adventures by the way, such as saddles turning out of place, girth ropes snapping, bridles dropping to pieces, and the unruly tats kicking out of harness. Stopped to water at a beautiful fountain, under some reverend old trees of great antiquity, by the side of an old chapel, a spot where some hermit might choose to dwell; the arbutus-tree grows here in great luxuriance, the fine ripe crimson berry being sweet and good to eat. We clambered up the steep, rugged, rocky mountain in single file; our ponies picking their steps with care and caution, we left it all to their little selves, but it was weary work, for it blew a hurricane in our teeth; when we did gain the top nobody could stand against the wind, each person sheltering behind some barrier rock, looking over and down upon the most splendid view I ever beheld: there lay the plains of Marathon, the battle-field renowned in song and history for 2,344 years; down there in that horse-shoe bay the Persians landed 600,000 men to conquer Greece, and upon that plain the Greeks, with little more than a tithe of that number, destroyed

the mighty host. So the Greek boys with beaming eye will tell the story; but the recorded facts of history differ a little: the Persians landed 100,000 foot soldiers, and 10,000 horse; ten thousand Athenians and one thousand Platæans, led by Miltiades, gained a complete victory, and utterly destroyed the Persian army. Turned my back on the grand scene by land and sea; put a stone on the cairn, mounted my tat, and let him take his own way down the mountain, picking his steps amongst the rocks like a Spanish mule. Near the foot of Pentelicus you will see the marble quarries, from whence all the temples of Athens had been built, the marble as white as snow and sufficiently abundant, and here there is enough to build a hundred cities.

There is a marble cave here, where the workmen used to live and labour. Away now we scampered over the plains of Attica, Mount Hymettus on our left, so celebrated for its honey in all ages; the land poorly cultivated, no knowledge of farming, no improvement in the plough since Virgil sung; it is but a clumsy crooked stick which the simple husbandman carries home on his shoulder when the day is done, driving his ox before him. Some olive-trees of great age and girth, and hollow inside, ranked along our path. Home to dinner after a nine hours' ride.

23*rd*.—Divine service in Mr. Hill's pretty little English church; walked home with him after the service; had been here for twenty years; has a large school for girls; he and Mrs. Hill had taught and brought up thousands, whose children are being now educated at the same school. Walked over the Areopagus in Mars Hill, a spot I venerate, sat down upon St. Paul's steps and read the 17th Chapter of the Acts, and took my leave of this celebrated spot, perhaps for ever. The Greeks do not much observe the sabbath: gambling and drinking, and killing their sheep for market, were most observable. Dined with Sir Thomas Wyse; an excellent table and first-class wines, a nice party, amongst whom was a Major Matross, a very soldierlike Greek officer, aid-de-camp to general Church, and who had been with Lord Byron when he died at Missolonghi. Lord Paget, Secretary to the Embassy, was here, who was

very kind to me. I had much information about Greece and its wretched government from Sir T. W.; a good long chat, too, with Sir Richard Church, an old warrior after my own heart: he served Greece well, and in turn the King turned him out of his appointment to give it to one of his minions.

24*th.*—Up with the larks, but dare not turn out of doors on account of the dust, it has now been blowing hard for three days from the East; received some distinguished visitors to-day. General Church regretted much I was going away, made me tell him some old war stories, and said I must write a book! "No, no, sir, I have no talent in that way, book-making is a bad trade, and every one picks a hole in your ballad!" "Then, my dear sir, you must come back; sure I want to see more of you, and you must see more of Athens." We shook hands and parted, not very likely ever to meet again—but we did.

We four voyageurs ordered dinner early, drove down to the Piræus, taking one long parting look at the Acropolis, and got on board our steamer at 6.30 p.m.; were told that the fleet had gone up to Constantinople, a pretty sure indication of a coming storm with Russia, that mighty empire that has made the world nervous ever since the destruction of the army of Napoleon at Moscow.

25*th.*—I was taken ill in the night, something like cholera, and continued very unwell until we crossed the Isthmus of Corinth to Lutraki; conveyed over in rude carriages drawn by ponies, a distance of six miles; at each end there is a house of shelter for passengers with a table and benches, but no sort of refreshment whatever; much time is lost here by bad arrangement, and the Austrian Lloyd's Company is always the slow coach. Seven p.m. Steam up and away at last; no dinner, very cold, and blowing hard in the Bay of Corinth.

26*th*, 27*th.*—Zante last night, and Cephalonia this morning.

The next three months passed away without much interest, parades and drills and outpost practice; a fire in the town occasionally, when my men always acted with promptitude in the fire department, doing all the work, while the Greeks looked on in apathy, wondering why British troops volunteered so

much at personal risk and loss, for on such occasions their shoes and undress were spoiled—no remuneration.

I had an excellent regimental school, where the soldiers' children were very well educated; many of the boys grew up in my own time to be good soldiers and useful non-commissioned officers, perhaps the best in the service; I gave encouragement to all men to attend, excusing them from evening parades and drills. I could always put my hand upon a qualified man to be promoted from the ranks, men who entered that school to learn their A-B-C became sergeants, pay and colour sergeants, a credit to me, to themselves, and to the service. The Duke of Cambridge and the Chaplain General gave us all great praise, at the half-yearly inspections as being second to no regiment in our army for the progress and instruction we continually made in our popular school-room; there was a Bible class always, and no children were ever better founded in Scripture. Nicely dressed, they marched to church every Sunday; our band was excellent, and the choir the very best I had ever heard—where are they now?

CHAPTER VIII.

War Echoes.—Leave for England.—Otho and Wife.—War News.—Malta.—Naples.—A Bearded Crucifix.—Herculaneum.—Pompeii.—The Museum.—Pompeii.—Vesuvius.—Adieu to Naples.—Rome.—St. Peter's.—Sight-seeing.—Pope Pius.—The Colosseum.—Priest Bourbon.—The Vatican.—Adieu to Italy.

TIME rolled on, little to mark its flight. The evening drive round the well-known Piccolo Jero or the Grandé Jero, or the morning ride through the solitary rocky island, a pic-nic, or a boating party over to Luxuri; little dinner parties at home and evening meetings, so jolly and full of fun and glee, at our round table, the voice of poor H. T. loudest in mirth. The band played in the soft twilight, and the ladies' voices in song and music seemed more true in that bright land. When ladies go to pic-nics I would recommend them to leave their diamond rings at home. There is one now of considerable value somewhere under a great fig-tree in the glen of Stoney Creek, where we rejoiced in cooking our dinner the other day; second diamond left in the grass by a very careful lady.

A war cry began to echo through our isle. I got into the fidgets; obtained a month's leave for England, to get a command in the army now bound for service. I could not rest, nor patiently wait the chance of my own corps being sent on. Sold off all my household furniture, carriages, &c. All was now lumber to me, and as there was no money in the island, the people got bargains and I got none. Left all my regiment baggage in store, and prepared to leave for Athens, once more to meet Mr. and Mrs. M., our visitors, who had gone in advance to see Greece and Constantinople. Many were the nice attentions of affectionate kindness we received. I was in for a banquet at the mess, a farewell dinner, which generally ends in a big head-ache next day. Each company of the regiment sent a deputation to me with a voice of affection and regret for their chief, as they termed it, wishing us a safe voyage and a sure return to themselves. This was more to

me than much fine gold; I knew that I possessed the affections of my brave men, but they never expressed it so before.

February 27th, 1854.—At daylight the snow mountains sent down a chilly blast over the valley, which made the lemons and oranges look sad; however the sun soon cast off the gloom, and all became bright and cheery. Embarked at 9 a.m., some of my officers being already on board to say another *adeos*. As we steamed close to the barracks, going out of the harbour, the whole regiment turned out to cheer us with loud, long, and hearty cheers; the last echo we heard was that of the band playing "Auld Lang Syne."

Arrived at Zante at half-past one. Met by the officers of the 31st regiment, and invited to lunch at their mess. Dined with Mr. Barffe, and had the use of his carriage all day. Visited his beautiful country villa, and many places over this charming island, the flower of the Mediterranean.

28th.—Fine, fresh, and cold; off Missolonghi, at 9 a.m.; mountains covered with snow, nothing like it, it was said, for twenty years. Landed at Patras; lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Wood (the consul); took a stroll over the town to see two marble sarcophagi lately discovered close by; they were of great antiquity, very perfect and interesting.

Found myself an object of some interest amongst the Greeks, being in uniform, a costume I was best acquainted with, and always respected. They seemed very anxious to know who I was, being then in a state of great excitement, going off every day by detachments to Arta, a fortified place held by their hated enemy, the Turk, with a garrison of 2,000 men. Old servants of old masters would not be held back, they were all for the field and conquest, to drive the Turks out of Greece, led by a fine old patriot, Zavelli, who wants all the sinews of war, ammunition, men, money, and commissariat. They all talk very brave, but they will do nothing. Greece lies in the dust, her day is passed.

March 1st.—Snow on all the high mountains, old Corinth lying in the shade, and the bright sun flashing over the fine old giant Acropolis above. The Greeks, polishing up their arms and going on to the rendezvous near to Arta, in hopes of a

revolution, but they will be disappointed. The Turkish Government is bad as needs be, but the Greek is worse, and less powerful.

Met my old friend Eliasat the Pirée, and were all safely at anchor in his hotel at half-past five p.m.

Paid my old friend Sir Richard Church a long visit and smoked a pipe with him over our palaver; a pipe to me was always a sickener—I hate tobacco—that state weed of the aristocracy and the plebeian. Engaged our passage on the *Nile* steamer to Malta, Mr. and Mrs. M., servant and child, six of us, including *nourriture*, as they call it, £19 16s. 8d., the usual voyage three days. The moment the anchor goes down your rations are stopped; voyage over, you won't get another bit to eat.

4*th*.—We dined with Sir Thomas Wyse.

5*th*.—Divine service in Doctor Hill's church. Very cold day. Walked up to the top of Lycabettus, from whence a splendid view. A small chapel, open to the public, stands on top of this hill. A mere shell of a place, where some old priest ascends now and then to light and leave a taper burning, and to say his prayers. There is a difference in *saying* one's prayers and *praying* one's prayers.

A bright sun and a warm day, with the Greeks a grand holiday; they are all out of doors, dancing in the Agora, Mars Hill, and at the Temple of Jupiter Olympus; called the "Fête of the Columns." All Athens was there, men, women and children; King and Queen riding about and mixing with the throng. *Otho* wore a Greek costume, and looked anything but a king; the Queen rides well, but was badly dressed in an olive habit, low hat and feathers; she looked pleased and cheerful, wished to be popular, led the way, and seemed to know more about it all than any one else. They were badly mounted for sovereigns. They rode up close to us, and took a good look at my uniform, rather uncommon in Greece; I made my best salaam to them, which was gracefully returned to us both. The Queen made some remark to her *spouse* about us as they passed on; she looked steadfastly at the medal ribbons I wore on my blue coat, and probably asked: "Who can those people

be ?" It was altogether a novel and gay scene; the multitude were divided into little picnic parties enjoying their humble fare and glass of wine. One very humble party invited us to partake of something.

A troop of cavalry was on the ground—such a princely escort! such poor horses! a company of foot soldiers too, the best no doubt, the household troops, poor wretched looking things in a sort of military dress; some, off duty, danced in their fashion before the royal pair, and sang something complimentary; but thousands there did not uncover, nor raise a voice of welcome. The poor Greeks were forced to submit to the goverment of a foreign prince and princess, there is yet a spark alive in the old chivalry, and it will blaze up some day.

To-morrow begins a fast of fifty days. O ye priests of *Baal!*—Measured the Parthenon, length 240 feet by 108; seventeen marble columns on each side, and six double columns in front. Received the visits of the English Minister, the Baron and Baroness Leykam, Austrian Minister, General Church, and some other kind friends.

7th.—Cloudy day and cold; returned visits, a pipe and a grasp of adieu from the old warrior. Sailed at six p.m. for Syra. What a roundabout way to get to England!

8th.—A terrible, rough, blowing night; the Constantinople steamer came bowling in at eight a.m.; danger and difficulties in being transhipped to the *Nile,* blowing so hard, and the sea so boisterous, no boat could live alongside the big steamer; stood off a little way, and were raised in a chair on to a platform, and so got safely on board, and met our friends joyful at the appointed *rendezvous.* The *Nile,* a fine French steamer, excellent accommodation and a good table, a piano in the ladies' cabin, and everything more liberal and superior than in the Austrian Lloyd's ships. Sir Stephen Lakeman and Major Le Merchant, an old Canada acquaintance, were of our party. Cold blowing weather. A steamer from Malta gave us the first intelligence that 5,000 of our troops had arrived there; all in the *fidgets* once more, in case my regiment should move on, or not move at all from Cephalonia.

11th.—Anchored at Malta, six a.m., alongside the fine steamer

Himalaya, with the 33rd regiment on board, just in; transferred our luggage to the *Bosphore* steamer, went ashore and took passage on to Naples, first class for two £7 16s. 8d. Hotels all full; got rooms at 63, Strada Patrizzio, Valetta (Allocio Privato by G. Debona, a comfortable quiet place), a guide, and away to see everything. Valetta is about the prettiest, cleanest, quaintest city of palaces you could see anywhere; every house has its own fancy balcony, all differing in shape and form, generally inclosed in lattice-work or in glass. The officers of the garrison are put up in the fine old palaces of the knights of St. John, splendid quarters, noble buildings inside and out. Called on General Ferguson, commanding. Lunched at the 68th mess, found the town full of troops, and all here in a state of excitement. Here is the 3rd battalion Grenadier Guards, 1st Coldstream Guards, the old Buffs, 9th, 28th, 41st, 47th, 49th, 50th, 62nd, 68th, 93rd, 33rd Rifle Brigade, Sappers, Miners, and Artillery, two regiments in camp, all the rest in barracks, and all ready for a rush at the Northern Bear, when the time comes.

The Cathedral of St. John is a noble old church, its mosaic floor, with the arms and devices of the old knights, very beautiful and well preserved.

The fine handsome English church, built by Queen Adelaide, towers over all the rest, as I hope it will ever do.

12*th*.—Sailed from Malta at two p.m., fine weather and calm sea. Next morning the sun just put his head over the snow-capped mountain of Rhegium as I went on deck, and on the track of St. Paul's travels, Acts xxviii. 13. I have often crossed his track, and mean to follow him on to *Roma*. I had not time to see "Paul's bay at Melita," Acts xxvii.; but passed there many a long day afterwards. Anchored in the harbour of Messina, one of the best in Europe. Nature has well done her part in this fine island, but man has spoiled everything. We could not get ashore without many difficulties, and would not submit to the imposition, so I did not plant a foot in Sicily at this time. Got away at one o'clock, passed along the coast of Calabria, and through the celebrated pass of "Scylla and Charybdis," so much dreaded by the ancient mariners. A fine,

fair breeze helped us down to Stromboli; one of these mountains, or safety valves of this globe, is ever on fire on this little island. As night came over us, the showers of fire and flame emitted about every five or ten minutes were brilliant, putting one in mind of the nether regions where Pluto pokes the fire.

14th.—Naples at seven a.m., eighteen hours from Sicily. The first thing that catches the stranger's eye is Mount Vesuvius with its smoking chimney; a long volume of white smoke went curling out of its cavern mouth. Waited two hours for permission to land. Then to the police office to have our names registered. Then to the custom-house to have our baggage opened and rummaged, and then to bribe the people to pass it. Now a multitude of roaring, riotous bandit-like porters let in upon us, who seized our trunks per force and cleared away all before them.

One lonely bird has no chance with those hawks; while he is engaged about his passport or something else, all his traps are carried off. Where he is going the porters neither ask nor care, so it requires one of a party to watch the luggage and fight for its safety. The porters all the while knocking each other about, swearing, raging, thundering, and storming like bedlamites, a scene to alarm a nervous person, and which quite unfits one to battle with those ruffians who are sure in the end to bully one out of five times the fare. There is no redress in Naples: police, boatmen, porters, cabby, and all, seem to be in partnership, combined to rob John Bull. You must pay everybody.

After three hours' search through the town, baggage lying in the street, one of us on watch, we got fixed up in the Hôtel de Rome, good apartments looking over the beautiful Bay of Naples.

"This morning (December 26) I have witnessed a very singular religious ceremony. I was struck by the passing along the street of a huge, old, rumbling gilt coach, resembling that which Louis XIII. had made for himself. On inquiry I learned that it was for conveying the Gonfaloniere of Naples, with his secretaries, his substitutes, his councillors, in short, his

whole official train, to the Church of the Carmine, there to assist at the solemn rite of cutting the hair of a celebrated crucifix in their temple. I trust my readers will not smile with incredulity at the mention of this fact, which recurs annually, on the 26th of December, in the church aforesaid. That church contains a large crucifix, with the head greatly inclined over the right shoulder, and the face almost covered by clustering locks of hair. The friars of the church and the superstitious people affirm that this hair grows every year. It is many years since this legend was first repeated and believed; nor would the story excite much surprise if you came upon it in some mediæval chronicle, but actually to witness with your own eyes the miserable imposture, in the year of grace 1860, even though it be in the city of St. Januarius, gives a very rude shock to one's ideas of the rational character of human nature. Woe to the man who, in the neighbourhood of the Carmine, should venture to express the slightest doubt respecting the annual growth of this miraculous scratchwig: he would be torn limb from limb by the fanatical and infuriated mob. And the officers of the municipality give their public sanction to this mummery by repairing in all state to the church, attending during the proceedings, and attaching their signatures to the minutes of the rite thus annually performed, on the 26th December. At the moment when the hair is cut by one of the friars, a signal is given outside the church, and thousands upon thousands of crackers proclaim by their explosion this miracle and triumph of the faith."—(Correspondent of *Morning Post.*)

"Parties are going about the streets or entering the coffee-houses of the city till midnight, and then they enter the church. Here, of course, the scene changes, but it is still marked by some features peculiarly Neapolitan. It is not a congregation of Christians quietly listening to the sermon of a clergyman, but a set of people who, to the sober-minded spectator from the North, appear as if they were the inmates of a madhouse. Some are kneeling on the pavement beating their breasts; some are making crosses with their tongues on the marble staircase of the altar. Here is a woman, who,

lifting up her arms, loudly invokes all the saints in heaven; there is a man who kisses the feet of a wooden crucifix as many times as he can during the half-hour that the mass lasts. It is the most curious scene that a stranger can see, and of itself even worth the journey to Naples. On witnessing a Christmas midnight mass in this country, one can fully understand Paganism."—(*Daily News'* Correspondent.)

The priests are like locusts; here they have their full swing: they swarm like crows in harvest. *Seventeen hundred and fifty-one* secular clergy on the move to see after the morals of the people! Besides six or seven hundred monks and eight or nine hundred nuns, there are some three hundred churches, many of them rich in ornaments and jewellery. St. Januarius is the patron saint, of course—a first-rate collector for the church! Wonderful how these people submit to be robbed by crafty priests and kept in blind ignorance, particularly the fair sex, who are ever in the confession-boxes.

15*th*.—A brilliant morning; a bright, blue, warm Italian sky invited us to visit "Pompeii and Herculaneum"; a carriage, and a hamper of prog, and some wine, and away for the day. Passed the fish-market, where Masaniello harangued the people. There are many barracks along this line of road for cavalry and infantry; one capable of containing six thousand men: it had been a granary. Passing through Port-Royal, or Kingsgate, which divides Portici from Resina, you come to a gateway in the street leading down to the Theatre of Herculaneum: it lies a good way under ground. On entering the hall, each person is handed a wax taper, and away you go down to the once grand theatre. The lobbies, corridors, galleries, stage, orchestra, benches, are all perfectly cleared from lava; on the walls are impressions of bronze masks, taken out of the lava; some paintings and decorations, cornices, and stucco, are original. The doors and windows are still blocked up with the petrified lava which came pouring in like molten lead until the whole building was filled up, and all life destroyed. This and another excavation above ground—one of some magnitude—is all that has been opened here,

because the suburb of Resina is built over the ruins of Herculaneum.

Drove on some few miles on the same line to Pompeii, and began our inspection at the house of Diomedes, a person of some note in his day, for it had been a handsome and pleasant dwelling, with gardens and fish-ponds, baths, warm and cold, and rooms decorated with frescoes; the floors of exquisite mosaic, the wine-cellar long and vaulted, and well stored; there still are lying the earthen bottles, nicely arranged against the walls, as he left them eighteen hundred years ago. His remains were excavated at his garden-gate, with the key in one hand and a purse of money in the other; he was, no doubt, making an escape for his life at the time when arrested by the torrent of the boiling stream. It is wonderful with what care this ancient city has been partly restored to the world—so many objects of attention and curiosity that have been interred for ages, brought to light and made perfectly clear to the eye and understanding. A street well paved with stones leads on to the city gate. On each side of this street are the tombs of the higher classes of the people—most of them handsome, some even beautiful and remarkable for the designs. The grave itself is but a covered bridge, leading from light to light, through a brief darkness.

At the city gate there is a guard-house where the sentry was surprised upon his post; he may have seen the torrent of boiling lava rushing on, and alarmed the guard, but the old soldier preferred death rather than run from duty. He was dug out with his brazen helmet on his head, the skull filled with lava. Along the line of streets, which are narrow and paved with thick, broad limestone, are indented the tracks of the carriage wheels—all the same gauge. What an age it took for wheels to wear their slow course into such hard material! The earthquake of 63 threw down a great part of the city; the eruption of 24th August, 79, occurred, and the city seems to have been totally destroyed by another in 472 (the last), 1,390 years ago. With more or less activity the excavations have been going on for one hundred years, and

not more than a fourth of the city is brought to light; but everything is well done, nothing broken or destroyed. I saw two forums, nine temples, two basilicæ, three piazzas, one amphitheatre, two theatres, one prison, double baths, about one hundred houses and shops, several villas, part of the walls of the city, six gates, and many tombs. At that period the sea washed up to the walls, but it has receded a long distance. In the narrow streets there are stepping-stones across for foot passengers in wet weather just as laid down 1,390 years past. Statues and fountains are fresh and still beautiful to look upon; there are bakers' shops and ovens for baking bread, machines for grinding corn, and restaurants, all having their respective signs above the doors; such as a goat for a milk-shop; a boy being whipped, a school; a loaf of bread pointed out the baker's, and other signs not over moral or religious. The rooms in the best houses were generally small; the house of Sallust seems to have been a magnificent dwelling; the skeleton of a young female with four rings on her fingers, gold bracelets and ear-rings, with thirty-two pieces of money, were exhumed. The place is so interesting one might pass a month here to see it carefully and give a faithful description. I was there but part of the 15th day of March, 1854. The theatres and amphitheatre—some distance from the city—were the most remarkable of the excavations, the latter from its wonderful size and clearness. The arena is oval—six hundred feet in circumference; there are two grand entrance-gates and many minor ones under the galleries; stone benches for twenty thousand spectators. Here the gladiators fought, and men condemned by the civil tribunal to death fought with wild beasts let loose upon them from their hungry dens beneath the benches. If they conquered those savage beasts, they saved a forfeited life, so they fought with desperation; and here we all sat down to lunch in the great amphitheatre of the once great city of Pompeii.

After our cold dinner under the shade of this wonderfully-preserved relic of barbarism, we asked our guide to dine, which he did with *goût,* but first requesting we would not say anything about it. "Why so?" I asked. "Well, sir, if it

were known that I eat meat this fast-day, I should get into trouble. I dare not tell my wife; she confesses to the priest everything, and I might be cast into some vile prison without any warning. I have been in England, Sir, and know something of freedom, and have no regard for the priests or their humbug; but still I must be very cautious. Now, when I go home, my wife will have the maccaroni ready, but I can't eat any more, she will then say, 'Guido, you have been eating meat with the English.' Then I must say, 'No, only some eggs, and salt, and bread.' These priests get everything from the women!"

16th March.—Jour de ma vie.

To the Museum, the most interesting, perhaps, in the world. It contains all the antiques got out of Pompeii, so fresh, so new like. The bread from the ovens; the wine and oil; skeleton soldiers as found in the barracks; the jewels of ladies bound round their skeleton bones; barbers' razors; bronze lamps of all sorts and sizes, beautiful workmanship, their chains as pliable as whip-cord; vases of all kinds and shapes, water-bottles, and bottles sealed, containing the original wine—you hear it gurgle as you shake the earthen bottle; knives and spoons—all sorts of culinary articles; the oil-cruse of the poor people exactly as I have seen them in Spain and Portugal. Beautiful specimens of wine-jugs, from whence the best models have been taken and used in our own country, in the palace, in the houses of luxury, and at mess-tables—such a catalogue of antiquities, as you will find here, quite differing from all other collections, not forgetting implements of torture. One was an iron claw with an iron handle for tearing the flesh off one's back and bones.

There is a square in Naples called "Piazza del Santo Spirito," or the Square of the Holy Ghost!!

The castle of St. Elmo towers above the city; its military position is remarkably strong and it commands a bellevue for fifty miles; Vesuvius, the nearest mountain, spreading its smoky garments almost down to the bay; higher mountains in the distance covered with snow; below you see the non-élite of the town—the crafty priest and lazy beggar, too indolent to rise for alms.

The money of this country is an abomination, a fictitious coin; 18s. 6d. of base metal is all we get for a bright English sovereign—rather a damper to travellers.

17*th*.—A bright, chilly morning. Strolled away down the promenade, a long, shady, nice walk with trees, shrubs, plants, statuary, and fountains, the sea dashing or washing up gently over the pebbly beach close to the low boundary wall. "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed!"

Sit down in that horse-shoe seat and look up: there stands Vesuvius right in your front with its smoking chimney puffing away for many thousand years; at its base Portici, Resina, Castellamare, Sorento, and the half-circle of the bay dotted with villas, the island of Capri in the middle entrance. The semicircle of this bright blue water is adorned with gardens, sloping flower-banks, terrace walks, sweet retreats, a handsome street of aristocratic-like houses; and what a balmy climate, what an Arcadia, but overwhelmed with idolatry, superstition, and hypocrisy! What is that noise in the Strada Toledo? Let us go and see. A procession. Here they come. First a priest between two soldiers with fixed bayonets, preceded by two men in scarlet robes ringing bells violently; an attendant holds a sun-shade over the priest. He halts; a bugle sounds, when every one is instantly uncovered and down in the street (dirty or clean) on their marrow-bones; the Guards turn out and present arms on one knee to a sort of metal vessel in form of a globe and a cross, which the people are taught to believe contains the Saviour of the world!

Now for the Museum again. What a collection! Let me note a few. A movable fireplace ingeniously arranged for cooking, roasting, and boiling; pots, pans, egg-boilers; elegant lamps in tripods bearing two, three, and four burners; vessels of copper, beautifully formed for holding the blood of sacrifices; the sacrificing knife! the heads of two soldiers in their helmets, as they were found, with their legs in the stocks, undergoing punishment, at the awful moment bound there an unwilling sacrifice; the iron stocks, too, and the bolts quite pliable; a small brazen vessel, with the lock in it, air-tight, the water inside, which may be heard splashing about

as it shakes; a carpenter's plane; a portable extending tripod for a lamp, may be lengthened or shortened at pleasure, drawing it out like a sword-cane, and putting in a pin to keep it in its place, the copper chains as pliable as cord—all the lamp-chains are so; mailed armour, garden rakes, children's toys, water-cocks, horse ornaments, bridle-bits; a ghurry, or clock for striking the hours, ingeniously constructed; inkstands and pans; surgical instruments; pills that had just been made up by a doctor, and some not completely made, rolled but not divided—taken by surprise; tickets for the theatre—boxes, pit, and gallery—made of bone, differing of course—those for the gallery were little *pigeons,* the people *above* bearing that sobriquet; dice, same as we use, and loaded dice too! goat and sheep bells as used at present abroad; the articles in general use in ladies' toilets, and the *rouge* fresh in the pot! axes; types with the letters distinct; weights and measures; steel-yards just like our own, but more elegant; the copper chains of the scales wrought in the most elaborate manner, and so pliable; a lantern with the oil and wick in it; keys of curious construction; a hot water urn with a cock in it like our tea-urns; a lamp on a tripod of beautiful construction, from the temple of Isis, used in sacrifice; metal dishes for receiving the blood of victims, garden seats of elegant bronze; wine and water jugs of all the most elegant patterns; dancing girls with glass eyes, which gave a life-like appearance, all in bronze, as large as life. In the Temple of Isis the divinities had glass eyes, which were movable, and the priests behind the scenes thus imposed upon the people, as the Roman priests do at the present day. By pressing a wet sponge behind the picture of the Virgin, where a platform holds a little cup, a small hole in the canvas behind the eye lets out a few *tears,* to awe the poor simple people by such delusion and rob their pockets!

The few things here noted are few indeed, for there are thousands of the most interesting objects in this fine museum; all those from Pompeii have a greenish appearance, those from Herculaneum blackish, as the different sort of lava acted on them.

The distance from Naples to Herculaneum is about five miles; six miles further on is Pompeii; the road is partly well paved, but very dusty in March.

To return for a moment to the ruined city, and view the site of the barracks—a square inclosure 183 feet long, bordered by a Grecian Doric portico of twenty-two columns on the long side, and seventeen on the other; it is supposed to have been the forum or market-place, but it must at the fatal period have been a soldiers' barrack, for here is the mess-room, guard-room, officers' and soldiers' rooms, the prison where four skeletons were found with their legs fastened into irons; I saw their heads in their helmets, and their manacles too. When first excavated, every part of this barrack exhibited reminiscence of military life. Inscriptions rudely scratched upon the stucco, bronze helmets richly ornamented, swords and shields, belts for the archers, lances, silver and copper coins. In the officers' quarters were found helmets of various kinds, swords of superior workmanship with ivory handles, numerous articles of female dress, and decorations of the richest sort in massive gold necklaces, gold bracelets set with emeralds, precious stones, ear-rings, and chests of fine linen and cloth of gold. One of these rooms contained eighteen skeletons of men, women, and children. Under the stairs was found the skeleton of a man carrying two cups and a saucer of silver—no doubt a servant in waiting. Thirty-four skeletons were found inside the entrance gate, men of the guard, who turned out at the first alarm on this fatal night when they heard the mighty torrent rushing down upon them. Sixty-three skeletons in all were found here—proof of the discipline of the Roman soldier, who knew that it was his duty to die rather than desert his post.

The word "Salve" frequently appears cut in stone on the entrance step of the door, or in mosaic.

Opposite the Villa of Diomedes, as I have mentioned, outside the Herculaneum Gate, there is a handsome tomb, that of Marcus Arrius Diomedes. There is the tomb of Scaurus, too, with bas-reliefs representing combats of gladiators and wild beasts. When the above gate was discovered an advertisement still existed of a combat of gladiators in the

amphitheatre, which was to be covered by an awning. Water was abundant in the streets and houses, public and private baths numerous: the Frigidarium, Tepidarium, and Calidarium—cold, warm, and hot baths. Graceful and interesting habitations were in the street called Fortuna; the great mosaic, one of the most magnificent (its equal has not been found), represents a battle between the Greeks and Persians. Numerous silver vases embellished with bas-reliefs, oil in glass vases, chestnuts, dried grapes, figs, and specimens of valuable objects too numerous to detail, not forgetting some porticos sustained by one hundred Doric columns. With the small sum allowed for excavations, and the little activity that prevails in the works, three generations may yet pass away before the whole City of Pompeii is laid open.

History records thirty-four eruptions of Vesuvius from 79 to 1834. In that of 1767 the earthquake was felt at a distance of twenty miles. The stream of lava was 300 feet wide, and *twenty-four* deep! Volumes might be written on the deeply interesting subject of the ruined city. I have seen and believe.

18*th*.—Vesuvius capped with snow this morning. Rather too warm to remain *there* many hours. A bright day below, but chilly. Mr. M—— returned from Palermo. Engaged our passage by steamer to Marseilles with the option of stopping by the way. We had to pay the representatives of four nations to be allowed to pass on our way to Old England: pay to have our passports viséd; for permission to land and to depart; and the countersign seems to be, plunder the English. Pay the police for looking after you. Ditto for remaining in the city at your own expense. Ditto for your health. Ditto for showing passports. Ditto for lodging them with the police. Ditto for getting them back again. Ditto for having them viséd by the nuncio. Ditto Tuscany. Ditto Sardinia. Ditto France. England free. Ditto to a commissionnaire to go the rounds to have this done; hopeless to find out all the offices of these cormorants, and no admission on board without all these signatures. I hope the time may come when I will pay this city of Naples a professional visit; the time must come when more enlightened nations will aid the Italian people to free

themselves from the tyranny and oppression of a most villanous and corrupt government, and throw open the prison gates and dungeons that now conceal multitudes of oppressed and more honest men than their regal gaoler.

19*th.*—Went to church at the Embassy. Charge of admittance, one dollar. A dull, damp day. Vesuvius capped with snow. Rather remarkable, that the cab-horses are driven about here without any bridle-bit in the mouth.

20*th.*—A brilliant Italian day. Vesuvius sending up from the furnace volumes of white smoke, also our steamer *Vesuvius*, in which we embarked at three o'clock p.m. Never shall I forget the last view of Naples. There lay one of the fairest and most brightly emblazoned leaves in that wonderful book of nature which the Father of the universe has spread out before His children here on earth, and which he has taught us to read with the eyes of faith, believing. How noble the form of the distant mountains to the south; of the promontory of Gaeta to the north, with its long line of white houses; of the curved sweep of the shore, constituting together one of the finest bays in the world! and how gorgeous are the colours of the deep blue water, and the deep blue sky, and the green garden of orange-trees, washed by the sea waves, and the clusters of golden fruit, all lighted up by an Italian sun! Cicero had a villa here; here he walked and talked with Scipio, here too he was murdered. God hath made all things beautiful, but man is even a rebel against nature. I can fancy Paul as he once stood here, and looking over the bay repeated with deep emotion—"Of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to whom be glory for ever." All the passengers were paraded on deck, names called and registered, and we got away by six p.m. At seven, forty of us voyageurs sat down to dinner—green peas first, and roast chickens after—Italian fashion; indeed green peas were part of the cargo.

21*st.*—A fine, brilliant morning when we arrived at Civita-Vecchia (fourteen hours). Here we were beset by boatmen and porters. We were all in a hurry to get home, yet here we were only six hours from the "Eternal City." "Who will go

to Rome?" I called out. "I will," and "I," and "Oh, let's all go!" Agreed. Got our luggage ashore, after a wild scramble, for which we paid four-fold; then it was carried to the custom-house, opened and examined. Paid for that too. Then, two hours' trouble about our passports; sealing in (plombé) the trunks—pay. Hotel to breakfast. Ordered a vetturino for Rome, and got away at one p.m. Were stopped at the barrier-gate to have our luggage examined again, and to get a passport for it to accompany us. Just now an escort brought into the town a celebrated robber, who had murdered two gendarmes, and been a terror on the road at the head of his banditti. This was all in our favour: the less chance of being plundered to-day on the highway of his Holiness Pio Nono. The ladies in a great fright all the way. Mr. M——d left us here on a business tour. The forty-eight or fifty miles to Rome are divided into four stages. They drive three horses abreast, change drivers at each stage, who expect some denaro. We asked one fellow to drive quicker. "Yes," he said, "if you will pay me five francs." Nothing for nothing on this road, and the people not over civil for payment. Entered the barrier-gate at Rome just at nine p.m. Passports demanded and handed over. Baggage again examined. After coming down with the dust we were most graciously permitted to go and look out for an hotel. Half-a-dollar for taking our trunks from off the coach. Then a bargain for our rooms (twenty francs a day, nothing included).

22*nd*.—Saint Peter's. Here I am sitting in this great temple which took 350 years to complete, extending over the reigns of no less than forty-three popes. The expense of the work was so great that both Julius II. and Leo X. resorted to the sale of Indulgences for the purpose of meeting them; the excess to which this was carried led to the Reformation. This building cost £10,000,000, exclusive of 900,000 scudi for the sacristy, and is built on the spot where St. Peter was crucified, with his head downwards, at his own request, in humiliation and acknowledgment of his guilt in denying his Master. He is represented in bronze, standing on a pedestal about four feet high from the marble floor, the right foot projecting. It

is highly polished from being continually saluted by the lips of his worshippers. On the ceiling of the lantern, at the very top of the great dome, is a mosaic, representing the Almighty. The mosaic pictures are as beautiful as oil paintings. One hundred lights are always burning before the High Altar. Around the cupola, in letters of six feet, not looking larger than ten inches, you read the 18th verse of the 16th chapter of St. Matthew, minus the first six words. The situation of St. Peter's disappointed me at first, being low, and the streets about damp and dirty. The defect in the appearance of the building is the concealment of the dome, which is so much hidden by the front of the temple that the effect is lost. The Tiber, so renowned in history, and of which I read so much in my Latin books at school, disappointed me very much; just now a narrow, dirty-looking river serpentining through the town. The Ponte St. Angelo, leading over to the celebrated castle of that name, was built by Hadrian, as a passage to his mausoleum. Ten angel statues stand upon the piers, and one of Peter and Paul at the entrance. Looking at this old castle reminded me of a voice which seldom threatened in vain, for here Cromwell's message was received by the Pope—"Unless favour were shown to the people of God, the English guns should be heard in the castle of St. Angelo." I suppose at this period the Protestants were suffering under the lash of Popery, and the old Protector was a man of his word.

23*rd*.—Early up and away exploring. Visited the Palazzo Pontificale in the Quirinal, the Forum, Trajan's Pillar—the most beautiful historical column in the world, dedicated to the Emperor by the Senate and Roman people, A.D. 114. For seventeen centuries it has been regarded as a triumph of art. A series of bas-reliefs form a spiral round the shaft, presenting a continuous history of the military achievements of the Emperor. But man plods his way through thorns to ashes.

The Pantheon, ancient temple of the gods, celebrated for eighteen hundred years for its fine architecture; here there is a notice that you may buy an *indulgence* for yourself as you ramble about in sin, and also for your grandmother who lost

her hold of life long, long ago; how very indulgent are those priests of Rome! Visited the Vatican and found myself astray in the private apartments of the Pope; was civilly told by his body-guard that his Holiness *was* at home, but not receiving visitors, so I changed my route.

We met a young priest in the street and asked him the way to the Coliseum; he was so polite that he insisted on keeping along with us all day, showing us everything in our way. Went into the prison of Peter and Paul. A church is built over it, but it is in its olden state of preservation. Was deeply interested also in a visit to the old house of St. Paul, "his own hired house" (see Acts xxviii. 30, and also the 15th verse). A poor dwelling it was in his time, but there it is, with its stone benches where he sat and taught the truth, and the little stone table and the well in the corner, all preserved with great care. It is but one apartment, as much as poor Paul could then afford. It lies underground, and a church is built over it, and you pay a trifle to the person who keeps the key and furnishes a taper to see down and inspect it.

Here is the Forum and the Senate House, where laws were dictated to the world. Such relics of ancient grandeur, and such temples and arches and noble old buildings mouldering to dust; yet how many are preserved to make the whole familiar to the Latin scholar. The antiquities of Rome fully pay one for a long expensive journey of toil by land and sea, and for all the extortion, robbery, and annoyance you meet with and cannot avoid.

Tradition points out the Mamertine prison, on the declivity of the Capitol, as the place of Paul's confinement. A dark and dreary dungeon it is, into which you descend by two flights of steps, the dungeon being underneath an upper cell is shown as the identical chamber; it is called the Tullianum, and is of semicircular form, built of large masses of stone. Standing in the damp, gloomy apartment, lighted only by the taper of the guide, one is chiefly occupied by the thoughts of its connection with the great Apostle; and, with no conclusive evidence against it, one is prone to believe that here his last hours on earth might have been spent, and that here he exulted in

the hope of the glory of God. The pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius, close to the Pauline Gate, stood there when Paul was led out to execution, so that it would have been one of the last objects on which his eye rested ere he reached "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Rome at this time had acquired a strength that swept over the known world; it was filled with the monuments and trophies, the symbols and instruments of power. These columns, arches, theatres, and palaces must, in the days of their perfection, have startled every beholder as the very embodiment of greatness. If all things in Athens told of beauty, all things in Rome must have told of power; so we thought when we rambled among the ruins of the Forum and elsewhere. Shadows of power fell on us everywhere, echoes of power saluted us amongst the walls of the imperial palace or golden house of the tyrant "Nero," who lighted up his garden by night with the servants and believers in Christ, the poor sufferers being wrapt up and bound in pitch and faggots, then hung by the chin on hooks, and set on fire.

24*th*.—Up and away for a ramble before breakfast. At noon I was in St. Peter's to see His *Holiness* Pope Pius. Here he comes in grand procession with his Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, and body-guard, who kept his path clear. Twelve Princes of Rome in full dress uniform attended his *Holiness*, six on either side. He went through the ceremony of prayer at three different shrines, which were gorgeously covered with scarlet and gold cloths for the occasion, and with soft cushions laid down for his kneeling position. When he had finished *his* prayers he went over and kissed the feet of St. Peter (in bronze), and put his head under the foot of the image, symbolical of his subjection, held up his three fingers as a benediction, and retired as he came without speaking a word from beginning to end! As he telegraphed this blessing all the people dropped on their knees. The Pope was dressed in white, with a scarlet embroidered cape, and a skull-cap on his head, his train held by some Priests. The Cardinals wore red skull-caps, violet-coloured robes, and red stockings; they had three-cornered red cocked hats in hand or carried for them:

it is not the custom in Lent to wear their scarlet robes. The whole of this ceremony appeared to *me* buffoonery: it was all dumb show; no prayer, no praise; all looked at the Pope as the sheet-anchor of souls, then to the Virgin, then to the saints, and then to themselves. But "the Scripture cannot be broken."

To the Coliseum. A fête-day; a procession headed by a Cardinal. I advanced into the arena, and up to the cross in the centre. The people knelt a short time in prayer, then gathered round a Capucin friar, who preached from a rostrum, The people were attentive, for he preached loud and long. Every one who kissed the holy cross received a twenty days' indulgence! The fair sex made a general rush at it. In this arena there are fourteen stations or shrines where the good people perform their penance in prayer. You may see them there at all times.

What a vast building is this Coliseum; the more one looks at it the wonder increases that Pagan hands built and Pagan heads designed such an edifice. How apparently devout are the people, particularly the females, who number twenty to one. The sermon is over, and now the whole congregation, headed by a Cardinal, visit all the shrines, devoutly kneeling in prayer. Went up to the top galleries, and looked down into the arena. Here 100,000 people sat with pride and pleasure to witness cruelty. In the reign of Trajan, St. Ignatius was brought from Antioch purposely to be devoured by the wild beasts here! And in this way many of the early Christians perished in the arena, martyrs to the faith and to their belief in Jesus.

In the Via del Corso, the fashionable street in Rome, there is a fine palace belonging to the Prince Doria; adjoining it there is a church built, it is said, on the site of the "Three Taverns," where Paul met his friends when he entered Rome as a prisoner; and here, under this church, called St. Maria in Via Lata, was Paul's hired house, where he lodged with the Centurion, as I before stated. After eight hours of a ramble, sat down to dinner, not the least tired, when we talked of all the *wonders*, as the children say, and of all before us, of the past

and the obscurity of the future. Life is full of contradictions and violent storms.

26*th*.—Sunday, two a.m., Monte Pincio. Clear and bright is the morning, the bells tolling for Divine service. Look at the old city spreading far and wide, over and above and between the Seven Hills. St. Peter's, mother of all the Papal churches, takes the front of the picture, surrounded by 363 of her offspring—all in error.

Attended the Armenian church; a good sermon and free seats. In the hall of our hotel a notice was posted:—"Cardinal Wiseman, Bishop of *Westminster*, will preach a sermon this evening in English, at 4 p.m.!" I took the liberty of putting my pen through the *Westminster*. But we went to hear the sermon; hired our seats in the *street*, and carried them into the church! Text, John vi. 14. The Bishop began with a good Protestant discourse, talked of the Bible, and said that it contained the true Gospel, &c.; but he soon changed his tact, and, in a very crafty way working on the feelings of his Protestant hearers, many of whom were present, he launched into the doctrine of the Eucharist, stated that the *body* and *blood* of *Christ* were verily in the *wafer* and *wine*, and acted in a very theatrical manner, winding up with a little prayer for the conversion of England, adding that he would soon be back there, and that all people flocked to the Church of Rome, excepting a few from the *North*, who folded their arms and kept aloof!!

Our little Priest, "Bourbon," called in the evening, and enjoyed a glass of brandy-punch over a wood fire, and his breakfast next morning. He seemed to be living on half-rations, not from choice, for his appetite was unblushingly *très bon*. He says that the Roman ladies dress very well, and ride in a carriage when they have nothing to eat at home! Like the Roman ladies, I fear he had little to eat at home, although not over well dressed, nor did he ever ride in a carriage. We all went to St. Peter's, his small holiness leading the way, and ascended to the very top of the temple, even into the ball, and a hard squeeze to screw up such a narrow passage; no crinoline had the most distant hope of being seated there, although

there is room enough for twelve men. The people in the streets looked like grasshoppers. The roof is covered with lead, there are large water-tanks in case of fire, and the space on the roof is large enough to contain a thousand men under arms. There is a fine view of the Vatican gardens from this, the fishponds, trellised walks, and fountains.

Our next step was to the Vatican library, the longest gallery in the world. The hall of the manuscripts is a most gorgeous apartment, containing works of art that cannot be surpassed. But Rome is Rome, and many an aching heart lies deep in its dungeons, of whom the world knows nothing. Innocent women, it is said, are at times torn from their homes in the dead of night, subjected to punishment, and cruelly beaten with sticks; magistrates are legislators; thieves and murderers go unpunished; men are judged in secret and condemned unheard; spies are encouraged in the bosom of families; it is a crime to have a religious book or express oneself freely; in this year of 1854 there are 13,000 prisoners, and the prisons surpass in horror those of Naples. In the dungeons of San Leo five days produce blindness—ten days death! All these things are done in the name and by the authority of the Vicar of Christ, backed by foreign bayonets, but the time is not distant when they will be removed from Rome, and civilized nations in the 19th century will sympathize with the Italian people and aid their release from bondage: it cannot be that the despot will be for ever permitted to ride down the liberty and conscience of millions so long oppressed by popery and the Popes of Rome; they have had their swing, a long, triumphant mockery of religion, a lifetime of deception; but their hour is nearly come—"the Scripture cannot be broken."

29*th*.—Farewell to Italy and all its wrongs, its lovely climate, its favoured land, its sea-green shores, its fertile gardens, spread out by Providence as a specimen of God's noble work, a blessed gift to man; but all is perverted by dark intrigues against light, and reason, and freedom! Farewell "London Hotel" in Civita Vecchia! I can recommend you as the worst house of entertainment I have met with

anywhere. Table bad and scanty, attendance worse, no order, no regularity; your servants permitted to be saucy, and to cheat all who pass this way. I hope we never shall meet again! Embarked in the *Mongabello* steamer, direct for Marseilles, at ten a.m., fine morning land breeze; passed close to Elba, the one hundred days' rest of the great Napoleon. Long before this I sat beside the willow-tree that shaded his lonely grave on that cinder in the Indian Ocean, and again saw his princely mausoleum where his bones are quiet now.

30*th*.—Eight a.m. off Toulon. No hostile fleet there now. May our peace with La Belle France be long and friendly. Twelve and a half, Marseilles Harbour; two and a half, Hôtel d'Orient. Had a long chat with the son of my old master, the present duke, one of our passengers.

CHAPTER IX.

The Route.—To Malta.—At Sea.—Lost Luggage.—The Royals.—A Soldier's Welcome.—Difficulties.—Afloat.—Smyrna.—Gallipoli.—Help for Turkey.—Camp Life.—Vittoria Day.—Embark for Varna.—The Sultan.—In Camp.

APRIL.—Speaking of railway accidents, the Duke mentioned that he and the Duchess had left the Paddington station one morning in February, when they observed a locomotive passing by rather in an unusual way, and remarked, "There is an accident," which proved to have been the case, for they pulled up just in time to avoid a collision, and saw a dead man and several wounded lying on the bank.

"Well," I said, "I was amongst the latter, as well as my wife, and how we escaped was miraculous, for the *débris* of the carriages lay over us until we were *dug* out, and if the guard had not gone on to stop your advance, we might have been all destroyed."

We hurried on to Paris, as I became anxious about my future destination; a great, big, lumbering diligence was then the quickest conveyance for most part of the road. When we got to the railway, or *chemin-de-fer*, we met the Duke again, going our way. The 7th of April found us in London, and on the 8th I presented myself at the Horse Guards to report my arrival and ask for a command. The Commander-in-Chief (Lord Hardinge) offered me the 1st Battalion Royal Regiment, under orders for Turkey, nothing else being then at his disposal. I accepted, and was next day in General Order, to take the command, and embark with them at Plymouth on the 21st. I had twelve days to look about me, and get ready for the campaign in prospect. According to the General Order of the army, forty-eight hours are allowed for troops to settle down and get snug on board before sailing. I was well up to my time, arriving at Plymouth, and having a lawful twenty-four hours to spare; but things don't always run

so smooth as one calculates: the regiment had been embarked the day before, and sent to sea at once, against all precedent! Here I was in a fix—the ship was out of sight, and I stood on the beach, not very well pleased with myself or the official who hurried away my corps. I was back in London same day, by express, reported the following morning at the Horse Guards, and was *permitted* to find my own way out, at my own expense, all from a hurry-scurry blunder of the officer commanding at sea, the consequence of which was, the ship caught fire, everything was in confusion on board, and thanks to Providence all were not lost. Another leave-taking, and away to Paris on the 25th, down by rail to Chalons, to Lyons by steamer on the Saône, and on to Marseilles, where I passed an agreeable day with Monsieur and Madame R.

May 1st.—Embarked in the French steamer *Osiris* for Malta: fare 239 francs. We were crowded with troops and horses, officers, and priests going out as chaplains to their army. Major-General Rose and Major Claremont, of my own regiment, were passengers going out on the staff of Marshal St. Arnaud. Sir Stephen Lakeman, too (who came home with us), going out to take a command in the Turkish army. An agreeable party, but *rather* crowded. Cloudy weather and light breeze.

4th.—At ten a.m. arrived at Malta; the steamer with my regiment had just left! Called on Admiral Sir H. Stewart and General Ferguson: asked for a passage to the Ionian Islands. No communication there. Lunched with our 68th Regiment, and dined with the Governor, Sir William Reid, an old Peninsula officer. Sir Stephan L. took up his quarters with me for the night at my old apartments—hotels all crowded.

5th.—A frightful accident occurred this morning at one of the batteries, while the gunners were at practice with red-hot shot. I was on my way to the battery when I met the staff-surgeon, an old friend, who drew me off to see the general hospital. A thirty-two-pounder gun burst—the fore part bounded over the parapet-wall into the ditch below; the after part exploded into small pieces, flying about. One gunner had his head

knocked to bits, his blood spattered against the wall; another his leg blown away; another an arm; others wounded. The next gun in battery, a thirty-two, was blown quite out of its bed, and the carriage smashed to bits; a thirty-two on the left had its carriage much damaged and torn; a third gun-carriage, at a distance of 240 feet, was smashed by a heavy portion of the metal, which afterwards rebounded, and broke one of the large stones in the battlement, whilst the ground was torn up in many places by the flying fragments. One of the sufferers was carried into the hospital to have his leg amputated; he bore the knife and the saw courageously, was silent when the flesh-needle and thread gathered the tough skin over the stump; but the pale, bloodless face, rolling eye, and tight, dovetailed fingers showed me his sufferings. Continued my voyage on the *Osiris*, thankful that I did not leave my bones at Malta.

6*th*.—The night past was as bright and clear and calm as this day is brilliant and peaceful. 'Tis Sunday; the priests are *hors-de-combat*, and more room at table. I hope they won't mind staying in bed for a few days.

One of the horses kept dancing in his box all the night over my head; no use trying to sleep; walked the deck by moonlight, all looking like a bivouac, the horses picketed in line, the dragoons lying behind them asleep in their boots and spurs, bundles of hay here and there, camp baggage in piles, soldiers in uniform as thick as they can lie all fast asleep, nothing stirring but the tramp of the sentry, the snort of a horse, or the softening sound of the paddle-wheels deep in the calm blue sea. How many of us are destined to return home after a campaign for which such great preparations are being made? 'Tis fortunate and well arranged by Providence that we cannot see the future. Morning comes, and all is bustle to begin the day; the swallows are first awake and are sweeping over the deck, for many embarked at Malta and are taking a free passage to Greece. A French breakfast at nine; reading, writing, smoking, sleeping, and card-playing until five, the dinner hour; a cup of bad tea with a lemon at eight, and to roost when you please.

8th.—Syra early this morning; went ashore, and walked up to the chapel on the conical hill; a long pull, and very hot. The Roman Catholics here have no dealings with the Greek church, very like Jews and Samaritans of old. Here I left the *Osiris* and my friends, embarked on the *Pericles*, another steamer, for Athens, sailed at six p.m., and arrived next morning at the Piræus.

9th.—Here I embarked again in another steamer, for Kallimaki; sailed at six p.m.; voyage four hours and a half; crossed the Isthmus of Corinth in seventy minutes, and embarked once more in the steamer *Messina*, in the Gulf of Corinth, for Cephalonia. Look after your baggage amongst these wild sons of Greece; an English amateur just found out that none of his traps were in the van. "Did you see them put in?" I asked. "No, I expected all was right." "Well," I said, "all goes wrong in Greece unless one is wide awake; we don't sail till seven; don't lose a moment; be off to the starting point, or you will never see so much as your night-cap; the Greeks have a weakness for red-hot woollen night-caps, to keep their heads cool." Exit ——; returned in the evening. "Got your traps?" "No, nothing; leather bag, patent-leather trunk with fine locks, all missing; can't be opened." "Excuse me," I said; "a lock upon leather, and a knife in one's pocket. Look out for a new kit; the old one is somewhere in Mount Parnassus, being inspected by some of these Greek bandits; baggage never looks after itself."

Met some four score Greeks armed to the teeth, and bearing a standard, marching towards Athens. They are flocking back from all parts of Turkey, having got notice to quit. Stupid fellows, attempting a struggle against the Sultan, backed up as he is by England and France; better go home to their vineyards than swagger about the country playing at soldiers without leaders, money, or arms. Better revolt against their own vile government than attempt to aid Russia with a feeble arm.

11th.—Anchored at Argostoli, at four a.m. Some of my officers were on board to meet me before I was up. A welcome home by the whole regiment, and an invitation to be

their guest as long as I remained on the island; a banquet in the evening, and free quarters provided for me. My old servants came back to their old master, and volunteered to share my fortune in the campaign; I accepted their services, and they fell in to their old places once more, joyous and happy. Visited all my old friends the next day; the barracks, the men, the school, and every one—all delighted to see me back. Many were the expressions of deep regret that I was now but on a short visit. I called a holiday for the school, and the bugles sounded "no parade" for the regiment. All seemed weary of their island home, tired of such monotony, and anxious for any change; the prospect of war gives hope of being emancipated, and all are desirous to see that one vacant space in our colours filled by another victory, or more.

My regiment, 1st (the Royal) Regiment, the oldest in our service, or perhaps in the world, has just now emblazoned on its standard the following record of distinguished honours won on the battle-field:—

"The royal cypher within the collar of St. Andrew, and the crown over it."

"St. Lucie"	"Egmont-op-Zee"
"The Sphinx"	"Egypt"
"Corunna"	"Busaco"
"Salamanca"	"Vittoria"
"St. Sebastian"	"Nive"
"Peninsula"	"Niagara"
"Waterloo"	"Nagpore"
"Maheidpore"	"Ava." *

Was it not a glory to command such a distinguished corps?

Up to the 20th all feasting, and fun in moderation.

The freemasons of the regiment, officers and non-commissioned officers, opened their lodge to have one last oppor-

* To these have been since added:—

"Alma"	"Inkerman"
"Sebastopol"	"Taku Forts"

"Pekin."

tunity of meeting their old commanding officer. I had the invitation of true men; we were all bound in one mystic tie, but entirely apart from any system of equality in duty, obedience, or discipline. After the lodge was closed, the supper-room, handsomely decorated for the occasion, was thrown open. "Welcome!" in olive branches bearing the fruit, and many appropriate devices decorating the walls. "Go where glory waits thee!" "G. B., our much esteemed commanding officer," in a wreath of flowers and olive leaves, &c. A most excellent supper being over, and the toast of the evening proposed by the serjeant-major Whinton, the old barracks rang with one great cheer, inside and out, for the whole of the men had assembled outside waiting for the signal. I was quite taken aback by this demonstration of united kind feeling, and so nicely arranged; I was proud and gratified to think I stood so well with men I had commanded for ten years in honour and satisfaction to us all. A finer body of zealous, intelligent, high-minded, respectful non-commissioned officers I knew there was not in the service, and they knew that I respected them as they deserved. These few notes are but a little record to keep in remembrance a pleasing incident in the life of a soldier, and cannot be interesting to any one else; we like to fight our battles over again in the evening of life, and when memory's path is choked up with the old laurel leaves, one can look into his record.

The serjeant-major said: "Brother non-commissioned officers, the toast I am going to propose you must all anticipate. We have drank to our Queen, and now we have amongst us once more our honoured guest, who so kindly answered our invitation this evening; one under whom we have served cheerfully and most happily for many years—our friend, our adviser, our advocate, our highly esteemed and distinguished commanding officer—one who has never swerved from his duty in defending our rights and advancing our interest in the service, and to whom we are indebted for the many privileges we enjoy; although we are all grieved at his departure from amongst us, he is going where glory awaits the true soldier. Our kindest wishes attend him, and may he safely return with additional

honours to his family and friends. I give you the health of Colonel Bell, our late much respected and honoured chief."

The rest, indeed, was a long and loud nine times nine and one cheer more; the response came from a heart touched with a spark of military feeling known only to soldiers in the meridian of glory. All this little attention brings out the true character of a commanding officer, and is more valuable than fine gold. The band was brilliant in their selection; some fine songs and glees were sung, and as I rose to depart, "Auld Lang Syne" was smothered with the cheers of my old comrades of all ranks in the mess-room and from the barrack outside, waiting to cheer me to my quarters. There may be an appearance of egotism here; but no, 'tis a simple narrative.

Lieutenant Turner, my adjutant, volunteered to share my fortune; in fact he would not stay behind. He resigned his appointment; I had him transferred to my new battalion, and if volunteering had been the order of the day, I might have had half the regiment. I had been waiting for a Constantinople steamer up to this time. We left Cephalonia in the night of the 21st, and arrived at Zante next morning at seven o'clock; put up with the resident, Colonel Staunton, 31st Regiment, and dined at their mess; got my horse ashore, and purchased two fine mules for 115 Spanish dollars to carry my baggage, and paid their freight, £20. 17s. 7d. From this point I got a free passage to join my new corps, having paid enough out of my own pocket for the blundering mistakes of official red-tape in sending troops to sea before they had time to shake into place. There is no safe place for embarking horses at Zante; the primitive way is to shove them off the jetty into the flat, at the risk of breaking their legs, as they never volunteer to jump down five or six feet into a boat. I had to accomplish this with a nervous feeling, and as the big steamer bowled in at two in the morning, dark as you please, and dropped her anchor far out at sea, we pushed off in the sanitary boat and got on board, but here was another fix; the bear of a captain at once declined to take my mules on board. I insisted: he was resolute. I showed him bill and receipt of lading: "he didn't care." I began to think they

would be turned adrift, when the port captain, who put us on board, stepped forward and told this skipper if he did not take my animals on board he would detain the steamer and keep his papers. This threat brought the Austrian savage to his bearings; when he gave the word, "hoist them in," up they came all safe.

24th.—Piræus at six a.m. I ought to know this place; very like the old house at home. Went up to Athens to get the news, inspected a large building at the request of Sir T. Wyse, at the Piræus, intended to house the 97th Regiment, which was expected directly here to keep the Greeks in order. Sailed again at noon; as we steered out, the *Wasp* and *Leander* fired a salute in honour of our Queen's birthday, in which the French ships of war united.

Now for a squeeze. Here we are, Turks, Greeks and Jews, Parsees, Germans, Cretans and Arabs, dwellers in Mesopotamia, Albanians, Egyptians, and men from Thyatira, Sardis, and Macedonia, all in their respective native dresses, and chattering away in mother tongue. Such a Babel; no order or regularity on board; all mixed up in a heap upon the poop, and preparing to bivouac. The conversation all political; Greece and Turkey, the Turks and Greece, England, Russia, and France, England combined with the Sultan against the poor Christian Greeks (some truth in this); how they did gabble! Greeks much excited, declaring they would fight for liberty and never give up the struggle until released from the desperate grasp of such tyranny as crushed them to the dust; at present they are powerless. After Italy I hope to see them free; I like their patriotic spirit. The old taciturn Turk squats on his bit of carpet, turns his face to Mecca, and invokes the Prophet; then inhales his pipe or nargilleh, with his old phrase, "Allah kerim" (God is great and merciful); or it may be, "Inshallah" (Please God); or "Mashallah" (In the name of God); "Allah raz obsum" (Praise be to God). His ejaculations are generally short, and often in conclusion he says, "La allah illah allagh, Mohammed, resoul Allagh," which signifies, "there is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." When will they receive the Gospel?

25*th.*—At Syra until four p.m. *Egitta,* from Constantinople, came slowly in. Some amateur officers on board said my regiment was at Gallipoli. This was just what I wished. I had lost nothing. Went ashore, and had a dip in the blue sea.

26*th.*—At ten a.m. anchored off Smyrna. Went ashore to see some horses that I expected, rough and ready little ones; very hardy, but too small. Called on the Consul for news, who said that the three chiefs had met at Varna to arrange for the campaign. I thought as three of a trade never agree, and no one was chief of the combined army, it was just possible there might be a split in the camp. Three chiefs never can command an army; *nous verrons.* Got an ice, and took a ramble over the old town. The veiled women, the indolent Turk, the little scribe at the corner writing for the girls, the patient camel, all seemed just as I left them last year, without a move; the Acropolis hill, bending its aged head over the cypress grove, where generations of bones have been accumulating since Polycarp here suffered martyrdom for the truth of the gospel of Jesus.*

> What a forest of cypress—this is the place
> Where human harvests grow!
> Dark tree, still sad when others' grief has fled—
> The only constant mourner o'er the dead.

Many Turkish women came on board as passengers, all huddling together in what I called the dove-cot, in a part of the poop distinct from the crockery part of their creation. They wore the yashmac, the nose and eyes only visible, and very brilliant eyes some of them had; they seemed so patient and content, but evidently were under some restraint that they

* The martyrdom of the holy Polycarp, A.D. 167, at Smyrna, exhibited a painful example of this bitter spirit; for they not only filled the theatre with furious cries and imprecations upon him as an atheist during his trial, but howled with savage triumph around the *stake* while the flame was devouring his body; and, as if death itself could not satiate their implacable rage, they solicited the judge that the friends of the martyr might not be allowed the consolation of possessing his honoured ashes.

would willingly cast off, and will some day. As night came on they wrapped themselves up in their cloaks and shawls, bundled together in their Zante quilts, and went to sleep. This sort of passengers, men and women, always live and lie on deck, and feed on their own stores. Bread and cheese, curds, pickles, a small piece of meat with sweeties, and water, make their repast; coffee indispensable—such wretched stuff as it is!

27*th*.—Gallipoli. Anchored at half-past five p.m. Harbour full of steamers, English and French ships of war, and transports. John Bull's English gold beginning here to fly like chaff. Here I can see is the beginning of troubles—of many sorrows. Who will live to count the cost? Who will see the end?

Here is a lively scene. The tented field of 40,000 men of France, flanked by 6,000 British troops, the advanced guard of a war picture. Millions of gold won't do it. We landed all safely. My horse was saddled; baggage packed on the mules; turned out ready for the field; poor Turner by my side joyful. Away we went, inquiring for our *Royal* residence. It was quite dark before we found the camp; pitched our tent by starlight, whistling the old tune, "My lodging is on the cold ground," and soon went to sleep.

Up in the morning early. Took over the command of the 1st Batt. Royal Regt. All hands ready to fix me up in a new home. It is little the soldier requires in the field; having an ingenious turn, he may always be snug in his tent. A very light stretcher, with some blankets, makes ones bed, a couch, and a seat; a pot and a fryingpan, and a table if you can; knife, fork, and spoon in possession of every loon; a kettle to boil your tea, just as we used to make it at sea,* a tin mug, and a water jug, a piece of soap, and always a coil of rope, a good horse to ride, and a baggage-mule beside, and at every peep of day let your motto be, "*Toujours prêt.*"

28*th*, *Sunday*.—Divine service at six a.m., and a vast deal of drunkenness at six p.m. A fine country. Hill and dale

* Throw your tea into a kettle and boil it well.

rich and fertile. A healthy position for the camp. Plenty of water. About six miles from Gallipoli. The usual cry at home and abroad is "Help for Turkey!"

29*th*.—Brigade field-day. "Help for Turkey!" Manœuvering in the cornfields.

30*th*.—Rode away to see the French camp and the beautiful and fertile valleys on towards the town. How rich the soil, and how pretty the lanes, so like many I have seen in England, deep in the country. The hawthorn, wild rose, and jessamine, embracing the fragrant honeysuckle. Thanks to kind Providence for health and strength to enjoy the blessings of nature, speaking so eloquently all around us, the weather too so charming.

31*st*.—A grand review of all *our* army by the French marshal, St. Arnaud, who came to the ground like a marshal of France with an escort and staff of 200 warriors, finely mounted and equipped in splendid uniform. Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert accompanied him. We assembled some miles from our camp for good ground. As the old marshal passed down our long red line—(my regiment always takes the right of the line)—and I presented arms, he said, "How you do, Colonel Bell?" I dropped my sword, with a "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

"More help for Turkey!" We manœuvered in the standing corn, some four feet high, and destroyed the green crops to perfection. After five and a half hours in heavy marching order, we got *home* to prepare some breakfast. Men nearly suffocated with those hard leather stocks choking them under a broiling sun, so very injurious to the health and pliability of our soldiers. It is difficult to persuade the old red-tape authorities to relinquish their antiquated customs. I remember my regiment being inspected once by an old general officer who measured the distance between the buttons on the soldiers' coatees!* I have seen the men fight best with their necks bare and their coats open: never mind the buttons.

Turner dined with me to-day. We had a capital ration

* He had a small rule in his pocket for this admirable practice.

dinner. First course, mutton and broth, pot taken off the fire and placed between us on the sod, tin soup plates, filled with a teacup. No want of appetite. Finished the broth and ate up the mutton. Second course, two slices of fat bacon and eggs fried, plenty of brown bread, some one had sent me a bottle of wine. Nothing more wanted. We laughed and enjoyed it more than a club dinner. The wild dogs make a great row all night, but their barking don't disturb my slumbers. The horses and mules sometimes break from their picket posts, and get entangled in the cords of your tent, when down it goes on the top of your head, a regular night-mare flourish, and no dream.

June 1st.—Camp near Gallipoli. Brigade field-day at five a.m. Royals, 38th, and 50th Regiments. A blazing hot day. Next brigade neighbours, 4th, 28th, and 44th Regiments. We dine at mid-day, and at six p.m. we ride away to the blue sea of Marmora, for a dash into its refreshing waters. Strip, mount our horses, and swim them out to sea, which they enjoy, snorting all the while. Ride quietly *home* and go to roost.

4th, Sunday.—Divine service at six a.m., and a most excellent sermon by our chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Mockler.

5th.—Dined with Sir John Campbell, our Brigadier, at Gallipoli. Dangerous to ride over the broken streets of that wretched tumble-down place. It might have been paved a hundred years ago. There is not a square yard of even ground at present within its walls. The French are trying to make some improvements in naming the streets, and numbering the houses, &c., if they deserve the name of houses. One crooked old narrow street they have named "Rue de Rivoli." Another the "Corso," and so on, in derision, while the indolent Turk looks up in amazement and exclaims, "Allah kerim!" and takes another pull at his long pipe.

6th, 7th, 8th.—Sirocco winds and heavy gales, filling our tents, our beds, our hair, and eyes with refined hot sand. Glad to ride off to the sea, and get under water.

Bought another horse for £8. 10s. from a Turk. Not very big, but good of its kind. He may have been looted, but no use in asking such a question.

Up at four to change our ground. At half-past four tents struck, packed up, and we were all away. Encamped near the Sea of Marmora; happy change and fine position, the sea below covered with steamers, ships of war, &c., all bound with troops, munitions of war, and stores up to Varna and Constantinople. My tent is being pitched under the shade of a large walnut-tree. While I write my notes, the inside is like a fiery furnace. Thermometer 106°, with a rattling breeze coming over the sea. Water scarce. Gave orders to place sentries over the springs, and also round the camp, to prevent the men entering the vineyards, or cutting the fruit-trees, or damaging private property, and to keep the horses out of the cornfields. All soldiers have the organ of destructiveness, and nothing will grow where they plant their feet. "Let the sentries keep a sharp look out." "Yes, sir;" and away went my good lad, Turner, to perform his duty, for he was again adjutant, the appointment having become vacant, and being in my gift.

11*th*.—A visitor, young Edwin Freshfield, walked from Gallipoli, under a scorching sun, to see me: he was fresh from Jerusalem, and on his way to Constantinople. I gave him a ration dinner, the best I could get up, and sent him back on horseback joyful and astonished at our manner of life.

12*th*.—Up at four. "Help for Turkey!" 5,000 men manœuvering across the country and in the *corn*-fields, the sun, playing on the patent-leather shakos, *warmed* their heads; no sort of headgear could be better for the sun's attraction, and, of course, many men fell under the *coup de soleil*. I tried the experiment of frying a slice of bacon on top of my shako, exposed to a vertical sun. I had our doctor present, and made him eat part of the cooking, to show him the effect on the brains of humanity. We have wonderfully wise men at the head of our war department!

While sitting in my tent, in the heat of the day, I heard a noise like the whiz of an angry rocket rushing in between my legs, and lo! a snake was coiled up under my baggage. I called to the sentry outside to send in a group of the officers standing a little way off. I pointed out the game—he was

driven out, and hunted down the hill, without a chance of escape. They brought him to show me. "A great beauty, five feet long, well made," &c. I don't wish to see any more such beautiful visitors; the last was a great centipede, and earwigs are too numerous.

'Tis a calm evening, so pure and bright, the air so dry, I hear the bands playing in their camp four miles off, and how well their canvas town looks in the distance! More transports going up with troops, and we don't move, though all ready and willing and anxious for a change.

14*th*.—A brigade field-day, and great help for Turkey. Trampled down some fine fields of corn which will never rise again. I don't see much use in *my* protecting the crops. I never see a peasant, a farmer, or any one to claim property. Swimming our horses in the sea this evening.

I built a cook-house, and had a leg of mutton *roast*, to the wonder of passers-by; nothing on such a grand scale in the *cuisine* department has ever been seen on the Marmora heights before to-day. My adjutant dined with me; the mutton was served in a hot tin dish, and a bottle of wine made the banquet quite a treat. O, for the life of a soldier!

15*th*.—Rode about twenty miles to-day in search of new ground to encamp, our water failing; found a beautiful spring, on the side of a hill, bubbling up like a fountain. How very refreshing in a thirsty land, reminding one of the wells so often a contention of strife in ancient times! We came on a valley rich in corn and vines, fruitful as land could be, and a river running through it, but nearly dry. At the foot of a woody hill, an old farm-house peeped through the foliage, the storks stood on the top corners like statuary, while the hen-birds sat upon their great basket nests, hatching their eggs, with their long beaks wide open, gasping with heat; they are harmless domestic creatures, and are held in veneration by the inhabitants. In the outer court a fine fountain was gushing forth sweet water, of which we partook with our horses. I blew my whistle at the hall-door, when the inmates looked out and beheld for the first time in life some mounted soldiers at their threshold. The alarm was given, causing a great rustling inside;

two black slave girls lost no time in barring the doors and shutting the lattice windows, then all was silence. I gave a thundering knock, but there was no response, so we left them in peace to tell a long story afterwards, how they had been attacked by red banditti, who were repulsed by their brave jet damsels, &c. &c. They are specially fond of telling long, marvellous stories in the calm evenings. Approaching the camp homewards, we came upon the line of rifle practice, and although half a mile off, the Minié bullets made us gallop out of their way. Home at ten minutes past ten p.m.; a ration-dinner as tough as leather, but good soup and a glass of grog, cheered by the report that we go to Varna next week.

17*th.*—Extremely hot; thermometer over 100. Lost my keys on my way home from bathing; this was quite a calamity. I had little to lose, but could not afford to lose that little for want of lock and key. The flies are a torment, they set our horses wild with their venom.

18*th.*—Made it known in camp that I had lost a bunch of keys on my way home, and should be glad if any of my men would go over the ground, as nearly as I could explain, in search of them. I thought it a forlorn hope; but they were brought to me the same afternoon, found in a vineyard three miles from camp, by one of my soldiers, who was so glad that he was lucky, he would not take any reward. Dined with Sir R. England in Gallipoli, and got home at night by the light of my watchman's lamp over frightful roads.

19*th.*—Up at four. Division field-day, and extremely hot. Destroyed some twenty acres of standing corn, nearly ripe, in our manœuvres. O, you farmers of England, what do *you* say to all this? No one here visible to look after the most splendid crops, left to the tender mercies of an army of *men* and *horses*. Keep in mind that it will be just your lot, if ever you permit foreign troops to land upon your shores.

20*th.*—I marched my regiment down to Gallipoli, to exchange our percussion arms for the Minié rifle; met a division of French troops going to embark; they were crossing our path, but halted to let us pass, *their* band playing "God save the

Queen"—a nice, soldierlike feeling. We gave them a true British cheer in return, with a *Vive l'Empereur!*

21*st*.—Vittoria day; no parade or drill. The men knew very well that the seven clasps on my Peninsula medal meant seven holidays when the days came round, and this was one of them. I believe every officer and soldier in the battalion highly approved of this old custom of mine. The officers invited me to a dinner on the occasion, for which they had been preparing. A green bower was built, all cooks of celebrity in camp employed, every good thing to be had in Gallipoli was sought for, few as they were. The banquet to be held on the sod at six p.m., in camp fashion, *i.e.* each person to bring his servant, with knife, fork, spoon, and plate; in fact, there were great preparations and great expectations, but at twelve o'clock an aide-de-camp came riding up to my tent. "What news do you bring?" I asked. "You embark to-day for Varna, at four o'clock; get ready; no time to be lost; you know the rest!" and he galloped away. "Bugler, sound the officers' call." They were soon at my tent door. "Gentlemen, we embark at four o'clock this day; get ready, I will march away in two hours." The next bugle sound was to strike the tents, and down they went with a cheer; then to pack them up, and away to collect the baggage animals out at grass. All hands busy and at work, *con amore*. "Dash it!" says one, "the dinner is quite floored; let's have something grilled, and a go-in at the beer before we go."—"Oh, hang the dinner, I can't find my mule!"—"Where's my pony, Mick?" "Gone to Gallip', sir, to be shod; and, bad luck to them Turks, sure they take a week to hammer an iron plate on his *fut*."—"*What shall I do?*" "O bedad, sir, the quartermaster may give your baggage a lift down to the ship; I'll run and be first *at* him." *Tats*, undrilled, kicking and flinging off their loads, and away over the hills, the men after them like a pack of hounds—tally ho!—until they were caught, brought back, and *whacked* into submission. All was hurry-scurry to be up to time; but "many hands," they say, and all our hands were right willing. Every one was only too anxious to assist in forwarding our advance. I looked at my watch: "Sound the assembly!" and in a

few minutes my gallant regiment was formed in column, and away we went cheerily down the hills, singing the old song—

Merrily, merrily march away,
Soldier's glory lives in story.
Our laurels are green, if our locks are gray,
And it's heigh for martial glory.

At *four* o'clock our first boat pushed off from the place of embarkation to the ship, but it was long after night before we all got on board. The steamer took seventy horses besides baggage, stores, my regiment, and the staff. Every man was present, and not a look back of regret at the lofty hills above Gallipoli. We soon fell into our respective places to rest our weary bones after a long day of *warm* excitement; sailed at 9.30 next morning, hot as you please; plenty to eat, and tough as leather; worse cooking than we had ashore, but rolled on quietly. What a noble country this would be in the hands of England: great fertility of soil, and the crops on both sides looking well under bad farmers. Anchored off Scutari in twenty-two hours.

23*rd*.—In the "Golden Horn"; went ashore to see the great Turkish barrack at Scutari; met some officers coming out very busy *sweeping* the *fleas* from their clothes; so I declined entering this lively building. It is capable of accommodating some thousand troops, and has an imposing effect in the distance; but, like the great city of mosques and minarets, so fairy-like, better not approach too near, or the pleasing dream will turn out a delusion, and give you heaps of dirt, mangy dogs, break-neck streets, brawling boatmen, and the air perfumed with tobacco-smoke. Called on the Commissary-General, "by order," for some stores to take on to Varna. Every one seemed to be doing nothing. I tried the Admiral. All red tape here too. "Make your application through so and so." I gave it up. Most of the officers went ashore; I missed five of them at dinner hour; we got under weigh and left them behind; they just saved their distance by hiring a six-oared caïque, and cutting along the shore of the Bosphorus at a rapid pace, getting a-head of the steamer, and shooting out into the stream, all very much amused with their adventure,

when they scrambled into the right place. At this time, when two great armies were on the move to save Turkey, spending millions of gold to keep her out of the claws of the Russian bear, the Sultan was amusing himself with his annual wedding, squandering money like chaff, while his soldiers were in arrear of their wretched pay and being cheated by all *their* war department. The "sick man," however, takes a fresh young wife every year according to custom, adding another *treasure* to the harem! What do you think of this, you ladies of England? How would you like to marry a Turk?!!! What a row there must be at times amongst the fair ones! I am told they sometimes get up such a *shindy* that it requires a strong force to put down the rebellion; Five hours passed us up the Bosphorus into the Black Sea; all was warlike along the deep path; steamers tugging along their chain of transports deep in the water with life and munitions of war, all *en route* for the battle-field wherever that may be; our fine band always on deck ready with some appropriate air as we passed the slow coaches *paddling* and *screwing* up against the stream; then a cheer and a return cheer until the balmy night closed on the scene. There stands Therapia inclosed in its summer garments where I was so hospitably entertained last year.

24*th*.—Our ships in tow broke their leading-strings last night in the Black Sea and got adrift; two hours spent in catching them, which delayed our arrival until ten o'clock at night.

25*th, Sunday*.—Remained on board ——. The horse-shoe bay of Varna may be three miles wide. On the left hand, as you run in, on a high point stands an old fort with the crescent flag flying; the hills and ravines running down to the narrow beach are well wooded and very pretty. On the other side of the bay stands the ancient town of Varna, walled round, with some guns in battery—a place of some note and defence against a Russian army in 1828. The town is just now like all towns in this wretched country—a wreck from bad government, which is a scourge with a double thong. The background presents a beautiful picture: a range of

wooded hills running along the west, sloping gradually and gracefully to the plains, the breast of the slope covered with gardens, vineyards, fruit-trees, and fountains, with a rich soil, vegetables, and green crops. But war will soon spoil its peaceful beauty, fine old shady walnut-trees, laden with nuts, yielding to the axe already. The commissariat cattle are feeding in the vineyards, the fruit trees are broken, fountains unclean, crops trampled down, and, so far as I can see, all about here is becoming a wilderness. "Help for Turkey!!"

26*th*.—Up at half-past three to disembark my regiment, got to our ground two miles west by ten a.m., and everything on shore by twelve. Took up my position on the right, and front-line of the army, according to the rank of my corps, and it happened to be on the battle-ground where so many thousand Russians left their bones in 1829, fighting for Varna. On my way up, I met Lieut.-General Sir De Lacy Evans, sitting at his tent-door with his aide-de-camp, Captain Alix, one of my own officers. Invited to stop and breakfast; we never refuse such kind offers in a campaign. 'Twas a welcome invitation, and at the right time, for I had given up any hope of a morning "break-my-fast." A right good one we had, and a tearing sea-appetite to play with it.*

An hour or two establishes one in camp if he is an old soldier. The mules unladen, the tents pitched, baggage arranged inside, dig a little trench all round, leaving a sloping cut for the water to run away. Kindle a fire: put three stones together in a shallow pit, rough and ready, a few bits of dry wood, and you have a blaze to boil your kettle; but unless the kettle boiling B, filling the tea-pot spoils the T. Put up your bed, and make the little household arrangements; then away to bathe in the lake. I have just done all this, and now to visit my men and see all snug with them, and make ourselves at home till the next move. General Pennefather called, and asked me to dine with him in his green bower, so I was fixed up for my first day in camp on the Devna lake.

* Sir De Lacy Evans was one of the gallant and brave old Peninsular heroes, who had seen great service, and held out the right hand of fellowship to an old *camarada* whenever he met one.

CHAPTER X.

Varna.—Scenery.—Jollification.—A Review.—Promotion.—Bashi-bazouks.—French Cavalry.—Sickness.—Change of Ground.—Sebastopol.—Mortality.—Varna on Fire.—Military Rehearsals.—My pet Goose.—We Embark.—Regulations.—A Narrow Escape.—Eupatoria.

THE view from my tent-door is extremely grand; comprises at sight the bay of Varna and its multitude of ships and steamers; the encampments of the British, French, and Turkish armies. This forest of canvas-dwellings contains as yet only sixty thousand men, all ready to move at an hour's notice; and the sooner we move from this the better, for I can see that the troops are on sickly ground. Up to ten o'clock a.m. all is clear and bright and beautiful; for six hours after that the camp is almost in obscurity from the hurricane of white dust. This daily west gale fills our eyes, our hair, our tents, with white limestone powder. A perfect plague; give me hail, snow, thunder, lightning, rain—anything but dust.

All the generals are in camp, except Lord Raglan and Sir George Brown. Called on Prince George, and the Adjutant-General Estcourt.

29*th*.—Nothing new; nothing to do but eat up the rations and speculate on the future.

30*th*.—Rode up the hills some miles to see the French camp on the table land overlooking the Black Sea. It is well laid out and very extensive; their tents are not so good as ours, but their huts and bowers are extremely neat, built of green branches to exclude the sun. Bands playing, and the soldiers amusing themselves at different games, as contented like as if they were all in La Belle France. A little box fastened on a pole in a shady recess was marked "*Boîte-à-poste Zouave,*" the Zouave post-office. I was told that a Zouave soldier was shot this morning for stabbing a comrade in his anger; they are fine-looking, intelligent, active, hardy fellows, but hasty in

temper. The country up here is not unlike some of England's finest and extensive parks; it only wants an old mansion here and there peeping out of cover. The fine old trees on the ground of a hundred years' growth, dotted over a thousand acres, here and there waiting a Christian tenant; and oh, what a home it might be made for a little colony of friends—Quakers if you like!

Descending homewards another way by a zigzag path, shaded by drooping trees and shrubs, with a break now and then for a sea view, I was struck with the beauty of the scene; pine-trees, vineyards and crystal springs, wild flowers perfuming the path, of which I gathered a grand bouquet for my white house on the plain, where I arrived in the evening to my ration dinner of mutton broth and the bone that made it. The usual thundering of artillery goes on daily. There seems to be no lack of powder; a salute is being now fired in honour of the birth of a child in the palace of the Sultan, as if that were any novelty, seeing he has as many wives as Solomon.

The *savants* seem to be in a fix about any move; time we were going from this, and doing something for our rations; eating up all the beef and mutton in the land, and burying the dead, is our chief employ. Who will pay the bill if we win? Somehow, we always win, and never get paid. An additional tax on John Bull, and some more millions to the national debt.

July 1*st*.—Blowing a hurricane of hot wind and sand over the camp. Tents sometimes invisible; many of the men gone to hospital almost blind. These land gales are frightful and destructive, but there is still a remedy if common sense could see it. I have no patience with wooden heads. Change the ground; can't you see the white, dusty road running through your camp?

2*nd*.—Divine service in the fields at six a.m.

3*rd*.—2nd. Division marched away this morning at four. Omer Pacha arrived at Varna to confer with the allied chiefs. A wet night and a boisterous, cold morning. How pleasant, being awoke in the night by the rain spattering through your canvas bedroom, and putting on your damp clothes

before sunrise! Invited to an evening party held in the hospital tent, there being no sick. It was a symposium on promotion. A plank was nailed on two hedge-stakes fastened in the ground, which did the duty of a table; four candles in empty bottles (our usual candlesticks), gave us light. A bayonet is a better substitute when one sits on the sod; give it a dig into the turf here or there, or anywhere, and it sticks firm.

Brandy, lemons, sugar, water, and cigars, were *ad libitum* on the table; in the middle of the floor a washing-tub was placed, flowing with cold rum punch, an A,D,L,L, as Walter Scott's Gaberlunzie would call it, was swimming on the top for baling out the liquor; tin tots were put in and filled by the president; the company sat round in a ring in the fashion of tailors, and the song went merrily round, nobody excused. Two French officers were of the party; we all drank the health of the Emperor; one of them returned thanks, and gave as a toast the "Queen of England" in return; then the health of Colonel G. B., and a hearty welcome, nine times nine; a compliment always the most acceptable to a commanding officer, showing the barometer of the corps. All went cheerful, merry, and joyous till the lights burned into the bottles, when the lads dispersed, all in harmony. Such is one of the features of camp life on service.

5th.—Mounted my gallant grey, and away early, to see a grand review of forty thousand French troops on the heights facing the Black Sea. Looking down upon its unrippled surface, the sun was bright and melting, glistening on the arms and steel-clad cuirasses of the cavalry. The troops were formed in quarter-distance columns. Now we hear the war trumpet, and a cavalcade of chosen horsemen emerge from the green woods, followed by a troop of Lancers winding up the steep ascent. Then Marshal St. Arnaud, with Omer Pacha by his side, dressed in embroidered gold finery, with the usual head-dress of the Turkish soldiers—the fez. Lord Raglan and Prince George of Cambridge came next, other generals and their staff, Admiral of the Fleet Dundas, and many naval and military officers in the train; the rear brought up by a

troop of most extraordinary wild-looking Arabs, not unlike old women or witches on horseback, from their peculiar dress —a white night-cap (such as sometimes worn by old country crones in bye-places in the land o' cakes) bound round the head by a dingy black kerchief; a flowing red cloak over a loose white robe, wide white trowsers and spurs, or spikes fastened to the heel of a sort of boot, the foot resting in a rusty iron shovel stirrup; a long firelock slung over the back, a sharp sword girded round the waist, and pistols in the holsters. They were bronzed, weather-beaten fellows, from a life of warfare in Africa, and had the Moorish cast of features. They managed their Barbs with dexterity, and swept across the country like the wind; rode short, and spurred their horses on the flank.

This review being got up for his Highness, he was conducted along the line of a noble body of disciplined troops by the Marshal of France, and expressed himself much pleased, as he might well do, seeing the contrast between the French and the *Turkeys*. The troops wheeled to the right, marched past in review, and away to their respective camps, where some of them did not arrive until six o'clock p.m.

I doubt if we will ever become what I call field soldiers, or, if our present chiefs will allow us to be comfortable in the possession of what nature has blessed us with—the full swing of our legs, arms, joints, and muscles. Some officers were called on to-day to send their reasons in writing why they appeared on the review-ground in undress, *i.e.* not buttoned up to the chin in full uniform, just as they would appear at the Queen's levee at St. James's Palace; they were observed looking on in the distance under a broiling sun, and were called to account for such a deep transgression, and got reprimanded. Many a stout man has been lost to the service, and will be lost in the very hour of need, from the red-tape system of choking the soldier with a stiff leather collar about his neck, and as much leather harness on his back and round his carcass as would tire a donkey. Give the soldier freedom on the line of march and the battle-field, let his lungs play and his arms swing easy in the grasp of his firelock. Pitch

that leather stock to the ——, and you will always see him in his place before the enemy, instead of floundering in the rear when the battle has begun. But there is no rooting out old hereditary prejudices in our ranks, nor will there be, until we have a brush with those Russian heroes, who seem to frighten the world, and until we number our absentees, who have dropped behind, not from want of pluck, but for want of the breath of life to keep them moving on. Our officers high in rank are but young and inexperienced soldiers, brought up in the school of *pipeclay;* not *ten* in this fine army ever saw a shot fired in anger, pushed on, as they have been, by interest and money, they top the old warrior, and, in the event of a war, will rob us of our inheritance.

6th.—The *London Gazette* just come into camp. I see I am there Colonel G. B. Well, always glad to get a step forward, but still 'tis not agreeable to see in the same list *fifty* officers of my own rank, long junior to me in the service—men who never saw a battle-field—put over my head, so as to reap all the advantages for the time to come. This is gall and vinegar to me and a few more of Wellington's old soldiers, but there is no redress.

Omer Pacha returned to his head-quarters to-day at Shumla. On the way some Turks were in the act of robbing one of our people: they made off into the bush when observed. One of them was taken, when Omer ordered him to be hanged upon a tree at once, and he was hanged accordingly.

7th.—Marched out in brigade for exercise; very hot. A great many of the men fell out exhausted. The weight kills them in ten miles, choked with leather as well. Had a refreshing bath in the Black Sea. The brown beetle swarms, constantly on the wing, annoy one sadly; they dash at your face, get into your hair, and won't be warned off. They appear about five p.m., and retire at dark. I hear, at sundown, the Turk soldiers sound a sort of bugle, and give three wild cheers, as they keep guard on the walls of Varna.

8th.—The bashi-bazouks are coming in, forming a camp, in vast numbers, to be organized under their chief, General Yussuff; every one has his own horse, small, but active and

hardy. I like riding through their camp: they are a wildlike sort of mounted banditti, and will play old Harry if let loose in an enemy's country, or in any country. I'm sure they will not be of any use to us, nor will they ever be under proper discipline. They have no regular dress, one fellow had seven bits of looking-glass arranged in his cap, and six or seven fox brushes in tail behind. I put this *dragoon* down as huntsman or whipper-in of this pack of wild devils on horseback; they get pay and rations to keep them from plundering, but John Bull's gold pays for all.

Captain Peel, R.N., and Major Hunter, 71st Regiment, came to see me. I asked them to stay to dinner; but fortunately they were engaged, for I had nothing in the pot but the ration of beef and soup.

No getting one's horse shod, although native farriers on pay are attached to the brigade on three shillings and sixpence a month per horse. I went myself to-day to be sure of getting my horse shod. I found the party sitting idle under a bush, without a nail in their box, and none nearer than Constantinople. Here is a simple illustration of John Bull's gold being cast to the winds—a fine military arrangement!

The Turks shoe their horses in old style: hammer a round iron plate on the foot with nails having heads as big as a hazel nut; there is a hole in the centre of the iron plate to let in the mud and gravel, to keep there until this rough piece of work falls off; and so such things go on without any improvement in this country from generation to generation. I got a hammer and a few nails, tacked on a shoe myself, resolving never to be without spare shoes and nails again whenever I got the chance of a supply. A soldier on service should know how to put his hand to everything.

The lake looks feverish, a damp haze arising always at night; death is approaching our camp.

9th,—Divine Service at six a.m.—half an hour! The rest of the day unobserved as a Christian Sabbath. There is a vast harvest here, but few labourers in the vineyard. A strong body of Turkish lancers has just come into camp and taken up their ground. Our forces are rapidly increasing, and there will be

work for all. There will be ample employment for us. I give 550 men for duty to day.

10*th*.—Four a.m. I hear the clarion band of some cavalry in the distance; up and away at the sound to meet them. Here they come; close to my *hall-door*. What a line! two miles in extent. They are French; fine horses, fine men, beautifully equipped, all looking so fresh and well after a seventeen days' march across the Balkan from Gallipoli, halting a week at Adrianople. Look at that regiment, with their polished steel and brass helmets glittering in the sun, breast and backplates as brilliant still, sparkling like diamonds in the distance, as they wind through the underwood, a noble sight. To breakfast now. "What's that passing, George?"—"Some Highlanders, sir, carrying a Frenchman *home* on a stretcher: they found him dead in the bush."

12*th*.—A thunderstorm, lightning and rain. Found some goatherds back of a ditch, *watering* their milk for the camp! Soon got into the London fashion of doubling their profits. Bought one of the goats at once, and am now all right in the dairy department. I have been roasting my green ration coffee in *the* frying-pan, grinding it on a stone with a mallet, and making the best of a hard bargain which after all is a mockery, and may breed discontent in the ranks. A soldier of the 28th drowned in the lake.

14*th*.—Blowing a gale, hot sirocco wind; my whole establishment blown over; left on the sod without a house or home! It will soon rise again. A few of my merry men built a green bower for me, large enough to pitch my tent inside, while I was taking my daily ride along the breast of vine-clad hills overlooking seventeen encampments below. We are sure to long remember these beautiful grounds and gardens, that are now entirely left, after much trouble and precaution, to the tender mercy of 70,000 soldiers and camp followers of different nations, all of whom have the organ of destructiveness deeply marked in the cranium.

Had a visit from Doctor McGregor, of the 6th Inniskillen Dragoons, to give me a detail of the loss of their ship by

fire co ming out. The *Europa* had half the regiment and horses on board. My old friend Colonel Moore was lost, but nearly all the men and officers saved. The Colonel remained to the last, and then was not equal to the exertion of saving himself.

16*th*.—Divine service at six a.m.

17*th*.—A wet and stormy, thunder and lightning sort of a day; *caught* a severe cold, as they say; will be very glad to let it loose again. It is a bad catch combined with fever, sore throat, and loss of appetite; quite knocked down, must call in our doctor.

18*th*.—Very unwell all day, and last night as prostrated as I had been in Cephalonia with Greek fever. Dr. Hearn says the climates are the same, and anticipates much illness when the rains set in, from the vicinity of this unhealthy lake.

19*th*.—A tremendous tropical rain passed through my tent like a sieve. Very feverish all day; quinine is my hope. Two cases of cholera and many deaths up the lake. The beginning of troubles; change the camp-ground or lose our men. Which will the *savants* do?

20*th*.—Cholera in the French camp; thirteen deaths last night. The lake and damp weather begin to tell on the troops, who have no choice, but must obey orders.

Rumours of a move, rolled up in mystery; every one speculating it must be by sea — no land transport to take the field, even as far as the Danube. There will be of course a great sacrifice of life wherever we go, and it is wise to be prepared and place our confidence in the strong arm of the Almighty. It is a frightful thing to be cut off suddenly, yet men are called at every hour of the day. Let me die by degrees, and my candle burn down to the socket, so that I may see the time drawing nigh.

21*st*.—Nearly well again. Called on Colonel Mallet, French infantry. Tells me they have lost many men and officers, two generals, one of them the Duke d'Esslingen, second son of the celebrated Marshal Ney. General Canrobert's division marched away this morning along the seacoast towards the Danube. One or two divisions follow—a *reconnaissance*, I dare say, in

favour of Omer Pacha. Preparations for a general move. Orders and counter-orders. The real chief of our army is the Cabinet at home.

Eleven thousand horses on forage to-day, according to the Commissioner-General's return.

22*nd*.—Up at five and away for a long ride by the lake to Alladyne, to see the first division camp. Arrived at nine to breakfast with A. C. General Strictland. Called to see Sir Colin Campbell, found him in his shirt sleeves, in a greenwood bower, taking his rest after an early drill; had a long chat about olden times; met Captain McCall, 79th, the brother of a dear lady friend of mine. Wherever British officers form a camp, you are sure to see a *race meeting* and other manly sports got up, as much to cheer the men as to amuse themselves and break the monotony of a field life. Here we had gentlemen riders on small *tats* and baggage animals, shirt sleeves, and few saddles, the thermometer 100 in the sun; no better fun at the Derby, and all for love and pale ale! Took an observation from a rising ground of my home route, and made as direct as I could guess across the country for Varna; arrived at six p.m., tired and head-achy.

Diarrhœa and cholera have fixed their deadly venom amongst the troops in all the camps. Many officers are now laid up. We must change our ground or die—no mistake about it. I should have done so long ago had I the power. I never knew a cure for cholera in the field but an immediate change of ground.

Tormented with the plague of flies. No rest nor peace in my tent: they swarm in tens of thousands, stick to one's face, hands, and eyes. I blow them up with gunpowder, close my tent, light a fire, and suffocate them with smoke; but no go, they are as numerous as ever the next hour; so I leave the house to them most of the day. Dined with the good and amiable General Eastcourt.

23*rd*.—Up at five, church parade at six, breakfast at eight, orderly room duty at ten, and my own little tent service at eleven. "Where two or three are gathered together," there is a promised blessing. If we take the Lord for our God, He

will conduct and convey us safe to death, and beyond death, through death, down to death, and up to glory. Large working parties are employed in the bush making gabions and fascines for the siege of some place. French troops are moving away, and great preparations are being made for some grand mysterious coup. Resigned my tent to-day to the army of flies and black beetles, with permission to return at bed-time, when I will pay them off in their slumbers. Bashi-bozouks away to the front; I will back them for plunder more than I would for fighting, wherever they go.

24*th*.—Cholera making great strides towards us, and Varna so filthy inside and out, I fear the plague will gain upon us if the wise men will persist on our retaining the infectious ground —it really looks like Pharaoh contending against the Lord.

Some kind friend sent me a present of a goose last week, but his domestic habits have preserved his life so far: he walks into the tent with such confidence, asking in his own gabble for his rations and water, talks to me as well as he can, and I assure him I will never pick his bones were he as fat as the Durham ox.

25*th*.—Up at 3.30 to change our ground at last; in one hour every tent was struck, baggage packed, and all clear away from the fog banks of Devna Lake to the heights of Gallata, on the southside of Varna Bay. I pitched my tent by the side of a very large and old pear-tree, full of unripe fruit, arranging for the afternoon shade, the morning sun being more acceptable. The next thing was to build a bower all around outside the tent cords, high and thick, to keep off all intruders, and make my dwelling private. The colours of my regiment were piled outside, with a sentry over them, who also kept watch on my premises. My servants were within call—a fireplace was set up, my cattle picketed; the goat had the length of his tether to feed amongst the bush, and so I was quite snug in a few hours; the dear old goose sitting by the door waiting for his breakfast, happy at being tumbled out of a bag.

The view from my *hall-door* was commanding and cheerful: the Black Sea in front, dotted with ships and steamers, the fleet in Kivarna Bay, the country far and wide well wooded,

Mount Olympus in the distance, capped with snow, a great city of canvas all around, alive with red-coated warriors, with all the arrangements of a great, of a noble army, preparing for war—the whole scene grand and exciting.

26*th.*—The cholera has got loose indeed amongst the troops, and when or where will it end?—stopped too long on the Devna Lake. Hear firing in the distance.

29*th.*—Cholera increasing, and men dying fast. Every case taken in at the General Hospital in Varna has gone to the grave; fifteen dead last two nights. The old pensioners sent out with the ambulance waggons are dropping off fast. I expect they will all be buried at Varna; worn out before coming here, they get drunk when they can, and die like dogs.

Sir George Brown returned from a reconnaissance of Sebastapol. Edward W—— called and told me that he saw the great mighty fortress; they were fired on, their steamer being hit twice. It is decided that we are to cross the sea, and be let loose at this Russian stronghold very soon, the sooner the better; better die in the battle-field than in a cholera hospital. I hope the people of England will not expect too much—Sabastapol is not made of gingerbread, nor will it fall like a pack of cards. At all events 'tis time to be making up our accounts—no man ought to delay—the danger is great, and the time draweth nigh; may the promise of God to Joshua be ours, and all will be well. (Josh. i. 9.) A stormy night, thunder, lightning, and rain, camp looking desolate, seventeen cholera funerals this evening. Our poor chaplain was wet to the skin after his melancholy duty; the dead are sewed up in their blankets, and planted anywhere under a bush, or in some quiet corner, no matter where—'tis but a narrow, cold, ill-furnished house.

30*th.*—Very rainy, no Divine service for the troops; had a little family worship in my tent for the servants.

31*st.*—The good chaplain dined with me to-day, and went off afterwards on his daily duty to bury the dead; private Thomas Brady drowned in the sea.

August 4th.—Nothing to note but death by the score; poor

Colonel Maule, brother of Lord Panmure, has fallen, greatly esteemed and regretted; and three of my men, and sixty-seven of the French: they suffer most. Turkish fleet in Varna, and preparations being made for our embarkation, but everything goes on at a snail's pace.

7*th.*—1,250 French soldiers have died already near this camp; 700 of them in Varna hospital. It is generally believed that no man comes out alive who is carried into that plague-house: the very fear of going in there has caused our men to conceal their illness until too late for medical treatment. A soldier of the 50th Regiment shot himself this morning—worst of all deaths.

8*th.*—Paymaster of the Rifles, and Colonel E——t, 79th, died last night of cholera; toothache and rheumatism disturb the few comforts of my camp life at times, but I ought to be thankful for the many blessings that I do enjoy, when I see myself surrounded by the dying and the dead; 150 of the French have died in one night in the hospital; it is almost incredible, but an o'er-true tale, and I fear it is growing worse. E. Wetherall came over to dine with me, one of the most promising officers in the British army. I had an excellent dinner for him, got up in good style, a roast leg of mutton (4lb. weight) and a bottle of cool wine. I only wonder how poor George Haws could roast a joint under a bright sun, and with his apparatus, when also in deplorable health. If I send him to hospital he is sure to die, so he may as well die in peace beside me; his brother is my groom, and if he is curable, we will save him, poor fellow.

10*th.*—Great preparations and great expectations; all sorts of mechanics called for; not an idle man in my regiment out of 845. I can hardly get enough to cook the ration dinners, and very bad rations we get, worst of bad beef and bad bread, yet there is not a murmur in camp—discipline!

I dined to-day with Sir Richard England, our General of Division; after dinner our attention was called to two objects from opposite doors of his marquee. One was a moonlight scene on the Black Sea, with a sentry in the distance, standing on the cliff in bold relief, the moonbeams dancing on the

unrippled deep dark waters; it was one of those fairy scenes which make a lasting impression. We all looked at it with silent admiration, until our attention was diverted to the opposite door of the tent—Varna on fire! in a frightful blaze, and close to the powder magazine; how it does flare up, throwing a glare of golden light all around for miles. Here comes an aide-de-camp, and orderlies, and staff officers, to report and ask for orders. The most decided order, I would say—put it out. The French had 60,000 pounds of gunpowder in the magazine, and the walls were getting hot; the British soldiers, regardless of fear, mounted up, and heaped wet blankets over the building, laying the hose of a fire-engine (sent ashore from a ship of war); rugs and blankets were saturated and handed up, and water passed in buckets with order and regularity, all efforts being directed to save the magazine; the main street was burning furiously, every shop and store yielded to the flames, all burned to the ground; the English and French commissariat stores to the amount of £30,000 totally destroyed. Barrels of wine, rum, and brandy had been hauled out into the streets; the consequence being no end to drunkenness, but still plenty of steady, sober working men, who saved the powder; flower, biscuit, and valuable stores to an immense amount were destroyed just at a time when we wanted everything. Nobody set the town on fire, of course; but suspicion fell on the Greeks, who were all on the side of Russia.

Much sickness; the doctors are alarmed. Cholera has got into the ships; officers who can are going home. Sir John Campbell, *hors de combat;* Colonel G. B. in orders to command the Brigade; two field-officers, 79th, reported dead at Alladyne; new-made graves everywhere. The soldiers are now laid under the sod without funeral parties or firing; the dead are carted out of the General Hospital at night in heaps, and thrown into pits prepared for them; all this is very bad, and leaves a sadness in the minds of men who seldom think much of anything serious.

14*th.*—Fine sea breeze, beautiful weather, charming scenery; but all this does not seem to rally the late buoyant

spirit in the camp while we are losing twenty-five men a day. The division is being kept well employed at different works preparing for the embarkation which is much looked for. Loss of stores, &c., by the fire at Varna is estimated at £50,000.

Edwin Freshfield, whom I first met in Greece, found me out here once more, and always rejoices in a ration dinner. He is seeing much service as an amateur at sea; is a polished scholar, a perfect gentleman, with a joyous, cheerful, and intelligent countenance; so full of life and energy, that I often used to say, "I wish you were a soldier, that I might have the opportunity of making you my aide-de-camp."

19*th.*—Experimental embarkation of artillery and infantry, superintended by Lord Raglan, Sir George Brown, and Admiral Lyons.

20*th.*—Dined on board the *Melbourne*, with Champion.

21*st.*—Another rehearsal of embarking and disembarking artillery. Colonels T. and C., of the Guards, and Major McCaskill, 55th, reported dead in the other camp at Alladyne. What a world of grief and sadness, and sudden death, careless tranquillity, apathy and slothful feeling for sacred things! From appearance, God is not glorified in our camp, nor sought after till the eleventh hour; in fact, the world is one great dissolving view—the moment we begin to live, we begin to die.

22*nd.*—A plague of locusts came across the Black Sea to-day with an east wind; thousands of millions darkened the air before they alighted down on our camp. They were so very tired, the soldiers captured them easily. Next day they were very lively on the wing, and eating up every green thing, so densely thick were they, and flying so low I charged through their columns on horseback, sword in hand, slaying them in myriads; but millions would not be missed out of such a host. They disappeared as quickly as they came. The Highland brigade marched into camp and took up ground to our right. Called upon Sir Colin Campbell, in command; a brave, old warrior, with great experience.

27*th.*—Sunday. Divine service. Afterwards, the Sacrament

was administered to upwards of fifty officers in the General's tent; it was a singularly beautiful and imposing sight, so many red coats devoutly kneeling on the green sod, most reverently acknowledging the Saviour, in obedience to His divine command. The time is short, and the soul is precious; we know our ranks *must* soon be thinned if we meet the enemy; it is well to be found watching.

29*th*.—Ten regiments embarked to-day. What a scene of life and activity about the harbour! all so anxious to clear away from this region of death.

30*th*.—My regiment ordered and countermanded for embarking three times to-day.

31*st*.—Up at four a.m., after a very stormy night of discomfort from the worry of yesterday, which has left me a headache, and otherwise unwell. Struck tents, and in two hours we were all on board the transport *Alfred the Great*, 1300 tons. I left my second tent standing, with my sick servant, and my groom in charge of my mules, for commanding officers were only allowed to embark one horse each. The goat and the goose bid me good-bye. Of course I never expected to see them any more. The poor goose became a general favourite with all the soldiers; he was so very intelligent, and so fond of the men, he would walk up and down with the sentry at his post all the day; when he ordered his arms to stand at ease, the goose would sit down beside him, and when relieved, he would meet the next sentry coming with a welcome gabble. At night he sat outside my tent; early in the morning he came nibbling at the door-cords to call me up or try to get in. As soon as I appeared, he bid me good-day most distinctly in his own way, and then sat down to await his breakfast of barley thrown into a dish of water. When he finished, he joined the sentry outside, and paced up and down on his post as usual. "Stupid goose!" No, indeed; this soldier goose of mine was a very clever military goose in his way, and I was sorry to leave him where he was sure to fall into the hands of the enemy.

My mules were so singularly attached to my horse, I feared they would go wild without him. They did not require to be

picketed like other beasts; they went loose all day, and would never leave him. Going to water, they always followed, kicking and flinging up their heels, galloping about wild-like, but never lost sight of him, coming back to their own ground. When I went out riding, they astonished the natives by prancing alongside of me wherever I went; but this I found inconvenient, and I had them tied up when I went my rounds.

We were now on board, and bound for Russia; but for what port, we could not tell. Sebastopol was in every eye, in every mouth, in all conversation; but where the landing was to be, no one could discover.

Our freight consisted of our General, Sir Richard England, and his staff; Major Wood, Assistant-Adjutant-General; Brevet-Major Colborne, Assistant-Quartermaster-General; Lieutenant the Honourable Keith, son of my old hunting friend, Lord Kintore, and Lieutenant England; two aides-de-camp; and my regiment, 803 souls, all hands included, and the regulated number of horses.

September 1st, 2nd, and 3rd.—Embarkation of horse, foot, and artillery, going on as briskly as the first day, and not yet ready. We want cavalry, cavalry, cavalry! No use going to war without cavalry; we know that Russia has been always strong in her Cossack cavalry, and in that arm we are weak, and leaving too many behind.

Divine service on board. We carry our chaplain, the good Mr. Mockler. A boat-load of French troops run down by a tug steamer; twenty-seven men drowned. Being in heavy marching order, they all went to the bottom. Merely a casualty, and not any sympathy expressed.

4th.—Dined on board the flag-ship *Agamemnon*.

5th.—Up anchor at nine a.m. Towed by the *City of London* steamer to Baljik, Kavarna Bay. Anchored at twelve. The whole fleet have now met at this rendezvous, and such a fleet! Such an expedition never was united since the beginning of time. A forest of ships! A wonderful and glorious sight; the admiration of every individual embarked! Sent six of my officers on board the *Medway* steamer, to give them space to lie down, so much are we crowded.

The captain of the *Emperor* steamer was quite well yesterday, and at his duty. He was buried this morning. Such is life amongst cholera!

Eight pages of printed regulations are published for instruction. First rendezvous—anchoring off the enemy's territory, and disembarking the army and material, under the orders of Sir Edmond Lyons, G.C.B. Signed, Dundas, vice-admiral and commander-in-chief. It is a long programme, and, to landsmen, complicated; but we soldiers have only to obey orders. I hope no link in the chain will be broken. The final signals are: for the boats to assemble round ships, to disembark infantry and artillery, one black ball at fore of the *Agamemnon*; two black balls, to form line abreast; three black balls, advance in line; four black balls, to land. Lord Raglan to be on board the *Caradoc* steamer. Every division has its distinguishing flag, viz.: first division, blue, triangular blue; second division, white, triangular white; third division, red, triangular red; fourth division, red, with white fly triangular; fifth division, cavalry, blue, with red fly triangular; light division, checked flag. All boats carrying infantry to have in their bows a red flag, eighteen inches square. Paddle-box boats of *Spitfire*, *Triton*, *Cyclops*, and *Firebrand*, to land regimental staff officers. To proceed to sea by signal to-morrow. It appears that 308 boats, of different sorts and sizes, will dash off at once with troops, to land in front of the enemy, and against all opposition.

6*th*.—North wind. No move to-day. Calm evening. Signal up "To sea to-morrow." What a multitude of ships! Who can number them? And the steamers dancing such a quadrille, getting into position to take in tow to-morrow the ships allotted to them.

7*th*.—Signal to weigh anchor at eight a.m., when the most powerful combined fleet that ever went to sea was immediately in motion. Every steamer took in tow one, two, three, or four transports; the fair wind freshened; the day was brilliant; every one joyful and full of hope as we marched along the mountain waves. Our home is now on the deep.

What a glorious sunset! How very much larger in appear-

ance than we ever saw it before! Glorious orb: down he goes behind the western Bulgarian hills, to rise with equal splendour, and cheer us on our way.

8*th*.—A fine, bright, sunny morning; fleet pretty well together. I can count seventy-four ships in single file on our starboard quarter, the rest all around us. Time passes in the usual way on board ship: officers lounging on the poop under a widespread awning, reading, smoking, practising gymnastics, chatting in groups, and speculating on the future; band playing, the soldiers dancing and making merry, free from care or the cholera; all well, no sickness, no danger contemplated—but how many of us will return? No one can tell the thoughts and feelings of the human heart.

9*th*.—Lighthouse visible on Serpents' Island to the west; a dull, cold, bracing day; most of the fleet out of sight; but we are to rendezvous and call the roll. Cold and sore throat annoys me at such a time.

10*th*.—Sunday. Divine Service. Text, Psalm xci. 11. Great attention paid to the sermon, the whole Psalm most appropriate: *seventh* verse so striking, so full of promise to the believer: "the Scripture cannot be broken."

I miss the English and French ships of war from the forest of masts—gone to reconnoitre Sebastopol, or Odessa, or the shores, for a good landing, we suppose. This is the latitude of our rendezvous, forty miles from Cape Tarkan, fifty from Odessa, and one hundred from Sebastopol.

11*th*.—Still lying calmly in the deep Black Sea, steam up and ready for anything, but the game is all a blank to us: we know nothing. I have to thank God for preserving my life to-day; while sitting in my cabin a pistol-bullet came smash through the panel, quite close to me; —— came in directly, very pale and nervous, but got bright when he saw me all right. His revolver accidentally went off in his hand, when only about ten feet from me.

12*th*.—A somnambulist, last night, going about like a ghost, in his shirt. I heard my door open in the middle of the night, when I saw this white spectre glide in, and gently feeling its way round the cabin; I called out, "Who are you, Mr. Ghost?"

but got no answer; it went off to disturb some one else. After some flighty intrusions it was laid hold of, and locked up in its own crib. Nothing would persuade our Quartermaster next morning that he was the ghost who haunted the ship.

Fleet anchored in the Bay of Eupatoria, six or seven miles from land, which looks black and cold.

13*th*.—Anchors up at nine a.m. Signal, "Close up and prepare the troops to land." Ran down close to the town and anchored, all the fleet closing up by seven p.m. Country looking better; corn, hay, and cattle appear to be abundant. Proclamation sent into the town, intimating friendly relations with the peaceful inhabitants, &c. At night the bay is illuminated, lights innumerable flickering over the deep darkness; what must those on shore think of the multitude of ships coming here as if by some magic arrangement—a grand, but terrific apprehension of danger is near. I thank God I am all well again, and now for the morrow.

CHAPTER XI.

Landing the Troops.—A Dreary Night.—My Horses and Kit.—A Review.—Russian Mutton.—The United Armies.—The Eve of Battle.—Alma.—The Russian Position.—The Battle.—Reflections.—After the Battle.—The Wounded.—The Katchka.—Looting.—The March.—M'Kenzie's Farm.—Balaclava Valley.

SEPTEMBER 14*th*.—Memorable day. Early up. Fleet got under weigh, and ran down the coast some forty miles. Down with the anchors and up with the signal, "Land the troops." With the exception of a few Cossack videttes, no enemy in view.

It was now a race of boats between England and France who should first plant their standard on hostile ground; the French had the inside of the course, and had the advantage, and even if they had not the first landing, they would have claimed it. The landing was accomplished most admirably and with great success, thanks to the great Russian army who declined to be inhospitable to *England's* first visit to their soil. Had they marched down in hostility, there must have been a frightful smashing of our boats coming ashore, from their guns and mortars, however well we may have been covered by our own ships of war; but so it is in war, the invading or attacking army have the advantage of selecting their own time and place for action, and here we took the enemy by surprise. The sea was calm, the sandy beach favoured our approach, and every boat landed its cargo in safety; the different divisions quickly formed and marched onwards a mile or two to bivouac. It was dusk when I got all my regiment ashore and ready to move off. The men left their knapsacks on board by order, taking three days' cooked provisions in their haversacks; a blanket, greatcoat, shirt, pair of shoes and socks, all strapped up in the greatcoat. The officers had nothing but what they carried on their backs, little or much, as they pleased; we were all in full dress uniform!

Mounted officers were better off, as they could take what their horses could conveniently carry. As an old campaigner, I *laid up* a good store, filling my holster-pipes with a little tea, sugar, chocolate, and brandy; a greatcoat, Scotch plaid, socks, shirt, comb, razor, and soap I had well strapped up and fastened to my saddle-bow; a very little tiny valise, containing a few little things for the field, was fastened to my saddle behind; two haversacks full of ration prog, tied together and thrown across the saddle, completed all my arrangements for an indefinite period, all our baggage being left in the ship to the mercy of honest comrades, who never slept on the sod. I left it to my groom to see my horse landed at the proper time. I marched off my regiment about dusk, and got on to some higher ground. The general walked on along with us; it became dark and cloudy; ordered to halt, pile arms, and make ourselves *comfortable* for the night. It was now *pitch* dark; it began to rain a little, and gradually increased to a tropical torrent, until the flat ground beneath our feet became a broad sheet of mud and water. The men had their greatcoats and blankets—some protection for a few hours—but nothing could keep them dry. I kept walking about all the night, at times standing for half an hour with my back to the storm, half asleep and soaked like a wet sponge: how I did long for the morning! It came, and with it such a scene of misery and wretchedness, we did not know each other; no one inclined to speak, the mud-paste sticking to our trousers above the ancles, every one looking as if just fished out of the sea, and so far as we could see over the extensive plain, there was not a particle of fuel, not a twig, and it was the wildest plain I had ever seen. The poor chaplain looked half-drowned and shivering in his wet clothes, more dead than alive.

I gave my fellows a cheer, and ordered them to disperse in search of *something* to make a fire. I knew that if such a thing was within miles they would hunt it out, and away they ran, and in the right direction to the beach; six or eight of them came back with an immense log of wood on their shoulders, part of a wreck. It was now tally-ho! away they rattled off in scores, and brought up lots of fuel; great fires soon

blazed, and we began to get dry and warm as the sun came to brighten our hopes.

15*th*.—We pressed the first sod in the Crimea yesterday, and a soft sod it was; when daylight appeared this morning we had the *pleasure* of seeing the French army under cover—they brought with them their *tentes-abri*, or tiny tents, carried by the three men they shelter; here they beat us at the start. I wore, *last night*, a gold-embroidered scarlet coatee, with epaulettes that cost me twenty guineas, rather an expensive and uncomfortable night-dress, and much the worse of the wear this morning.

The sun came dashing out about ten o'clock, and dried us all up very soon, ground and all. Tired and weary I sat down to rest, and fell asleep in spite of all my efforts. My cap fell off, and I only awoke from the hot sun beating on my bare head. Oh, such a headache, and anguish, and fever-feeling; knocked down, prostrate, unfit for anything and had nothing. I looked out anxiously for my horse and trappings, to get a little tea, or anything. "The horses are coming, sir," said my orderly. I was thankful, and staggered off to meet my gallant grey. There he was, sure enough, with a wet blanket on his back, the sole remnant of all my valuable kit. I was almost speechless; I had met with a terrible loss; at any other time or place I could have passed it by without much notice: here there was no hope of anything being replaced, and I really sat down in sorrow. Nothing went right after the troops left the ship; there was delay in getting out the horses when they were lowered into boats alongside, which were kept knocking against the side of the vessel till ten o'clock at night, and were then swamped. Some horses swam out to sea, mine made the shore, but the groom was drowned, and next day the missing horses were cast ashore, dead; not so the poor groom, he was never seen again, and all my traps disappeared with him. I crawled down to the beach, with the hope of getting out to our ship, but the surf ran so high, no boat would venture to cross it; here I met Lord Raglan, and told him my *sorrows*. He was looking at the swell casting the wreck of boats and dead horses ashore, and perhaps thinking

how very providential it was that he had been directed to land his army yesterday; to-day it could not be done, and the enemy, only one march distant, might have come down upon us full swoop.

Returning to the bivouac, I passed the night under the remnant of my camp equipage, very unwell; a damp blanket was my bed, and the sod my pillow.

16*th.*—Some naval officers had come ashore to look at our bivouac. Some one had told them of my misfortune, and they asked me to go out to their ship for the night. "No," I said, with kind thanks; "but if you will put me on board our transport where we left our baggage, I will be much obliged." Always kind and generous, as sailors are, they carried me off. I had indeed to rouse myself up and get on my legs, for I was nearly prostrate with that sort of listless, feeble, feverish feeling that leaves one helpless. It was dark when we got to their boat, and after four or five miles of a pull through a forest of masts, I got on board. I got some tea, and went to bed on a pile of blankets, very tired. Slept soundly all the night, and got up quite well in the morning, rejoiced and thankful to the great Physician who healed me.

Captain Dacre, of my regiment, who was left sick on board and not able to land, assisted me with some necessary articles I required—a saddle for one thing. I loaded myself with as many articles from my baggage as I could carry, and got ashore to find that tents had been landed and pitched for the army, and all things wearing a cheerful appearance. A review of our division had been ordered, and I was just in time to ride past the General, at the head of my regiment, on a blanket, my saddle not having yet reached the camp. I could see my own men smiling as one of them lifted my leg to mount my charger, but it was a pleasing smile, for I knew they valued their commanding officer ten times more so on this parade than if he had been on a prancing steed and caparisoned like a Knight Templar. I soon got fixed up in a sort of a military style. I had my little Canada axe—a first-rate tool for a campaign—which I fastened to my saddle-bow. Captain Dacre's "navy" sent me a new blanket, and so I had two

under my saddle—the way blankets are always carried in the field; but I miss my good Scotch plaid, blue frock coat, and clasp-knife.

Water scarce, and we send four miles for it daily, with an escort of 100 armed men. As far as the eye can see across this plain, there is no rising ground—one of the steppes of the Crimea. All the army under arms every morning half an hour before daylight. What a grand military spectacle meets one's eyes as the dark shades of the morning disappear: seventy thousand fighting men all ready for action.

A hare got into our camp by some unfortunate mistake on her part. A general hue and cry arose, followed by a thousand red coats. She doubled amongst the tents and through the lines with great dexterity and skill, considering it was her first appearance in a British camp; but poor puss got bewildered, and was knocked down by a *Royal huntsman* and presented to me. "To make hare soup: first catch your hare"—but I had neither pot nor pan, pepper nor salt, cook or fire, so a milestone might have been to me as acceptable. I was content with a biscuit and bit of cold beef.

17*th*.—During Divine service this morning an immense flock of sheep came galloping into our camp from across the steppe, having unfortunately for their individual safety, mistaken their way. The men not engaged at church parade thought all this a providential meeting with fresh rations, and, without leave or license, made a rush amongst the flock, killing and slaying them off-hand in a very coarse and uncouth manner. The General gave me a nod and a look of displeasure, meaning to say—"Look at those vagabonds how they are plundering." He did not move until the service ended. Then the order was—"Stop that disgraceful scene, and confine every man caught in the act;" but the culprits vanished amidst the forest of tents, leaving lots of fat sheep with very fat *wags* on the ground, some dead, some half-dead, some skinned, others cut up in a new fashion, so that very fine, fat Russian mutton lay on the grass for the picking up. The General was very angry, so was G. B.; but in some way or other a joint got into my tent. I suppose the fairies put it there, and I could not offend

the *good people* by rejecting the gift. A French officer sent his servant over from his camp with a polite note to me requesting a bit of mutton, if there was any to spare (I suppose he had been riding by or looking on at the time of the slaughter). At the moment a fine sheep lay on the sod at my feet. I said, "Take that bit of mutton to your master with my compliments." Away it went, on the back of his nimble rifleman, double quick, a valuable prize, for I had such a bundle of thanks the next day. The rest of the slain were collected, handed over to the Commissary, who purchased the remainder of the flock, paying cash to the shepherd, who went away rejoicing.

We captured a large convoy of flour, going to Sebastopol, with oxen and camels. The only one of the escort I saw wounded was a poor lad who was shot in the foot, a painful hurt, and he was crying bitterly. He stayed by his oxen and looked so bewildered, I examined the wound, and requested our doctor to look after him. The flour, we much needed, was heaped in piles, sentries placed over it, not a pound was issued to the troops, and there it was left when we marched away. Two p.m. Ordered to strike tents, which our men carried on their backs down to the beach for the sailors to take aboard the ships. We bivouacked for the night with orders to be in readiness to march away at four o'clock in the morning.

19*th*.—The whole army was formed on the plain before the dawn. When daylight removed the cloud, a grand spectacle was presented to all eyes,—the three united armies on the march towards Sebastopol, and anxious to measure swords with the Russians wherever they might be found. The day was bright and warm, too hot for the pace we marched. By one o'clock the field for miles back was dotted with red-coats. Our men dropped like stones, over-weight, want of water, and the *choakers* of stiff leather girding the throat, outstripped all their valour and desire to keep up; the bands ceased to play, there was a grave quiet. All toiled on, few spoke, the pain of weariness had begun, until about two o'clock we halted at the Bulgenac, a small rivulet running across our path. Its water

resembled pea-soup, but still it was very sweet. Being a little refreshed, an exciting word was passed through the ranks from the chief—"Artillery to the front." They limbered up, and went off at full gallop up the inclined plane, for we were now over the broad flat. At three o'clock the first gun was fired in anger at a Russian enemy. The return shot smashed the leg of a British gunner and driver. Now there is a cannonade, and we march up to the crest of the rising ground, and form in line of battle. "Here they are, at last!" was the passing word amongst the men. A long line of Cossack cavalry presented themselves on the plain below, with their patrols in advance, in circular motion. A large column advanced from their rear, opened out and unmasked a battery of artillery, which gave us a grand salute, killing four of our artillery horses, and wounding two men. This harmless play went on until the shades of night shut out the panorama. When we bivouacked it was dark; but I rambled about until I found a bundle of dry weeds; made my way back to where my horse was picketed; boiled our kettle; and got our breakfast at eight o'clock p.m. On these occasions, where two or three mess together, one seeks for water, another for fuel, and a third keeps watch and makes little arrangements for the *cuisine*. Dr. Hearn, my Adjutant Turner, and self chummed together the best way we could. *Three* pounds of fresh meat always makes better soup than *one* pound, and we also had three chances against one of falling in with something or other. Tea was the most refreshing of all things—our greatest luxury. Too tired to eat a bit of cold meat, we lay down on the sod to rest our weary bones and dream of the morrow—a last night of rest to so many in this world; but it is wise and benevolent that man knoweth not the "day nor the hour." The dew of the night was like rain, and there was much illness on the field. My men who had fallen out on the march had all come up in the night, and still retained their blankets, great coats, and camp kettles, while others had divested themselves of everything that impeded their progress, so anxious were they to keep up.

BATTLE OF THE ALMA, *20th September*, 1854.

Before daybreak the whole of the British army was under arms, the watch-fires were smouldering out, the men had shaken the dew from their blankets, regiments and brigades were formed in order of march, the spare ammunition loaded on arabas, camels, and tats, yet it was eight o'clock before we got fairly away from our last night's lodging. We had a beautiful little army of as fine men as ever I had seen, in rude health and vigour, highly disciplined, and ready for any encounter, although not one of them had ever fired a shot in anger, nor were there beyond eight or ten officers amongst us all who had seen any active service.

The French advanced on our right. Seven thousand Turkish infantry, under Suleiman Pasha, moved along by the sea-side. On their left, the divisions of Generals Bosquet, Canrobert, Forey, and Prince Napoleon. The whole right of the allied army was supported by the fleet which moved along our flank in beautiful order, commanding the land for some two miles from the shore. Our order of march on the French left was—

8th, 11th, and 17th Cavalry,
Light Division, Artillery, 2nd Division,
1st Division, Artillery, 3rd Division,
Cavalry, Commissariat Train,
4th Division, 4th Division.
Rear Guard.

It was now about nine o'clock, and we all got clear over the brow of the hill which had sheltered us from the view of our formidable enemy on the previous day. The morning was fine, with a refreshing breeze from the sea; the sod under foot as green and smooth as a race-course; the descent to the Alma river, a gentle incline, and right before us on a range of hills stood the Russian army in battle array, measuring our advance, counting our numbers, and prepared to meet us with 40,000 chosen troops and 100 guns. The breast of their

position was intrenched and full of sharpshooters and gun-batteries; their outposts lined the left bank of the serpentine river running through the vineyards, which gave good cover, while a long chain of skirmishers were lying *perdu* on our side of the stream. The Turks did nothing. The first fire was given from our fleet, throwing up shells at random upon the Russian left. The French tirailleurs opened the ball by driving in the enemy's skimishers, and following them up across the river, which was fordable here and there. The French columns now followed up, and attacked the hill with admirable courage, driving the enemy from their breastworks, but falling at every step of the rugged and steep ascent. Having gained so much ground, it was now our time to advance upon the right and centre of the Russian host. As we lay upon the grass out of the range of their shot, looking on at the gallant attack and defence going forward, and seeing every shot falling, I believe our soldiers were eager and burning to be let loose. I could see no other desire, whatever may have been their real feeling, but no one may tell me that he goes into the battle-field unmoved. I could not give credit to the soldier who has ever said so, although I know there is a desire to get into action, and a hopeful desire to get out of it in safety. Once engaged, there is little time for reflection; the whole matter is to commit yourself into the hands of the Almighty and do your duty.

As we advanced now in close columns, the enemy fired a little village in our front. Under cover of the smoke and flame they opened their batteries upon our men, and their shot went bowling over the plain, after making many a bloody plunge through man and horse; our artillery replied with shot, shell, and rockets, while our gallant foot-soldiers advanced through a storm of bullets, and rushed on towards the enemy. There was a wooden bridge in their front, crossing the stream, partly destroyed; a causeway led to this point wide enough to allow a column to march down, and here our people were met with a storm of leaden hail; some crossed the bridge, others passed through the shallow water, and formed on the other side as well as they could, under a murderous fire of

grape and musketry. The river was now crossed at other points, and a general rush made at the batteries and breast-works on the hill-side, which were severely contested. The battle now became general along the line, bloody and obstinate; the greater power of their artillery told against us, but our Minie-rifle practice balanced the account. Both sides fought with determined fury; all our steam was up, the British lion renewed his strength and courage, the men saw their bravest officers falling at their feet, the carnage was frightful, but the cry was still "Forward, and Victory." The flag of England floated over the heads of the brave in every regiment; those flags were riddled with shot; but after three hours of hard contest amongst the dying and the dead, the British colours were planted triumphantly on the heights of the Russian position with such cheers, as can only be heard on a battle-field by a victorious British army. The day was ours, the battle won by the best and bravest blood of England, for the bravest blood of England often runs in the veins of the sons of labourers and mechanics, who have devoted themselves to a military profession, to perform their duty in defence of their country, without the hope or expectation of being distinguished by the rewards which only reach those over them.

This, our first battle on Russian ground, was well fought and nobly won, all the odds being against us. The face of nature, with its lovely plants and flowers, was saturated with human blood; the scene was now changed, the dying and the dead of five nations lay scattered over the field; the groans of the wounded, and their cries for aid, for help, for water, were unattended to, for the battle was not yet quite over.

Horses, gunners, and drivers, waggons, artillery, and soldiers, with all sorts of war material, lay heaped up together as we passed over this ground of suffering in pursuit, our wounded lying thick, and faintly crying, "Oh, take care, for God's sake, and don't ride over us; we are all disabled, sir." We pushed on after the fugitive army, who were now in active retreat; our guns pounding into their ranks. They were strong in cavalry, and that arm made a show on the plain, which I

fear prevented our Cavalry Generals from measuring swords with the Cossacks. It was my opinion, and ever will be, that had our cavalry gone at the Cossacks, supported by some of our guns, they would have soon smashed through them, and captured the Russian artillery, which was all carried off excepting two guns taken in the battle; the 4th Division, too, were in reserve on our left flank all the day, quite fresh, and ready to support our cavalry. But the opportunity was lost, and it is futile to speculate on what the consequences might have been. Some felt ashamed and disappointed; others no doubt admired the singular caution and prudence that was displayed. We achieved a great victory, but it would have been still more complete had we captured the enemy's guns. Lord Raglan was very cool and collected. Being much exposed during the battle, one of his staff said to him, that he was too far in advance, and exposing himself too much; his answer was, "Do not speak to me now; I am busy." Our loss was more severe in this action, because the brave and gallant 7th, 23rd, and 33rd Regiments were not able to re-form before charging up the hill, but were fighting in a heap; and Marshal St. Arnaud had changed the order of battle, fearful of being driven back in his attack on the left of the Russian position, requesting Lord Raglan to advance without further delay. Regardless of the overwhelming masses of artillery in our front, and no longer adhering to the original plan, our chief gave the order to move forward,—to death or victory—it was to both.

On every battle-field there are mistakes; he is, I think, the best general who brings most men out of action after a victory, but to make an omelette, you must break the eggs.

I heard it often asked why we did not follow up our victory after the battle: this depended on the two allied chiefs. I suppose the Turks were not consulted; they had nothing to do, and did nothing; if they had been brought into action, most likely they would have spoiled the beauty of the contest by running away; therefore they were more properly kept in reserve.

Two great cavalry lords were on the ground, and no doubt all ready for battle, waiting for the Hookum.*

On the plain covering the retreating army, the Cossack cavalry hovered about, and kept in dense columns on the defensive, their courage evaporating, seeing the double quick march of their whole army in retreat. I thought this was just the time to be at them; all our cavalry, as well as the French, were fresh, rough and ready; our guns at liberty, and the gallant Cathcart at the head of his division, which had not been engaged, stood there looking on, while his men were nervously anxious, and grinding their teeth with excitement to do something. This force alone, I thought sufficient to clear the plain, and insure a double victory by capturing the whole of the Russian guns, which were within our grasp. The enemy lost head and heart, rushed off in a quick pell-mell over the Katchka, leaving all their artillery on our side, where it reposed undisturbed all night. In these matters there is always a difference of opinion, and always will be; but I confess I was much disappointed, seeing our friends being let off so quietly, which they did not expect, and such a turf for cavalry! there they stood looking at each other like—

"Lord Chatham with his sword drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strahan;
Sir Richard longing to be at him,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

But war is a series of difficulties and blunders.

We now bivouacked on the crest of the hill, so long and so lately occupied by our adversaries. It was rather impure ground,—not in the condition of our English encampments. There was a general rush at some hay and picketing sticks left by the Cossacks; I got my share—the fuel to boil our kettle, and the hay for my horse and my bed. When the battle was going on, I met Sir George Brown, commanding the Light Division, on his legs, his horse being killed. I gave him a remount, and passed on at the head of my corps, stepping

* Hookum, word of command.

lightly over the wounded, the dead were quiet, lying in heaps and scores, and hundreds.

"Who is that you have on your back?" I said to an old sergeant. "Colonel Chester, sir; my commanding officer." He had been nearly cut in two by a cannon-shot. "Can you lend us a stretcher, sir?" said another old soldier. "Who for?" "Lord Chewton, sir; he is lying there mortally wounded." I sent him away off the bloody field.

We had no ambulance waggons, not one. The bandsmen of each regiment had eight stretchers for carrying off the wounded; a piece of canvas between two poles. They were all well saturated with human blood, from carrying the helpless down to the shambles where the doctors were assembled. For twenty-four hours men lay there on the sod, before their wounds were dressed, for the lack of surgeons; although those we had were indefatigable in the exercise of their calling. It was after dark when we lay down to rest for the night, being sixteen hours on our legs; some of us were tired; but still the men were jolly, and cracking their jokes like school-boys. They had to go back to the "Alma" for muddy and bloody water to cook their rations in the dark; not that there was any tinge or red tint on the stream, but it was trodden over by fifty thousand men, and many a bloody and ghastly wound was washed in its stream this day!

I was very ill in the night; the cholera broke out all at once; the doctor was up with me four times before morning, and some of our men had died already. It was very alarming; but morning came, bright and cheery, and I was on my legs after a fast of thirty-six hours. Near to me and unobserved lay a Russian soldier, awfully wounded; a cannon-shot had taken off one of his arms, and laid his bowels open, which were lying beside him; yet this poor suffering creature was alive; nothing could be done for him; he managed to take a drop of water and died—such is war.

21*st September*.—The roll is called. Where are the absentees? I hope they live, to die no more.

General orders: "The army will halt to-day."

Got something like a breakfast, mounted my horse, and

rode off to see the left of the enemy's position of yesterday. It rested on a perpendicular cliff, washed by the Black Sea. On the ridge, but a very short distance from the cliff, there was a round tower of some kind, with a deep dry well inside. This was now being filled up with the dead who fell about here—some from the explosion of shells thrown up by our ships. It made a good cemetery for a certain number of the slain, who were pitched into it by the French *sans cérémonie*.

We had a thousand men employed for two days collecting the wounded and burying the dead. Every regiment gave a fatigue party; a trench was dug a certain length and six feet wide, the bodies were collected and laid in a row beside this long grave, when fifty or sixty of them were dragged by the heels into this pit, packed side by side in their bloody uniform, and covered up.

As I rode along the position, I was astonished how we ever got possession of the heights; nothing but the valour of such an army could do it with all their steam up. It was from the tower above-mentioned the ladies of Sebastopol assembled to witness the battle and the allied army turned back; and from this place, it was said, Menschikoff wrote to his imperial master that eighty thousand troops could not disturb his position. We took it in four hours, and the ladies took to their heels. It was, however, a grand sight for the Russian chief, and all his staff and fair friends, to see three armies moving down upon him all abreast, in separate columns, glittering in the sun. They could count almost our every man, as we advanced along and down the gentle slope. They quaintly said they did expect to meet British soldiers, but not red devils.

Having buried our own dead by themselves, the wounded were carried on stretchers and hammocks by the sailors down to the beach, and conveyed out in boats to the shipping. Many died by the way down, and hundreds that were placed on board were very soon committed to the deep for want of medical aid, and for want of everything. I was told, with very great indignation, that some Russian soldiers who lay wounded had fired upon some of our men who had been kind

in giving them water, and had killed one of them; and this after the battle! If true, they must have been in a state of frenzy with the raki they had got to keep their courage up. As I rode amongst them they were all supplicants. I got off my horse to give one poor sufferer a little rum and water. He was terribly wounded. I have not forgotten his imploring look as he grasped and kissed my hand fervently, and again raised his eyes to the blue sky in anguish. His hour had come.

22*nd*.—Very unwell all last night. Can't eat anything. Very little to eat, but no appetite. At twelve ordered my horse and took a long ride, visiting all the position. Again wondered how we mastered such ground. The Russian loss was 7,000 killed, 4,000 wounded, and 700 prisoners. Amongst the wounded were a fine old Russian general, and his son, his aide-de-camp, a handsome youth about seventeen, looking quite cheery. His wound was slight. They were sent to the ships together, prisoners of war.

I stopped at the "Alma," tied my horse to a tree, stripped and had a good wash. Seeing that my shirt required the same, I gave it also as good a scrubbing as I could without soap, tied it wet to my saddle, and made for home.

23*rd*.—Up at four, and found eleven cases of cholera; three deaths. Poor Edwards, my orderly-room clerk, one of them; —a fine, healthy, strong young fellow the previous night.

We formed in order of march. Lord Raglan's address was read to the troops. Flattering, complimentary, well received, and well deserved; and so we passed away from this pestilential ground, expecting to meet the Russian army again on the Katchka river, quite as formidable a position as the Alma; but they had had enough pounding from the "red devils" of late, and declined any further *in*civilities in the mean time. This was really a grand military position; and had the enemy rested, with their guns on the left bank, they might have pounded us in return. Our side was extremely rugged and rocky, the descent very rough, and exposed to the opposite side, which was well wooded and covered from our fire. The bridge had not been destroyed, and this passage between

two steep hills was a sort of Thermopylæ. Just as lucky for us, it was abandoned.

The valley of the Katchka is very pretty, fertile, and and abounding in orchards, vineyards, and vegetable gardens. Everything was ripe, grapes excellent, apples very fine, vegetables abundant, and all so inviting to an army on their hungry march. In spite of all precaution, there was little left the following morning. The French are skilled plunderers. As soon as they get on the scent, they go it wholesale. Their gleanings make a clean field. We bivouacked for the night on the left bank of the river, which gave our men the chance of an evening ramble amongst the orchards and hen-roosts. The poor people all took fright, and fled with their army, hearing such tales of the "red devils." Had they stayed at home, their property would have been respected.

Some handsome country houses belonging to the gentry in Sebastopol stood in this valley. As I rode past, I looked into one of them, which was occupied by soldiers of many regiments; a couple of Grenadiers were playing a military duet upon a grand piano; others were *usefully employed* breaking up a large pier glass for portable use! Ladies' bonnets and gloves had been abstracted from wardrobes, and found useless. There was a great run after the ducks and the poultry in the farm-yard, and the wine cellars commanded peculiar attention. If one desires to have a house thoroughly cleared out of everything valuable, just let a regiment of soldiers have their fling for half an hour or so, and you may open a new score with all your tradesmen next day.

I met Captain Neville,* of the Guards, then aide-de-camp to Sir R. England, riding off like fun with a big cabbage under his arm. I called out to him to pull up. "What is it?" he said. "I will thank you to lend me that cabbage. You are sure of some sort of dinner, and it would fit so well into my camp kettle with a ration of pork." He laughed, and galloped away; but I suppose his conscience checked his course, for he pulled up, came back, and handed me the prize

* Colonel N. dined with me seven years afterwards, when we had a good laugh about the cabbage dinner on the Katchka.

like a thoughtful soldier, which, with our piece of pork, made us a good, substantial, sweet dinner.

24*th*.—Hill country. Crossed the "Belbek" river. Here was a position again equal to the Alma or the Katchka, but no opposition, and we had the mortification of being told that if we had followed up our victory after the Alma, we would have captured the Russian artillery at the Katchka, as they lay there all the night.

Here, again, is a beautiful valley, fertile in vineyards, orchards, and vegetables. Abundance of fine grapes, quite ripe, but the *locusts* left none for the next day. Marched on, and bivouacked in an oak jungle. I carried my little axe at my saddle-bow, cut down a bundle of young branches to sleep on, and some old ones to make a bower to cover my head. Nothing to eat but a hard, brown biscuit, and a bit of cold pork. Poor Colonel Tyndal, R.E., died. What an affliction awaits his devoted wife! How happy they were at Corfu! One of our doctors died this evening, and my poor friend the chaplain was so very ill that he was carried along all the march to-day on a stretcher. We have a savage appearance; no change of dress since we landed, and living like wild beasts. I am almost afraid of myself when I look into that fragment of the big mirror which I picked up in our camp. I wish I had never washed this horrid shirt of mine; it will never dry. A great gun was fired in the middle of the night. The whole army up and under arms in a twinkle. Some false alarm; all quiet, and so we turned in, *on* our respective oak beds, covered with dew.

We have lost sight of the fleet, and have hard work to press through the thick jungle; my clothes, such as they are, have been torn off my bones, worming my horse through the very thick cover: but the weather is fine, which cheers on the army, and makes us laugh at our condition.

I found Staff-Surgeon Forest very snug under an oak this morning, with his kettle boiling, and some slices of ham in the frying-pan, so very savoury, it increased an appetite too big for my scanty ration. "Good morning, doctor, the fairies have been kind to you; I would like to make their acquaintance."

"Better make yourself acquainted with that frizzle on the fire, and a pot of tea before we move; the assembly has gone." "True," I said; "it has just sounded, and I have no time to boil *my* kettle; I will accept of a mouthful before I mount." I think I astonished him before I got up from the sod, having cleared out the frying-pan and three pints of tea. But he had an araba to draw his tools and the drugs, and a sick man or two, and, of course, his own little private stores, which seemed to be of the right sort. Poor Mockler was now stretched on top of this araba, or very rough, uncouth bullock-car, quite unable to move, patient, full of hope, and resigned. I saw that his days were numbered, and I never beheld him again.

On our way, at M'Kenzie's farm, as it was called, our van fell in with the rear of the Russian army, put them to flight, taking some valuable spoil, including Menschikoff's carriage and camp baggage; in fact, the two armies were in ignorance of each other's movements. When the Russians were thrashed at the Alma, they fled to the south side of Sebastopol, where they took courage, and looked about them; and, naturally supposing that we would push on to the north side, and attack the Star fort and the town from that quarter, the Prince Menschikoff made a countermarch to get into our rear, and was on this move when the two armies nearly clashed together at "M'Kenzie's farm." They took the road to Baktchi Serai, distance from Sebastopol twenty-two miles; we got orders to halt here for the night. I was principal officer on duty, and took the command, placed my outposts, planted a cannon on the road, made all snug, lighted our fires, the doctor foraged, and got a bottle of good port wine, which we *did* enjoy, and now the night was closing. Instead of a farm-house there was a large barrack here; not being in use, it was full of *fleas*, so that no one had the courage to look at it as a dormitory; but it contained sacks full of hazel-nuts, which kept the men *cracking* their jokes, for some days; a few little innocent pigs and some poultry were found wandering about, and were kidnapped, of course. One of my men left me a large cloth cloak, lately the property of a Russian officer of the 34th Regiment. I was

just going to dream under this prize, when we got orders to "march directly," and away went the whole British army, making a flank march in the darkness of black night down the steep hills, with high and craggy rocks on our right, and deep and dangerous precipices on our left, quite unprotected. We crossed the Tchernaya, or black river, at Traktir Bridge, about four o'clock in the morning, and halted. I lay down, tied my horse to a bush, and fell asleep on the roadside. It was broad day when I awoke; but I had no power to move, nor could I stir until two of my men lifted me on my legs; when the sun came out, warm and cheery, I got the use of my limbs, but had to be assisted on my horse, when we marched on and bivouacked in the valley of Balaclava—fine cavalry ground: a great arena, between high and wooded hills to the south, and a range of high ground to the north, shutting out any view of the sea on either side; the sod was green, firm, and dry, a bonny spot to encamp, so peaceful-like, under a bright sun. This was the 25th. The old castle above Balaclava made a feeble effort of defence, and immediately the harbour was occupied by our ships of war. The entrance is very narrow, lying between mountains of rock; it serpentines about a mile, and is so deep that the *Agamemnon* lay alongside the bank.

Mounted my gallant grey, and away to forage for man and horse; the cottages were all deserted, and, as a matter of certainty, they would soon be plundered. I carried off some hay and vegetables, with a hen or two, handed to me by a red devil who was first in the field; the cottages were comfortably furnished—productive gardens, lots of hay; the great misfortune was that the simple people all fled and left their property to the winds.

27*th*.—Poor Colonel Cox of the Guards died last night of cholera, very deeply regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. I rode over the hills to-day and saw many nice comfortable farm-houses, vineyards, and cornyards, all deserted, and left to the tender mercy of a great hungry army, worse than locusts, and without compassion.

CHAPTER XII.

Sebastopol.—No System. — Tents at Last. — Hard Times. — The Siege.— Narrow Escape. — A Ship in Danger. — Colonel Waddy. — Terrific Cannonade.—Our Reply. — Casualties.—Our Fleet.—Colonel Hood.— Death in the Trenches.—A Hard Skull.

THE power of war is now unchained, and, alas for the poor, happy, industrious, country people of this district, ruin is just upon their thresholds, and I do grieve for their coming misfortune. Rode on two miles farther, to the brow of the hill, and looked down for the first time, on Savastopel, the renowned fortress, the handsome capital of the Crimea, so long and so earnestly talked of, the doomed city, which will yet cost so much blood and treasure; there it lies in its security, the bells ringing, the bands playing, and the ladies walking in the gardens, their fleet at anchor in the harbour and outside, keeping watch; the cavalry pickets in front covering the town, the artillerymen at their guns, all ready for a grand flare-up; fine houses, buildings, churches, squares, and public gardens, everything looking so bright and gay.

28*th*.—Ordered to march at eight a.m.; a scramble for a breakfast; counter-ordered; an hour getting into our old place; "Stand to your arms!"—up and ready again. "Pile arms and wait orders." We did get away at last, and bivouacked on the crest of the hill looking into the city—rather a mistake—for we had hardly appeared when a battery opened on the Royal Regiment, which kept our eyes open, the cannon-shot whizzing close to our heads and our heels as they got the range. We changed ground three times, by order, and then settled down for the night; but there was a want of head here in this brigade command which vexed me exceedingly; the men are cooking their dinners: when half done, an order to march immediately comes, kettles are all upset, half-cooked rations tumbled into haversacks, and we hardly away, when ordered back to the same sod to make all snug for the

night. This worry and want of decision almost made one swear. I placed my pickets, the men pulled down a house, in the distance, for firewood, to cook their parboiled pork in the dark, then went to *roost* on the dry sod; as cold a night as one would wish to sleep out of doors; the north-east wind was so cutting, I gave my poor, shivering horse one of my blankets to keep his heart warm, for he had nothing to eat.

29*th.*—I slept like a top; all up an hour before daylight—our usual custom before an enemy—and now the Sebastopol guns opened upon us with gusto; shot and shell—the quarrel had begun.

My poor friend, the reverend chaplain, took possession of his narrow, dark, cold, ill-furnished house: the house appointed to all living. (1st Peter, v. 4.) Death is written on all things.

Changed our front to the left, some miles, and took up a new position facing the town, and got cannonaded, by the way, without harm. Bivouacked on the edge of a fine vineyard full of ripe grapes; when the men had piled arms there was a rush at them, and a run of 1,500 red devils into this grapery, as they called it, which they cleared out in no time. Changed our ground again, as the kettles *began to boil,* and fell back half a mile, carrying our half-cooked rations along with us: enough to make a dog swear. Bivouacked, and down went the pots again, for people can't live upon grapes; fuel was wanting, but a supply was found in a farm-house not far away; nice tables, mahogany chests of drawers, chairs, and other furniture, well seasoned, served to cook the ration-pork. I was really grieved to see this wholesale destruction of property; if the proprietors had but remained at home, all would have been safe, so far as the British soldier was concerned.

30*th.*—A bright sunny morning. An alarm roused us all up at twelve last night; one of our steamers closed in and threw some broadsides into a shore battery that was annoying us, and retired to the fleet before receiving a shot.

October 1*st.*—Forgot the day of the week; told it was Sunday; went out on the hill-side to read a chapter or two in my little Testament, which was a pocket companion of mine. Our

days I knew were all numbered, but we did not number the days, nor did we keep holy the Sabbath day. A cannon-shot sloping up from the town warned me to be off; it came *plop* into mother earth and lay quiet beside me. I took the hint, took off my cap, and retired.

2nd.—Shot and shell from the batteries below annoying us; a fragment took off one man's knapsack and another's pouch. Close shaving!

3rd.—Passed a quiet, cold night; the dew from heaven kept our heads cool enough, but nine tents were sent up to-day from Balaclava for the officers of my regiment and the sick men, so that we will get under cover at last. We had up to this date lain on the sod, but thankful the weather was dry. In former times I had lain on the cold ground for six or eight months at a time. In the Peninsula the climate was mild and dry in summer, but we were often exposed to the rainy season, which was overwhelming; no tents, continual privations and exposure, marching and fighting, hungry and thirsty, day after day, often lying on ploughed land by night, soaking wet, and without any cover. Thousands fell into an early grave, but many survived to see the last shot fired in anger at Toulouse. I was one of the fortunate number, and I'm thankful.

A round shot came flying up from the town just now about two miles distant, so heavy I could hardly lift it. There it lies at my tent door for inspection—a specimen of cricket-balls *à la Russe*. They are busy as ants in their batteries and defences, while we are idle for want of siege guns and everything. Sat at my tent door darning my only pair of black socks with some yellow wool, while my servant boiled my only shirt. The shot and shell are flying up and exploding much too near; they make one wink, the fragments are so vicious. Things begin to look very serious. There is a limestone quarry on the brow of the hill in front of my tent; an immense quantity of prepared stone for building is lying about, the workmen decamped, leaving their tools, as we came up. From this ground we have a fine view of the city and all the works; the slope down for a mile is covered with oak brush

three and four feet high. In this brush the Rifles are bivouacked and not very comfortable; for the moment a curl of smoke ascends from a fire, the enemy open a battery and drive them about like rabbits. Lord Raglan rides up here of an evening to look about, and it is a sort of rendezvous for the officers of our division, *pour conversazioné*. It is a safe retreat too. As the shot come flying up, we have to duck behind a stone barrier until they pass over our heads or bury themselves deep right or left. We see the flash from the guns and calculate the time of arrival; then the *whiz* of a round shot is something more than alarming when close to one's head.

Our Staff Surgeon and 46 men died last night at Balaclava; they will persist in huddling the sick into a pestilential hospital, as they did at Varna!

We have got up our tents for the men at last. How long will they last on these bleak hills? They are but rags that have not improved lying in store for forty years! Some regiments have pitched right in view of the enemy, and will attract their attention and give them a good range, if I don't mistake.

5th.—Some rain last night and a thundering cannonade from our neighbours below, which awoke me from a comfortable bed of hay, a great prize I got yesterday. Nothing to be had now but the rations; when a ship arrives at Balaclava everything is bought up by people on the spot at any price. I got a loaf of black rye bread a few days ago, but so hard and crusty no teeth but those of an elephant could make an impression on it. There goes a shell *into* a tent of the 68th; see it explodes; the *house* is on fire; "run up, Charley, and see what damage." "Two men killed, sir, and three wounded; the tents in rags, sir, and one poor fellow's brains all scattered about, sir."

Young campaigners don't know their trade when they pitch in sight of the enemy. Now they strike and retire behind the crest of the hill when the damage is done. This is called Cathcart's Hill, of celebrity. One thousand sick reported at Scutari, and pits are being dug to bury our dead from the hospital at Balaclava.

A thousand sailors and fifty guns landed from our ships of war. There they go, jolly dogs, dragging them up hill,

one fellow riding on the foremost gun playing a fife, while the rest pull together and keep the step. Everything begins to look lively and serious, but still we are very tardy; the enemy's batteries increase in strength daily before our eyes, and we can't stop them.

7th.—A sixty-eight pounder going up, drawn by eighteen English horses—a simple mark of a difficult beginning. They are pounding at us from below, like fury, to-day. Rode about, and over much ground to look at them, and to observe the multitude of their batteries, which are increasing and being made shot-proof. Cannon-shot will knock down stone walls, but only penetrate earthworks, to lie there *perdu*. There is but one stone tower in all their defensive works, with a large traversing gun on the top, which has a vicious inclination to do us some grievous bodily harm. Their fleet lies in the harbour, some at the top and some at the bottom; the topmasts of the latter mark where they lie right across, saying "There is no admittance." Woe be to the ships that attempt an entrance here, or to contend with the shore batteries on either side! Their destruction would be a certainty. 568 guns will meet them.

8th.—Divine service at two p.m. Poor Mockler was singing praises where the weary find a rest. *Requiescat in pace*, in the rest that knows no troubling. Be thine also the peace that passeth all understanding, which the world could not give thee here, nor take away from thee now.

9th.—A very cold night and a colder morning. No fuel but the green brushwood. Slow in our progress to capture this place, which some inexperienced people think will be done at the very first assault. I quite disagree with them. We have not yet one battery established on the line of our extended position. Was awoke in the middle of last night by a heavy cannonade, and while I write these few notes at eight a.m. shot and shell are flying into our camp. Three shells have just exploded amongst our tents, while ever yone is calling, "Look out," "take care," &c. See that horse, how he snaps his tether, and gallops away with his tail curled over his

back, as a shell goes *whop* into the ground beside him. Sensible fellow! the shell explodes, but he is safe. One of the fragments kills a soldier who was less cautious. What boys those soldiers are; they run to pick up the round shot, and as often find a shell, which may explode long after it falls.

The sun breaks forth warm and brilliant. How very welcome! I pitch my tent afresh, and change the door from north to south. Build a mud wall all round, against a coming storm.

My groom, George Hawes, all right again. Arrives from Varna with *one* of my mules, sent over by *authority*, as a *charger!* Wonderful people! A bitter cold evening, and our cattle suffering for want of forage.

10*th*.—Some round shot and shell roused us all up early to-day, as they came ploughing into our lines, and too close for our safety. A tent of the 44th Regiment close by was just struck by one, which exploded in the very door. Walked over to see the result; the tent was in tatters, several stand of arms broken, and one shako, leaving nine men harmless who were lying down at the time. One of them, Private John Dudgeon, of Captain Fenwick's company, said that he got a "*dinge* on the back wid a lump av the shell, but nothin' more." A most providential escape.

A General Order for a working party of 700 men to parade this evening under the command of Colonel Bell, of the Royals; Captain Chapman, R.E., to conduct the work. I advanced in the dark with caution and silence for about two miles, with the whole of my regiment. Captain Chapman laid out with his white tape the first line of the trenches. I divided the men some six feet apart; each man being provided with a pickaxe and shovel, laid down his firelock and went to work. Thus we broke the first ground for the third division batteries—"Chapman's," or the "Greenhill battery." By four in the morning we had worked under cover, although the ground was rocky, which gave us double trouble in carrying earth from the rear to fill up the embankments. We stole away back to the camp undiscovered before dawn, being relieved by another corps; and so I had the honour of breaking the

first ground before Sebastopol.* I had supper about twelve at night on the ground and in the dark—a bit of black bread, an onion, some rum-and-water, and a headache.

11*th*.—Had a small sleep after last night's work; then boiled my shirt again. We had no soap, and took to boiling our shirts. I had worn mine twenty-eight days, having never undressed since I landed in the Crimea.

I feel much shaken to-day, and not well prepared for a winter on the sod. The weather is still fine—thank God for it!—but who feels equal to the coming storm? A tremendous cannonade opened on one of our merchant ships, which drifted on towards Sebastopol. We watched her with exciting interest; the shot from many batteries splashed about her like hail, some crashing through her hull, but still the British flag floated in the gentle breeze. One of our war steamers put off, took her in tow, and carried her off triumphantly, amidst a shower of cannon-shot from the north batteries. In their disappointment, the enemy resolved to be avenged, and opened a fearful cannonade on our camp. Sent many shot and shell into our tents, by which one of my men was killed; and the only wonder was, that two 00 were not added to the one.

12*th*.—I was roused up at two this morning by a sharp fire of great guns and musketry along our front; an effort of the enemy to destroy the works we had thrown up during the last two nights. Blue lights, with shot and shell, were thrown up amongst our people; the bugles sounded the alarm and assembly; the camps were roused up, and all went to their respective posts directly, every one under arms; a thousand men marched down to support our working parties, and cover their front, when the enemy retired, and we returned to finish off a broken night's rest. This is what we call the harassing work of a siege, it being the interest of one party to keep the other in continual alarm, and destroy their rest. I am quite crippled with rheumatism, but otherwise pretty well, with a very good appetite, and nothing to eat

* Before the fall of Sebastopol the trenches of the allied army extended sixty miles!

but the everlasting salt pork. My mess chum, Doctor H——, takes care of me, but all hospital comforts are wanting, with nothing at the disposal of regimental surgeons but their carving-knives. The whole department shamefully and cruelly neglected. However well that "Memorandum for the information of Medical Officers" may read in English newspapers, signed John H——, M.D., Inspector-General of Hospitals, 'tis all bosh. He begins with spring waggons and medical comforts, which he well knows were left on the other side of the Black Sea, and ends by a return of killed and wounded to be sent to *him* after an action.

——Perhaps, Mr. J. H., *M.D.*,
'Tis lucky that I'm not Commander-in-C.

13*th*.—They keep pounding away like fun. 'Tis all music to our ears now. I don't know that we could sleep so well after any cessation of those bellowing guns. I have just been *forty-eight* hours in the trenches instead of twelve—one of the usual blunders of a brigade major (not ours, who is a first-rate fellow), but very inconvenient to keep one's eyes open so long, and depending on a wretched ration of pork and biscuit, doled out by night, the only time our quartermaster dare show his rosy face for fear of being knocked over.

Colonel Waddy, 50th, hit on the head by the fragment of a shell, which bothered his brains for some time; but he recovered, and said that he *would* be a C.B. or a dead man. The gallant Waddy got the C.B., and lives to wear it. I had some narrow escapes myself from those flying fragments of destruction, that clear a way all before them. It requires a sharp look-out and a quick eye to guard one's head.

14*th*.—A month to-day in the Crimea. One of very great excitement and military execution; yet we have hardly begun our work. Such a fire as opened this morning on the French batteries; so quick and so sharp, we soon lost sight of the belligerents in the clouds of gunpowder smoke. Both sides keep pounding away until noon, when the "Rooskies" (as our men call them) go to dinner, and the fire slackens. Sir Colin Campbell going down to command, and defend Balaclava. And he is sure to

do it well. A large Russian force beginning to show themselves, commanded by General Austin Sacken, who will probably get a good "whacking." 2,000 men gone down to the trenches this evening. What an everlasting rattle of artillery in one's ears; but now so familiar, 'tis hardly noticed. I take my evening stroll to some distant point, sit down upon a rock, and with my glass watch the progress of the siege. The multitude of working parties; the never-ceasing roll of cannon belching out fire and death; the stretchers carrying *home* the wounded; continual movements of troops; the vast encampments on the north side of the harbour; their steamers crossing and recrossing constantly, the steam up night and day; both parties watching each other like cats, rifle in hand, to have a pot shot.

16*th*.—At 9 a.m., a red flag was hoisted from one of the batteries in the town. The whole city seemed to pour out; every point for a grand view was occupied. I went up to the quarry hill to see the fun; not what we expected—by signal, the whole of the guns in the great fortress opened upon our works with shot and shell; such a fire, perhaps, never was seen or heard before; it was the most terrific, the most frightful exhibition of intended destruction that can possibly be imagined. All their guns were brought to bear upon our works, as well as those of the French. No one dare show his head above the trenches, and the covering parties lay down flat until this hurricane of iron passed away. It was their intention to have totally swept away all our works by this tremendous fire; but after all they did not do us much injury, and our casualties were few. We will repair damages to-night, and be ready to return their incivilities to-morrow.

17*th October*, 1854.—Our opening day! The day fixed for the allied armies to open the siege of Sebastopol; about the strongest fortress in the world. Whose pen shall describe the scene, and who will return to the camp after the first day's work is over?

I was up at three o'clock in the morning, and away with my whole regiment to the trenches long before daylight; arranged my men in their proper places; my right resting on

the drop into the Worronzoff road, which curved through the craggy vale down to the city; my left on the right of Chapman's Battery, where I cut the first sod on the night of the 10th. The Russian batteries were firing lazily all night at random—as much as to say, we are wide awake. 6.30 a.m. was the time appointed for us to open the ball. Every one was on the *qui vive* waiting the signal-gun; all had been in silence on our side during the night; exactly at half-past six our signal-gun bid them good morning; the time had arrived to return them all civility for nineteen days of incessant cannonade. With right good will, and an anxious desire to pay off old debts, a scene opened, such as never had been witnessed since the invention of gunpowder; it was a battle of artillery—some 2,000 great guns opened their mouths of thunder, and iron hail was showered from each side with the most determined and vindictive desire to destroy life. The distance was 1,300 yards or thereabouts between us. All our batteries opened at once; we saw the enemy at their guns; we saw every fiery flash, and felt their metal; both parties soon got the range, and such pounding and hissing of shot and shell, cutting through the air with that velocity that bewilders one in his endeavour to protect his head when the shot has really past! flop, they come into the very bank you are leaning against, and lodge there. A cross fire now pours in upon us, ploughing along our intrenchments; we are enveloped in powder smoke; a breeze from the sea clears all away; both antagonists in view of each other laying their guns to the mark; shot coming and going like hail, and shells cracking death and destruction wherever they explode. No delay beyond laying the guns and loading. The sand-bags fly out of their solid beds; the dust rises in clouds at every volley, and breastworks topple over amongst the infantry. With glass to eye at every favourable moment, I can't resist looking over at our friends, who are working their guns like skilful soldiers, replacing those that are disabled, so quickly and fearlessly. Look out—a shot coming; see the flash; the word is hardly spoken, when it is buried in the bank, or takes the crest of the cover above your head, or meets a big stone, which turns

its course, but they come so quick, 'tis dangerous to move. Look out again—down, men; a shell, it falls in the midst of us and explodes. Oh! horrible; seven of my poor fellows; three killed and four wounded.

Hark, there goes one of their magazines in the Redan up in the air; the smoke overshadows in darkness this very formidable field-work upon which we make no impression. Their guns are silenced for the moment; but, alas! there goes one of our tumbrils into the air, horse and all. Now they make double exertion at all their batteries, and the elements are alive with the tur-whit of the shell, and the whiz of shot. Who is that down beside us? "Doctor O'Leary, sir." Is he hurt? "Killed, sir."

When looking over the breastwork, glass in hand, a heavy shot topped the bank between Captain Wells and myself; about a foot from our heads, knocking the stones and gravel in our face and eyes, bounding on, up the hill a hundred yards at every stretch, and thus this race goes on all the day. The French batteries all shut up and knocked to faggots by the well-directed fire of the Russian guns, and so they open a double fire upon us by way of closing our book for the day; but 'tis no go. Six hours have we been pounding at that Malakoff Tower—that only piece of stone-work in all their defences, and there sinks the last gun through the top platform; a very large traversing gun it was, that gave our side much annoyance; but farewell to the Malakoff; stone walls won't stand against artillery.

See that officer on top of the Redan, where the magazine exploded, giving his orders in defiance of all danger. He gets up more guns, and they blaze away as fresh as formerly; shot and shell come bounding up to us from new quarters, tearing all before them; the ship guns are now let loose, and new batteries open that we cannot see.

In all this tumult of death and excitement, I see some of my men asleep and snoring! so habituated are soldiers to danger; it is one thing being actively employed, firelock in hand, and another thing to lie waiting in a ditch to resist an enemy.

The evening closes over a day on which some peaceful citizen would say that hell had broken loose with all the destructive powers of darkness. Night comes at last. I shut up my note-book; all is quiet but the groans and the moans of the wounded, who are now sent up to camp; the dead are covered up; the quarter-master comes down in the darkness with his little barrels of ration rum, a welcome visitor. Pickets are posted, haversacks opened, breakfast, dinner, and supper, on a bit of pork and onion, and a biscuit, washed down with a little rum and muddy water; lie down in the ditch, and asleep in five minutes. Reliefs come down at three o'clock in the morning, all up and away to camp, tumble into our respective tents to finish our slumbers, and up again early to see the opening of another day like the last.

18*th*.—I thank God for our lives yesterday; many were called, and many more will be added to the daily list of our casualties; 'tis a scene of grave-digging all day long. If I am spared, I suppose I shall have nothing else to note but fighting, contention and strife, battle, murder, and sudden death. The grave itself is but a covered way, leading from light to light through a brief darkness.

Our fleet got a terrible pounding yesterday, as they attacked the harbour-forts, by way of a *diversion* in our favour. It was madness to run so many fine ships against stone walls and the heaviest metal. Star fort, guns, number not known; the Wasp battery, 8 guns; Fort Constantine, 104 guns; Battery, 80 guns, 30 and 34 guns. South side: Fort Paul, 30 guns: Fort Nicolas, 192 guns; Artillery Bay, 50 guns; Fort Alexander, 64 guns; Quarantine Bay, 50 guns; besides many others that I don't remember. Enough guns to sink all our ships, and which would have happened had they not hauled off in time.

A repetition of yesterday: pounding away with a fury and determination on both sides; but the truth is, that our guns are not heavy enough for the work, and it is said the town is being spared. I say, *fire* the town and the birds will fly; to save it will be a great sacrifice of life, for they will never yield an inch of ground without a fight for it; and if they do fail in

their defence, they will blow up all, retire across the harbour, take up the North position, and be as strong as ever. *Nous verrons!* What a thundering noise that sixty-eight pounder of ours does make, as the shot from it passed over us yesterday, *en route* to the Malakoff, I thought, more than once, my head was off; the terrific *whiz*, as it cut through the air a little above one's head, created a nervous sensation which all felt and none of us wished to feel; we now call it the *express train* going down to Sebastopol.

Two p.m.—Clouds of smoke; nothing to be seen but the crimson flash from the cannon's mouth. Home to my dinner: man must live.

19*th*.—An uninterrupted cannonade on both sides; what the *Rooskies* lose by day they build up at night; we do the same and make no impression. Got up five more guns last night; the French batteries in the mean time being disabled is a great damper, and the enemy throw all their attentions over to us in consequence. Hurrah! the French batteries are open again, and our shot, shell, and rockets are pouring into the Russian lines with effect.

Colonel Hood, of the Guards, just killed. Evening closes with a hurricane of shot, shell, and rockets going into the town, and the express train going down the road. A liberal allowance of eighteen bottles of wine issued to-day for the sick and wounded of *six* regiments.

20*th*.—Day dawns on hundreds of guns, belching forth fire and destruction. There goes the French magazine into the air, a pillar of a cloud that reminds one of that which preceded, by command of Jehovah, the Israelites in the wilderness: it is a column of dense black smoke, amazing in its girth, with a white curling top, gracefully turning over like an ostrich-plume. The French are importunate, they claim everything, and when Sebastopol falls, they will be unwilling to divide the honour with their neighbours. There is a good smashing of barracks in the town from our batteries; but we must batter the whole *city* to dust before we get possession of such a stronghold as it is, and it gets stronger every day; wherever you look, a battery stares you in the face, and you had better look

out. Went over to see the *practice* of a Lancaster gun at the Malakoff, which is no longer stone, but an earthen battery increasing in strength and size every day. This gun throws a sixty-eight pound conical ball and made such an uproar I was nearly deaf; they had but four shot left to continue the siege. The practice was good, but the shot lodged in the solid, deep, earthen works, and of course there is no harm done, unless a gun is disabled or a few men killed.

21*st.*—Great guns and small arms did not disturb my slumbers last night. Day dawns with the red flashing of batteries at every corner; three officers, 44th, wounded; Captain Brown lost his right arm; a sailor in the Naval Brigade Battery, whilst in the act of taking up a round shot with both hands, to load his gun, was struck by a cannon-ball from the Redan, and terribly wounded. Colonel Alexander, R.E., in command of that service here, died last night. A magazine in the enemy's lines blew up, so did one of our tumbrils. The Rooskies made a sortie, and spiked five French guns. The whole of my regiment are for the trenches to-night.

22*nd.*—Divine Service in the midst of a tornado of fire and fury; a forty-two pound shot lodged in one of my tents without harm. I dug *him* out, and there he is, in front of my door, quiet and easy. It had come about two miles, and buried itself out of sight.

23*rd.*—Up at three in the morning, and away to those everlasting trenches; before daylight the fiery ordeal began on both sides, shot and shell as hard as they could fly. Wishing to see the whole of our batteries in action, I took my chance and went from right to left; the round shot were flying about *galore*, and kicking up such a dust, picking off some poor fellow every round; one topped a breastwork as I passed with a crashing velocity, and next moment I had to dodge a big fragment of a shell that I *saw* coming, a regular triangular ripper, large enough to kill a horse. Stayed by Captan Childers, of the Artillery, watching his practice for a while; glass in hand, he had followed the line of his own shot to see the effect and range, when a return shot from the Redan took off his head—I thought he exposed himself too much. Those things don't

make much impression now on the blunted feelings of men too careless of life. A little farther on, three gunners were killed and seven wounded, five guns disabled, and one exploded, from red-hot shot.

Captain Brown, of my regiment, had a good escape, being struck with a fragment of shell on the head, which took off a scalp without cracking his skull, which some one said was very thick.

Part of the town on fire and burns brightly; our guns did their work well to-day, and deserve praise. My humble breakfast, back of a ditch—an onion, piece of pork, biscuit, and some grog. I feel weary and broken with this hard night-work, but I may not say so: hope on, hope ever.

24*th.*—The resources of the enemy boundless; the French approaching the town by the trench-work, in spite of a continual and destructive fire.

A frightful storm of rain at eight p.m.; every man for duty marched away for the night, as wet as if he had been soaked in the sea. Thank goodness, it is not our turn.

CHAPTER XIII.

October 25th.—The Light Cavalry Charge. — Our Losses.—The Siege.— Hardships. — Woronzoff Road. — The Battle of Inkerman. — Colonel Carpenter.—General Strangways. — Captain Alix. — The Wounded.— The Dead.—Russian Blunders.—Our Critical Position.—The Inkerman Heights.—Deserters.

OCTOBER 25*th*.—Memorable day! The story of this day will be told by a thousand tongues and in many languages. I can only relate what I saw. There was heavy firing in the night. Very early in the morning the Russians advanced a strong corps of cavalry, supported by infantry and artillery, into the valley of Balaclava. On *their* right, as they advanced, they could see the French line of our defence along the ridge of hills; but they halted a little out of range of our guns, a large hill keeping them well concealed; another range of high hills well wooded and overhanging the sea covered their left; in the plain nearer to Balaclava our cavalry were picketed; about a mile in front of them three redoubts extended across the valley on three separate rising grounds, occupied by the Turks; one of these redoubts had nine guns, the others were unarmed.

The Cossack cavalry advanced at a rapid pace, captured all the guns, and dispersed the Turks before they fired above a few shots. The enemy's horse further advanced upon our cavalry, who had merely time to boot and saddle, when they were up to our lines, ay, to the tent-doors, for there lay the slain. Our heavy dragoons now went at these celebrated, long talked-of cavalry, and left their mark on every man in their way; wherever our broadswords fell, it was death or a disabled soldier. The crest of our position was crowded with spectators, looking down into the arena upon this grand tournament in reality. There was some fatal misunderstanding about an order sent by Lord Raglan as to the recapture of our guns; Captain Nolan, a dashing young cavalry officer, was the bearer of this order to Lord Lucan, who commanded our cavalry. He at

once ordered Lord Cardigan to advance his brigade, charge the enemy, and take or recapture our guns. Here there was a discussion and remonstrance. It was said Captain N. was excited and determined for a charge, and as there is no evading a General Order on a battle-field, he volunteered to lead the way. The brigade went madly forward, and poor Nolan was the first to fall, being struck by a round shot or shell. Our cavalry dashed on to the charge, led by Lord Cardigan, got amongst the Cossacks, and cut them down right and left; but we had gone too far, for now the Russian artillery opened a destructive fire of round shot and shell upon our people just as they swept round the elbow of the hill; still our men galloped on and cut down the Russian gunners under a shower of musketry that emptied many of our saddles.

It was a terrible slaughter of man and horse without any result other than to prove the metal of British cavalry. Here the Russians felt the weight of an English sabre for the first time. Our dragoons clave their heads almost in two, and cut them down like thistle-tops.

Now let us go down and ride over this battle-field. You see the ground divided, pickets and patrols out on both sides keeping watch, in the broad space between; the dead are lying thick beside their horses, many of which are badly wounded; some unable to rise are biting at the short grass within their reach; poor things, they must die of their wounds and starvation at last; 381 of ours lie dead. See the effect of our broad-swords, such ghastly dead, such terrible wounds; that stout fellow how quiet he lies upon his back with his eyes open; an English sabre let out his life-blood under the left arm; his long, dull grey coat does not look very "militaire" just now, it is drenched in gore—a shocking spectacle! That next body is more hideous to look on, his head nearly cleft in twain as if by an axe, his long beard matted with blood; he sleeps soundly. This fellow wears an embroidered hussar jacket; his bridle arm is cut in two, but it was that deep thrust between the ribs which sent his soul away, I hope, to a more peaceful land. That one is a young, fair-haired, youthful soldier; his light-blue eyes are open wide, his two hands are

clenched tight, as if he grasped at something in agony before his soul took flight; he lies in a bloody bath. This one here was of another regiment; a sky-blue cloth shako, high and broad in the crown, lies beside him uninjured; it fell from his head, no doubt, in his fruitless combat with some Enniskillen dragoon, whose *Lough Erne* arm and skill dyed with life-blood the cold green sod on which the young warrior sleeps. Many tears of sorrow may be shed for this poor youth, but who will ever know his fate?

Lives there a mother to deplore
The son she ne'er shall see?
Or maiden on some distant shore
To break her heart for thee?
Perchance to roam a maniac there,
With wild flowers wreathed to deck her hair,
And through the weary night to wait
Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.

Yes, every day is productive of causes for weeping and lamentation from pole to pole.

Only one red-coat lies here. I hear his death-cheer for Old England, as the prison of his soul was broken up, as the spirit left its shattered cell. But there are too many red-coats on the ground out of my reach. Not a month has passed since I was in bivouac on this very ground, all peaceful and joyous, now covered with the brave in death, their life-blood staining the plants of autumn.

The poor horses, too, I do feel for those noble fellows, snorting so lately in *their* pride of war; as their masters left the saddles empty, they scorned to run away, but galloped in the charge side by side of their own old comrades. Look to your front and see what a havoc the Russian guns have made there amongst our cavalry; the plain is dotted with the gallant Scots Greys, mingled with the Blacks and Bays. Look through my glass and you will see our dead lying amongst the good steeds who bravely carried them into the charge, but could not bring them back. All this was very brave, but was only a murderous onset that might have been avoided. The French were looking down upon this combat with great interest and excite-

ment when General Canrobert remarked, "C'est magnifique; mais ce n'est pas la guerre."

Our loss was, 13 officers killed, 27 wounded; 150 men killed, 154 wounded; 381 horses killed. Russian loss, 26 officers killed and wounded; 524 men ditto.

See, the Cossacks are in motion, and ride hard; let us be off also; there is something else *brewing;* and away we went to Balaclava, fell in with our old ship-captain, who asked me to go on board and partake of his early dinner, or rather a tea-supper. I did not refuse the invitation. On leaving the ship he gave me two loaves of white bread, which I joyfully carried home to my tent six miles off, and astonished my doctor and adjutant next morning at breakfast; "actually loaf-bread," they exclaimed, "where—did—you—get—this?"

No tragedy more tragic, no comedy more comic, no romance more romantic than that of real life.

26*th.*—All goes on as usual, pounding away from both sides. Took a look at the Rooskies late in the evening. Quiet and comfortless in their bivouac. Pickets of horse and foot out in all directions.

27*th,* 28*th.*—Wholesale expenditure of powder and shot, with little impression on the works of the enemy; their barracks crumbling down, and some stone houses outside the town. I don't see that we have gained anything.

29*th.*—Went to my straw bed very unwell. The ringing boom of the cannon and exploding of shells don't improve a headache. A cold piercing north wind, and nothing to keep one warm inside or out; a gloomy Sabbath-day. We had our little service in my tent for the very few of our household.

30*th.*—Cold and cloudy. At noon the sun peeped out and cheered us. Conversation or a voice from the next tent:—"Barnacle" (servant to poor Turner).—"Sir." "Did you boil my shirt?"—"Yes, sir." "Is it dry?"—"Not quite, sir; I'm going to get some sticks to mend the fire." Half an hour passes. "Barnacle, is my shirt dry?"—"Faith, it's dry enough what's of it." "What do you mean?"—"O, be gad, sir, it fell in the bit of fire when I was down there grubbing some bits of the bush." "Is it much burned?"—"Well,

there is a sleeve and the tail left, sir, and devil an inch more." Poor T. gave a cheer and a laugh, and asked to see the *finale* of his last and only shirt, when it was reported that our baggage was coming into camp. And here it comes, sure enough, after *forty-six days'* absence, during which time we had *no change* of dress. We were in rags, and not very clean rags. For forty-six days and nights I never undressed, but to wash myself, and as for the old shirt it fell to pieces.

The poor men were all in filthy rags. Russian knapsacks were cut up and bound round their legs, their feet were swollen, and many were without shoes. They converted old Russ coats into sandals, and wore them day and night, wet or dry; but all this was the beginning of sorrows. I don't know how many voyages our ship took after our landing up to this time, but I got my baggage safe, while others were plundered, particularly of their guns, and the soldiers' knapsacks were pillaged; for such grievances there was no redress.

31*st.*—Last night was so calm and quiet I heard the clock in the great church strike the hours, and the sentries challenge in the town together with the whop, whop of the round shot as they struck their object. It is said in camp to-day that we are to make the grand assault on Sebastopol on the 7th of November; if so, I pray that the God of Israel will give us a victory, and preserve us from all those dangers to which we *must* be exposed.

I made a prize on the battle-day, securing a fine horse, whose master, perhaps, was slain. On minute examination I found the brand of the 11th Hussars on his hoof, so I handed him over to the first man of that corps whom I met.

November 1*st to* 4*th.*—French approaching near the town. We got up another battery of fifteen guns last night; at three o'clock this morning the most terrible fire was opened on the French approaches, so quick and so heavy, it alarmed our encampment; we aided our allies by a cross fire upon the town, that let them see that we were wide awake. I reconnoitered the whole of the Russians in our rear, some 30,000 men posted chiefly in the vale of Balaclava, threatening our defences. Sir Colin Campbell, with the Highland Brigade, is

there ready for any emergency, and has fortified his position, from Kadokoi to the very top of the cliffs overhanging the sea; we are all safe there. The allied army now stands *dos-à-dos*, an interval of about a mile between us. The French along their intrenched heights watching the Russian army in the valley, while we are carrying on the siege in front of the town; in fact, we are all hemmed up in a corner, besieging and besieged.

The weather is cold and variable: a Russian winter in a tent will not agree with British soldiers; a heavy cannonade from the city since 4 a.m.; between the roaring of the guns and the whop of the shot, we distinctly hear the fine, mellow, deep tone of the church bells, as if tolling for the dead.

Took a walk down the valley of death; it leads into the Worronzoff Road, which winds between rocky hills into the town; this deep valley is full of cannon-balls, all of which were fired at our batteries.

Doctor H. T. and myself tried to count them in a space of twenty or thirty square yards, but could not. We crept along to get a nearer view of the town and some batteries that were annoying us, when a shell exploded at our heels, and sent the fragments whistling about our ears; a cannon-shot then came plop on our very path, and made us run for it. We crept alongside the rocks, and got into some caves for shelter; one was large enough to hold 100 men; stole away again to a three-gun battery got up last night to keep down the fire of a ship in one of the creeks that annoyed our people; after a few shots from our side, she sheered off round a corner.

Two of their batteries now began to pound at our three guns very playfully; we watched their practice, and ducked when the shot got the range; we saw the men at their guns, saw them apply the match, saw the flash, and then down behind a rock, till the shot went plop into the side of the hill just behind us, which will be found in 100 years hence a wonderful iron mine. Here we had a fine view of the town and harbour, &c., the vast piles of shot and shell stacked in the arsenal yards were prodigious. Our practice from a mortar battery was very bad. I watched the course of some shells of large

dimensions, which generally fell short, or burst in the air. I asked the officer the cause; and he said, instead of a supply of the best war material, they sent us out all the old fusty shells from Malta, that lay there forty years, and the fuse is not serviceable! When one of those big shells did pop into a house, it blew up the whole concern from the garret to the cellar. Here we were close on the right of the French works, their riflemen 100 yards in advance of the parallels; what a bedlam is here. An unlucky shot came now bounding over from the Rooskies, and killed one of our gunners; so we bolted, made a rush out of the line of their guns, and got home safe to a fine dinner of Irish stew, and rum punch. No duty to-night, a good sleep and look-out for the morrow.

Sunday, 5th November, 1854.—We little know what a day may bring forth. Before the dawn I was awoke by a heavy cannonade, which did not disturb me in the least; but on the heels of this tumult came a pattering of musketry, a sure indication of an attack; I jumped up and looked out to listen; it was a raw, ugly, drizzling peep o' day to cool our courage and damp our powder. I heard the frenzied yell of the Russian bloodhounds coming on with a quick and thickening fire, buckled on my sword, and ordered the assembly to sound. What do we muster? "374, rank and file, sir; all the rest are in the trenches." I marched off to the right by order, and took up position on the 4th Division ground, Sir George Cathcart having gone forward to the right with his troops to share in the battle; advanced across a ravine to the next hill, where we had a 68-pounder battery; it had been taken by the enemy, and retaken; it was here that the brave Captain Sir Thomas Troubridge lost both his feet by a cannon-shot, and there he lay in patient anguish. The Russians made another effort to gain this battery, and advanced on both flanks, and right up the breast of the hill; dividing my force, I rushed down to the battery, and sent two companies into the two ravines, one on each flank, to keep the enemy in check.

Our position *here* was of the greatest importance; the enemy made great efforts to get possession of our ground by turning our left; but to lose our grasp would have been fatal, so we

held on like grim death. It is no easy matter beating the red devils on any ground, but to try it up-hill was a forlorn hope; with all their powerful artillery, we crushed their every effort. The Russians charged our troops with incredible fury and determination. *Ninety* guns on the field were pouring death and destruction into our ranks, firing our tents, and killing our horses; shells exploding fast and furious. Fresh Russian columns were now advancing, before whom our slender line gave way, rallied, charged, retired, and returned to the charge against long odds. The rolling of the musketry continued, to the right, centre, and left, as the enemy gained ground. They drove their bayonets through our helpless wounded, who lay at their mercy, like dastard ruffians, and beat in the heads of our officers while yet alive. One, in particular, was frightfully abused. He was found on the field after the battle, and lived on till next day in pain and sorrow. That was the gallant Colonel Carpenter, who commanded the 41st Regiment. Our men got savage at this cruel warfare; but yet, although they fell in scores at every volley, they seemed to multiply. It became a hand-to-hand, sanguinary struggle, marked by daring deeds and desperate assaults;* in glens and valleys, in brushwood glades, in remote dells, the battle went on. At every corner fresh foes met our exhausted troops, and renewed the struggle, until at length the battalions of the Czar gave way before the men of England. It was a great and glorious victory—as much as any victory can be *glorious!*

A hundred pens might write the deeds of a battle-day; all might differ, yet all be right, for no one can witness the *spread* of a battle-field. Terrible as were the incidents, and prodigious the acts of valour, it does not furnish much of the art of war. It was a succession of battles; each regiment had its hosts of Russians to repel.

The Guards were on the right, and met the enemy's advance

* Here a Royal Prince, commanding his Division, led on his men, who were proud of being commanded by a General so nearly connected to our Queen—an example to royalty in future to enter the battle-field, and share the dangers of war. Prince George was in the thick of this battle, and I only wonder how he escaped out of such a shower of leaden hail.

there in mortal conflict. Here regiments mixed together from time to time, for support against the crushing numbers thrown upon them from the steadily advancing Russian columns. A two-gun battery stood here, to our extreme right. The Russians had a desire to possess it, and, after a mighty struggle, it was all their own, but it never had been armed. The Guards mustered all their strength, and made such a rush, and a cheer and a charge, they drove the enemy from it with great slaughter. But they could not hold it long. In fact, it was taken and retaken so often that a thousand men were slain upon this spot. Every hollow and ravine, nook and cranny, witnessed some sanguinary conflict, leaving piles of wounded men to look upon the dead, their only neighbours. So close were the combatants that, after firing, there was no time to reload; the bayonet did the rest, and the bayonet goes through a man like pasteboard. In one glen, five of our Generals fell, of whom three lay dead on the field. Poor Strangways, commanding artillery, was ripped up by a shell, and in this torn, bleeding, frightful torture, he mildly said, "Will any one kindly assist me off my horse?" He died more easily on the sod.

Lord Raglan estimated the Russian force at 60,000, against whom we held our ground from dawn of day with 8,000 British until eleven o'clock, when 4,000 French came to our aid. The battle was prolonged until about half-past two o'clock, at which time it was no longer doubtful. The English and French cheered together, and gave the "Rooskies" a last charge, when, retiring across the valley and bridge of Inkerman, at three o'clock I was glad to see their ugly backs turned in the right direction. When evening closed, and they called the roll, they would be surprised to find they had left behind them in killed, wounded, and prisoners, *two thousand* more than our *entire force!*

Inkerman was a surprise. A surprise is lawful in war. It may, or it may not, be successful. The Russians planned a victory, and gained a defeat. They had all the advantages: a grand army—a powerful artillery—the choice of ground—time to attack, and open their fire upon an unprepared foe.

We purchased our victory with the blood of a hundred

officers and a third of our force. It was a great triumph, but dearly won, and will cause tears of sorrow at many a home fireside soon. The Lord Jehovah fought on our side, and to Him be all the honour and glory.

We now retired to our tents for the night, to eat our ration dinner, and talk over the events of this memorable day. We had a joyful young fellow in our camp last night. I heard his laugh, the last and loudest. He was a general favourite in the regiment, and had been with me on foreign service in former times. Being early killed, I sent a party in search of his mangled body. He was found amongst the slain, and brought to my tent. He slept to-night under the colours of his old regiment. Poor fellow! he was nearly cut in two by a cannon-shot. Next day we buried him with military honours close to our camp; a bit of stick marked his grave, with his name and rank,—"Captain Alix, Royal Regiment."

The next painful duty was a letter to his parents.

6th.—A battle-day is one of terror and excitement; the day after the battle is one of reflection, of thankfulness, of sympathy, and sorrow.

At four p.m. Sir George Cathcart, Generals Strangways and Goldie, with eleven other officers, were to be buried on Cathcart's Hill, Lord Raglan attending. Fourteen of the brave and gallant officers of the Guards were interred together near the Windmill; all others were buried here and there, in some snug corner near to where they fell. The Windmill and Cathcart's Hill became two remarkable places in this war—one as a cemetery the other as a look-out post. There was an old underground vault, which Sir John Campbell *dived* into as a winter quarter. The Windmill stood about a mile to the right, now converted into a powder magazine. An old garden enclosure of some extent was selected as a sort of pen for the gathering of the Russian wounded. Here they were ranged round the walls, as thick as they could lie, for the convenience of the army surgeons to use their carving-knives, who were amputating for three days. The unfortunate disabled were day and night exposed to the cold without any covering, nothing to lie on but the wet sod, groaning, yelling, agonized, and dying.

The dead being removed, fresh patients were brought in and filled their place. The whole side of the country was covered with wounded. Fatigue parties from every corps were out all day collecting them; they accumulated at different points until brought forward to the great slaughter-house yard at the Windmill. They had lain out in the cold and rain for two nights perishing, and when raised from the ground their wounds opened afresh, and many groaned away their tortured lives from the shattered shell before they reached the surgeon's knife. I never witnessed in all my days such a frightful scene of human misery. It made one's heart bleed. The strife was over; those men but did their duty, and who could blame them? It was by their ambitious master, who commanded time and place, had brave troops and fresh, led by his sons and by Generals of high degree, and well versed in war—who possessed all that could make a mighty host brave and formidable, and sure of conquest, that these men were sent up these hills, and were sent back to say, "It can't be done."

It crossed my mind, in the midst of the great conflict, that our people at home were assembled in the House of God, and might be repeating and *praying* that beautiful prayer, "From battle, murder, and sudden death, Good Lord deliver us," at the moment when the Czar of Russia pushed on his troops in defiance of the Christian Sabbath, saying, "I care not for the Lord of Hosts," and sent 10,000 souls from earth—where to?

7th.—I went out early to have another ramble over the battle-ground, and to form some opinion of the general position, and how it was we were not all knocked to bits and driven into the sea, according to order. There were many of the wounded still scattered about in the bush. I found odd ones here and there, some glad, others careless and looking stern, first at broken limbs and then at me, as much as to say, "Why am I left here to die, after three nights' suffering?"

Amongst all the dead where Cathcart fell, I found but two living soldiers. Both had lain there, disabled, on the road since the battle; they lay in their blood, parched with thirst, two rainy nights, and would not die. These two men were

hardy old Russian soldiers, and did not lie together. I got off my horse, and filled my tin pot with good rum-and-water, and let them drink. Poor fellows; how they did enjoy it! It brought back life and hope. One of them grasped and kissed my hand, looking up to the skies, and speaking in his own, to me unknown, tongue. I gave them some biscuit too, and now came down *their* deadly foes to bury *their* dead. There was an immense empty limekiln here, which the Turks hit upon at once to dispose of their share of the labour. They went lazy and disgusted to work, dragging the dead by the heels, and pitching them into this huge pit, until a hundred of the human race were lying on the top of each other, in all the distorted, frightful positions in which they fell. I gazed down upon this hideous spectacle of mangled humanity, and shocked my own nerves with the sight. A man kept count (as they were cast in) for the official returns. I was told the pit contained, when full, *one hundred* bodies. As for my two living friends, I had them moved away out of the tender mercies of those Turkish fanatics, and I hope they live. Before our own men were buried, I wandered amongst them. What ghastly wounds! what varied positions! That man was in the act of loading his firelock; his left hand grasps the barrel, his right hand raised to ram down the charge; he fled from life so quickly that his muscles never relaxed; he holds his firelock fast. That one lies on his back, white and livid, all his blood beside him in a pool. Here a ball passed through the eye. I see no other mark. This body is riddled with shot; both hands shattered here; and here, again, both legs are broken; this man's jaw-bone is carried away; his comrade's knee-cap is shot off, and four balls went through his body. There is a multitude of dead here, many of whom passed away in agony; others look as if peacefully asleep. This young officer lies at his tent-door partly dressed. He had just got out of bed, when a ball passed through his head, and he was gone. Such scenes of woe picture what the human heart is subjected to endure, and the human frame to suffer. Hear those piercing cries. Men don't often cry, but now they rend the air with life's last shriek of agony. They are being carried away on

mules, their legs and arms, and mutilated bodies, only hanging together.

Here I met the kind Sir John Pennefather. "Did you ever hear anything so terrible as the screams of those poor fellows?" he said; "I am going away to get out of hearing such misery; they are all about my tent there, lying day and night on the wet ground, starving and dying, and screeching in agony."

I might write on for days, and not finish the small part of the tragedy that came under my own eyes.

The Russians committed two great blunders on the battle-day, which relieved our anxiety extremely. One was this:— Early in the morning Prince Gortschakoff entered the valley of Balaclava, with a corps of cavalry, artillery, and infantry. He did not advance far until he opened a fire of great guns, and made a grand show of his force. That his object was a *feint* was soon discovered, but did not stop Bosquet, with a few thousand men, coming to our aid at the nick of time. From below the Prince could not see this movement of French troops; they came along the slope of the hill at a quick pace, Zouaves leading, at the moment when our men were giving way for want of ammunition; the Zouaves now saw their prey and were let go— they went at them like tigers, fresh, active, and willing, their very quaint-like dress throwing a chill over the *Rooskies*, who formed squares, a most convenient movement for those light troops, who rattled amongst them volleys of musketry, and then went at them with the bayonet. The Russian guns still did great execution, but the *esprit fort* of the army was on the wane, and one united rush of French and English troops finished off this grand field-day.

The second mistake in our favour was the loss of a whole division of the enemy, which might have changed the fortune of the day. They had orders to make the centre attack on our position, by forcing their way up a deep, craggy ravine, very steep, and one of the strongest and most easily defended places I ever saw. In the darkness and drizzling rain our *friends* took a wrong turn coming up the glen, and got into a *cul-de-sac*, where they stuck too long to be useful. Had they

been discovered, and had we troops to spare, they might all have been destroyed or made prisoners. War is a series of difficulties and errors.

Gortschakoff waited in the valley to cut off our retreat to Balaclava, expecting, as a matter of surety, that the whole allied army would have been entirely defeated, and the war decided by a *coup de main*, our shipping destroyed, and no means left for a single man to escape! We certainly were placed in as difficult and dangerous position as any army was ever jammed into, and nothing but the hand of God directed us to hold out and fight hard to keep our ground. If Prince G. had advanced two miles farther into the valley, and threatened Balaclava, the French could not have come to our aid in the battle. If the Russian column had not been lost in the *cul-de-sac*, the centre of our *cordon militaire* would have been cut, and the effect disastrous.

With all our success, there was a panic and a division of opinion amongst our generals—an uneasy feeling; another such victory would have ruined us. Admiral Lyons insisted on our holding Balaclava, after the ships had been ordered to clear out; and lucky that the English Lyon prevailed. Somehow, we struggled on, and the Rooskies lost the great prize; from prisoners we heard that "our forces were very small, we made a great show in tents, we were all very rich, there was no end to the wealth in the camps, and before sundown all the plunder was to be at their disposal."

It was late in the forenoon when Lord R. determined to get up two eighteen-pounders; with great exertion they were got to the crest of our position, and went to work like good ones; they were discovered, and pegged into from two Russian batteries, which were doing us much damage, and now they got our range, killed the commander and some of the gunners; new men sprang forward, got their range to a nicety, and demolished both batteries. I went down afterwards to see the damage at one battery, *sixteen* horses in harness, with the gunners and drivers, all lying in one great pool of blood; the other was in the very same condition, with seventeen horses killed; a round shot from one of those very eighteen-pounders

of ours took the head clean off a driver, but he held his whip so tight in his hand I could not release it from his grasp; the gun-carriages were all smashed, but they cleverly carried away their guns. They left behind them intrenching tools, with which they intended to fortify themselves on our position the same night!

The Inkerman heights were considered the safest part of our position, and the least likely to invite attack. Owing to the distance, the Guards were excused from *trench* work, and were living at comparative ease until this gunpowder plot exploded! After the battle, the heights were fortified and put in a state of defence, a good look-out established, and no chance of our friends paying us *such* another visit.

48,000 Russians had just come down from Perekop to aid in this battle, accompanied by the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, who, I believe, carried back the despatches to their *Papa*, which must have torn his ambitious heart.

9*th*.—The hammering siege goes on; every hole and corner inside and outside of the town is being made stronger daily.

A sale of the officers' effects killed in action is held daily in the different camps: Sir George Cathcart's, Colonel Seymour's, and Captain Butler's to-day.

10*th*.—Anniversary of the Battle of the Nivelle between England and France. I hope we will have no more quarrels. General Order: "Colonel Bell, Royal Regiment, to command the 1st Brigade, 3rd Division." (He commanded a company at the "Nivelle.")

11*th*.—No end to the rains. Country one ocean of mud; every one wretched; trenches full of water; it is wonderful how the men survive the excessive fatigue, privation, and want of everything.

People say, "Sebastopol will fall soon;" a *young* engineer says, "We will be in there in six days." I said, not for six months. This shut him up; he only looked as if I knew nothing about it.

12*th*.—Cleared up; Divine Service in camp. Took a walk to warm myself, and look at the graves of the brave, not far rom my *hall-door*. Sir George Cathcart lies here, my old

friend Goldie sleeps on his right, Strangways on his left, and Seymour at his feet, and many others keep them company.

Soon after dark this evening a tremendous fire opened from the town upon the advance of the French position, wind off land, no sound from the guns reached us; the crimson flash told the tale; I ran up to the quarry hill to see the contest; unfortunately for my own comfort, peace, and tranquillity, I never could keep my nose out of anything! It was a brilliant sight, but rather dangerous to those engaged. After an hour's fighting in the dark, and a few cartloads of men killed and wounded, the gamecocks retired to their respective posts till next time.

A Pole deserter came into our camp to-day. He says, "The Royal Dukes are in Sebastopol, the Emperor is coming, and another grand attack upon us is talked of. They are told, if they desert, the French and English cut off their ears. Their daily ration is three pounds of black bread, and one-third of a pound of meat—nothing else, except, when going to fight, they get a little rakee, a spirit which sets them wild; the officers and non-commissioned officers beat the soldiers. They have 20,000 men in the city, 30,000 in our rear, and 50,000 on our right in camp on the north side."

13*th*.—It poured rain all night; nothing can be more wretched than the camp and *its furniture*.

Men in the trenches twenty-four hours at a time, soaked to the skin; no change when they come up to their miserable tents, hardly a twig now to be got to boil their bit of salt pork; short of rations, too, for want of transport; everything cheerless, the sick lie down to die in peace in the miry clay, they have no energy left. *Thousands* might have been saved, but for the red tape! How many more are yet to suffer?

CHAPTER XIV.

A Storm.— S.S. the *Prince.* — A British Rifleman. — Privations. — Lord Raglan.—Mauvais Temps. — An Attack. — The *Times.*— C.B.—Major Egerton.—A Sortie.—Christmas, 1854. — The Past Year.—Misrepresentations.—The Truth.—Crimean Graves. — Privations. — Statistics. — The Red-Tapists.—The Balaclava Road.—Balaclava Town.—Contract Work. —The 63rd Regiment.—Inkerman Heights.—A Ride for Life.—Mr. Sparling.—Suicide.—"Bring out your Dead."—Valentine's Day.—Miss Nightingale.—Starving Horses.

14*th.*—Last night the wind increased to a hurricane; the tents are all down or blown to rags. It pours in torrents; the poles shoot through the old decayed canvas tops, and down they come by the run. Anything and everything exposed is blown away out of sight; barrels or casks, full or empty, once set in motion away they go never to return—clothes, hats, caps, blankets, rugs, buffalo robes. It was a terrible night, and lucky was the soldier or sailor who kept his house standing over his head till morning. I had hard work to weather the gale myself, but my external mud wall, and my servants hammering down the pegs every now and then, while I held the pole inside, kept all upright.

The top of a wet, raw, cold November morning is not an agreeable look-out in any country, and with all the accumulated misery collected on those barren hills, I could not resist a laugh when I looked out of my den upon the very ludicrous scene around. The first *curious* thing I observed was a head with a red nightcap on it, whose owner lay under the weight of a wet tent. After shouting in vain for a while, with the rain pattering in his face, the red nightcap disappeared under cover. This was poor Captain N——e; he left a bonny little wife an early widow! Under the next tent some living things were rolling about nearly smothered—four officers who had all gone to roost in the usual way since they had got beds and blankets, were now in their shirts, and not able to reach any covering; at length there was a sally, and out they crept, determined to raise the prostrate house of wet canvas. Every effort only made matters worse; the cords cut their legs, the

old tent split like a ship's sail in a gale of wind, and flapped about their naked bodies, when they all took to their heels and disappeared amidst roars of laughter. I lay *perdu*. Had I opened my door for the reception of strangers, one gush of such a hurricane might have whirled my tent into the air. I still held the pole tight, to keep it steady, fearing every moment it would shoot through the top, and descend upon me like a wet blanket. The whole town was now down, church and all, the General, Sir Richard England, under the ruins of the last edifice (a marquee); he scrambled out with a blanket about him, and made for an old wall, where he lay for shelter. The hospital tent lay upon the dead! Horses were blown from their picket-posts. Weakly men were whirled off their legs, or could not resist the violence of the wind until they were far away down from their lines. This was all wretched, but still we were on dry ground, as commonly expressed, while ships and sailors were battling with the deep, and going down, down, down, one after another. No coast could be more fatal in a storm; there rode our ships, under craggy and perpendicular cliffs, to be battered to staves, without remedy, within a few lengths of the harbour, where they were refused admittance the day before. The red-tape system, it was said, caused the loss of eight fine ships and their unhappy crews. The *Prince*, screw steamer, a noble ship, laden with clothing for the famishing army, provisions, powder, shot, shell, and stores, was all in pieces, scattered along the coast next morning, the bodies of the poor crew being battered against the rocks. I heard that the captain of this ship made several applications to be admitted into Balaclava Harbour the day previous, being apprehensive of a storm, but was refused a berth—I won't say upon what grounds. The loss was most deplorable, but those things are kept close. A ship was driven ashore to the north side of Sebastopol, the sailors took to the rigging, and the Cossacks came down and shot them out of their last death-grip—like cowardly savages!

All now very cheerless; our camp-ground for twenty miles, boundless in desolation, gloom, and deep mire; officers and men looking at each other in a sort of despair, shivering in wet rags. I see no help, but hope on, hold fast, cling to life and

am thankful we are not at sea. In the midst of all this pleasing attitude of affairs, a ration of green, raw coffee berry was served out to the men and officers! A mockery in the midst of all their misery. Nothing to roast coffee, nothing to grind it, no fire, no sugar; and unless it was meant that we eat it as horses do barley, I don't see what use the men could make of it, except what they have just done, pitched it into the mud! How patient those men of mine; how admirably they behave; in silence they bear with all privations; away they go to their daily bread, ankle deep in mud, and wet to the skin, down to the trenches; thus is the British soldier most to be admired; this is discipline; here he is in all his glory.

17*th*.—Everyone building mud walls around their tents, and fortifying against another storm, dry, and cold. Siege drags on, our powder getting scarce; I foresee it will be a winter struggle.

18*th*.—Changed my ground, and pitched my tent on a slope facing the Redan, at the entrance to the valley of death, so called, as I remarked formerly, from the men of our division going down by this way to the trenches, and so many of them never returning. I now began to build a dry stone wall all round my tent outside the ropes, a laborious work, but it gave me a good space inside my walls, which were four feet high; my entrance gateway was of hewn stone; there was plenty of it up at the quarry, a quarter-mile off. I had willing men to aid me. I had the stones rolled all the way; they fitted well. I built my gate posts, went to Balaclava, picked up some bits of wreck, made a door, plenty of dead men's buff belts lying about, which made good hinges, and I slung my gate. Being now secure from wild dogs by night, and stragglers by day, my friend, Doctor H., and my Adjutant, Turner, pitched beside me; we messed together on anything we could catch, settled down for the winter—determined to brave all, and no surrender.

No time to note anecdotes, or one might fill a volume. Collecting the dead for interment on the day after the late battle, two Irish soldiers were carrying a Russian to the pit.

Colonel W. passing by, cast his eye on the body, and thought he saw it move. "Where are you going?" he said. "To bury this Rooshin, yer honour." "Why, you rascals, he's alive." "Oh, yes, yer honour, but we had a consultation 'pon him; 'tis a mighty bad case, and ye see, he can't live long!" The funeral was postponed.

Many a man, I fear, was buried alive, supposed to be dead from cholera; all hurry-scurry to get them under ground.

When the Russian army began to retreat, they were followed up sharp by our riflemen, who dropped off one by one as the enemy neared the town. One gallant fellow alone continued the chase; we watched him with great interest as he crept along the hill side, loading and firing from behind the rocks, and making sure of his game; he could not see his danger, nor could we give him warning that a whole column was crossing his path on the crest of the hill, and his days were numbered. He crept on to the top, and all at once found himself alongside an army. He acted promptly and with great decision, fired his rifle into the middle of the flock, right about face, and down hill as hard as he could tear, and got clear off, when we expected to have seen him riddled with shot. When out of danger, he halted to load, and went leisurely back to join his company. Perhaps he never mentioned the adventure to any one except in joke. A characteristic type of a brave British rifleman.

When I remonstrated with one Barney Quin, a broth of an Irishman for fighting, "did you not hear the bugle to retire? You seem to pay no attention to orders?" "Och, sure, an it's murder to go back, when the bush is full of them vagabones," raising his firelock, and taking another crack into the thicket. The Inkerman battle was fought chiefly in the oak bush from three to four feet high.

20th.—Raw, cold, and rainy; 200 riflemen just gone down to drive some Russians away from our front, where they have established themselves in what we call the ovens—caves in the rock. Hark, I hear them at it; I'm off to the quarry hill; how dark, and cold, and dreary, nothing to be seen but

the spark of the rifle, and the crimson flash from the never-ceasing cannon.

21*st.*—Our rifles succeeded last night after a sharp contest in taking the ovens. Lieutenant Tryon, a gallant young officer, was killed with eight of his men, and fifteen wounded. The Russians made a desperate attack to-day to regain this post, but failed.

23*rd.*—What a fearful storm; the rains have swelled into torrents, streaming down the valleys like highland floods, country inundated, roads or rather mud tracks impassable, men worked to death in reality, rations curtailed, men from the trenches this morning going down again to-night in this dreadful weather, wet to the skin. I don't see how they can survive.

24*th.*—Rains continue; all dreary and desolate; the stretchers passing with the wounded as usual. Lieutenant Martin, R.E., just brought up very badly wounded by a rifle-ball in the groin. The doctors can't extract the ball; he suffers much.

27*th.*—Continued heavy rains, constant alarms, rations falling short, no rum to-day, a terrible damper to the poor men; they consider this the greatest privation; they go down to the trenches wet, come back wet, go into the hospital tents wet, die the same night, and are buried in their wet blankets next morning! Nine of my good men lay stretched and dead this morning outside one tent, rolled up in their blankets waiting to be carried home! We have given up the old funeral firing parties long ago: hardly time now to bury the dead. I asked our surgeon if there was anything that could be done to save the sick; he said, "No, nothing; they are too far gone when they come to the hospital tents. I have got no medical restoratives, and they snuff out." So it is, they die from overwork, privation, and neglect. The regimental surgeons do all they can; make continual demands on the chief of the medical department, but get nothing. Staff-Surgeon Pine reported to the General the other day, "It is just a mathematical calculation; the strength of your division

is 3,000 men, so many die daily from overwork, want of fuel and clothing, short living, bad food, and no medical comforts. I calculate on the utter annihilation of the 3rd Division of your army before spring, unless something is done to preserve life." Pine told me the same; he spoke out truths very unpalatable, and was removed from the division to die in Balaclava shortly afterwards! He saw that we were beginning the winter with a perishing army in want of everything, but it was next to treason to divulge anything that might reach the public. The P.M.O. here issued very fine orders to his medical officers, recommending all sorts of hospital comforts for the sick, when he must know, or ought to know, that a ration of salt pork, and some green raw coffee berry, is the sum total of their dying comforts!

Look into this tent and observe the household. You see it is in rags all about the skirting, and the floor is a thick paste baked nearly dry by the heat of the fevered patients. That bundle of a dirty, wet blanket rolled up contains a living creature, once a comely useful soldier's wife, now waiting for death to release her from such misery. This nice-looking youth is one of my band; hear how well and cheery he talks of Christ and his sure recovery, and home, and friends who will take such care of him; poor lad, death has him already in his grip, and will never let him rise from that damp sod. Those other men lying about, who are able to pay attention, are glad to hear a kind word, hear a Bible warning, or an encouraging paragraph, and seem thankful. That young woman, once perhaps the belle of her village, now in rags, but in good health, is eating her dinner, the *broth* of a bit of salt fat pork, with broken brown biscuit pounded into it; a tin plate and iron spoon is all her fortune. I had ten or twelve women who stuck to the regiment throughout the winter. "What is that down the hill there?" "O, sir, that is poor Mrs. H——, sitting on her husband's grave; she is always there shivering in the cold."

Visited all the outposts with Sir John P——. The bridge over the Tchernaya is now cut and commanded by our batteries. We got a full view of all their works before being

discovered. When they did see us, bang went their guns from the upper lighthouse battery, ploughing up the ground about our horses' feet, which made us scamper off out of range. I rather like those little adventures. If one does not venture his nose here and there, he might as well be at Ealing with some of my friends who are satisfied to read the *Times*, and go to bed after an oyster supper.

28*th*.—Road to Balaclava impassable. No ration of rum for *two days*. I but note a repetition of daily events, one day so much like another, it wearies myself.

29*th*.—A most frightful day of rain and storm. All the elements of destruction seem to be gathering against us. It is dragging on a miserable existence in miry clay. No fuel, no clothing, no rum, short rations, no communication with Balaclava, wheels cannot move, cattle starving, so weak and exhausted that they have not power to move under a load. Forty-five men of our division died last night.

30*th*.—This is a bright day. Lord Raglan paid me a visit at my tent door, admired my *fortress*, as he called it. It was now ornamented with cannon shot from Sebastopol, my gate pillars bearing two very large shells. His lordship always had a kind word with me about the Peninsula where we served together. I asked him to confirm my appointment as Brigadier. He said that was done at the Horse Guards. I applied to the Horse Guards. The reply was "they had nothing to do with it." Very encouraging. But the Horse Guards had everything to do with all military appointments. As for Lord Raglan there never was a kinder heart, nor a more brave, cool, decided, gallant soldier. He could not say an unkind word to any one.

December 1*st*, 1854.—Rain, pouring rain, raw and damp, but it does not extinguish the fire of the guns. Hardest fire in the night, and at early dawn, to let us know they are wide awake. Can't get up a gun to replace those disabled from the heavy mud roads.

2*nd*.—A dry day. Got my house put in order. Everything damp, mouldy, and mildewed. All dry and snug before night. About half-past four o'clock this morning a Russian

yell woke us up, a sure sign of an attack somewhere; the minié rifle and great guns went at it pell-mell. They attacked our front parallel, got into our trenches with the bayonet to tease our people. The British lion was up, and with one cheer and a charge drove the whole swarm of Rooskies (as our men called them) head over heels on their main body, and far from our lines. We got off with a loss of eight killed and six wounded. Of the latter, one man had seven bayonet wounds, and such is the constant annoyance we are subject to.

3*rd*.—Very wet morning. No church parade. Had a little service in my tent for the servants. Damp, raw, cold, and dreary.

4*th*.—An awful storm of rain last night; the flood-gates of heaven seemed to open upon the camp; the hailstones pattered on the tents like rifle-balls. 10,000 men on duty were paralyzed, dead to everything, soaked to the skin before they marched off, and lay in the trenches all night as much dead as alive, but death came afterwards. Average loss now is sixty-five men a-day. I hope it will not soon be double.

5*th*.—Another terrible night of wind and rain. Rode over to the farm-house to see Lord Raglan; the mud was knee deep all the way up to his door. Saw the Duke of Newcastle's despatch about the cavalry charge at Balaclava. Great praise from the Queen to all concerned. Always gracious, most generous and thoughtful, but it was only a useless destruction of life and loss of our cavalry to give battle against such odds. Our men longed to measure swords with Russian horsemen, who will long remember the weight of a British sabre and the strong arm of an Enniskillen Dragoon.

The enemy opened a terrible fire last night against our works. Shot, shell, and rifle-bullets *fluttered* about to the great danger of Her Majesty's troops; the elements were illuminated with the flashing of great guns, and the shell fuze rolled over head like meteor stars. It turned out a feint to harass our people, so we returned to our cold, damp dwelling to finish another sleepless night.

6*th*.—Found a wretched little covering in the celebrated Balaclava, where I sent my cattle to save their lives. My

groom prowled about all the day collecting bits of timber, and brought up a load to the camp now and then; the six miles cost him twelve hours' work going and coming.

7*th*.—Visited our advanced works and reported to the General; the whole line of our defence I found in a tumble-down condition, with all the *débris* of broken carriages, guns, and the material of a siege, ponds of water in the trenches, and mud ankle-deep. We fire a shot at their works now and then, which they do not mind, but go on working like ants at the Redan and Malakoff, which are now tenfold stronger than they were fifty-three days ago when we began the siege.

8*th*.—Frost last night, very cold, and no fires; not a twig to be seen now as thick as one's finger; all cut away and burned up. Staff-surgeon Boyle just died in the next tent—a few weeks in camp finished his young life.

10*th*.—Another detachment of young lads arrive to fill up gaps in my regiment; fine, healthy, blooming boys; a rush to look at them and their red cheeks! Where will they be in a month? Forty of the last batch died in three weeks. I will keep them out of the trenches for a week to acclimatise them in a small way.

12*th*.—Last night about twelve o'clock I was roused up by a more than usual roar of Russian artillery. "To arms!" an attack on our front—up and away to the alarm-post in a jiffy; got my brigade under arms in the dark. All that we could see was the direction of attack from the crimson-flashing of the cannon, the rolling of shells through the air, and a carcass pitched here and there to discover our position. A carcass is a large shell, with five holes, filled with combustible, which throws out, and all around it, a brilliant light; it does not explode, but burns out where it falls, and discovers the troops, when the guns open upon them. This was a grand flare-up; about five hundred killed and wounded in this nocturnal amusement. The attack was made just at the place I reported insecure the other day; the damage is done, and now it will be attended to.

I heard a great deal of grumbling and discontent to-day amongst officers, about the everlasting salt pork and hard

biscuit. The people at home were deceived regarding our position, some being congratulated by their nearest of kin at their present comforts in camp, and no wants, &c., &c. This induced me to write a letter to the *Times*, which was entirely successful. A Mr. Cook in Bath, a gentleman I had never seen or heard of, sent me a note saying he had read my letter in the *Times*, and took the liberty of sending to me for my disposal twenty-one cases of such things as he thought would find acceptance, all paid for as well as the freight; and saying that anything more that I required would be also willingly sent as a free gift. This was generous indeed, and most acceptable; it came at the right time too, and gave us a feasting, the sick men having the first choice. One of the cases contained twenty-one hams! After this, many presents were sent out by anonymous friends, and good things began from that time to flow into the camp. The letter which had such a salutary effect was as follows:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE TIMES.'

"SIR,—As the eyes of the world are all turned this way, and the hearts of the generous people of England are with their army, I take the liberty to suggest that our country might do us some little service at no cost, while we are endeavouring to perform our duties, under very trying circumstances, on the bleak and barren hills of the Crimea, before the great city.

"I would propose that the Home Government, or some patriotic company, should send out a ship to Balaclava, laden with stores of provisions for the officers of this army—such as flour, butter, onions, oatmeal, tea and sugar, rice, pepper, curry-powder, 'Moore and Buckley's Concentrated Preserved Milk,' hams, and pickles; we don't ask for any luxuries; the above would be all luxury to us, but, above all, flour and butter. We are all cooks and labourers now, and scarcely an officer who cannot make his flour scon or a dough pudding, as well as handle his spade and pick to aid in the building of his mud hut underground; with a barrel of flour and a small kit of butter in every little mess, we should be independent for a long winter coming on us. Short commons and cold

fingers are never very agreeable, coming home from the trenches and outpost duties, when there is nothing in the *larder!* I would wish it understood that if anyone undertook this speculation a remunerating price for the good things named would render it satisfactory, and every article should have its fixed price. As it is, there are speculators who do bring things to Balaclava and sell them at a profit of 400 or 500 per cent. I ought to have included candles, and oil and lamp-wick, for our nights are long and dreary, and few in camp that are not roused up every night for duty of one sort or other; indeed, our hardest and most dangerous work is performed in the dark. A return ship might have plenty of ballast, in the shape of cannon-shot, to any amount for the picking up; they lie on the hill-sides and valleys in thousands and tens of thousands—all lately the property of the Emperor Nicholas, but now at the disposal of anyone on this side of Sebastopol! Our men are cheerful under privation and hard work such as the English army never before encountered; we are a savage-looking people; very hard up for fuel, not a twig now to be seen for many miles in the distance; the men grub up the roots of the late brushwood to cook their little rations, and I am not ashamed to say that I cut and carried home on my back, a distance of two miles, a bundle of sticks for my own fire, to cook my ration of salt pork. Being rather an old soldier, I cared but little who saw me at this work of necessity. Little do people know what it is to campaign in the mud and mire on the bare hills of the Crimea, but hope is always alive in the hearts of her Majesty's army here, and we all say 'No surrender.' We only look for *The Times* to see that our country is satisfied. We have a kind, generous, and considerate chief, and if some are still doomed at the evening of life to go round like the horse in the mill without promotion, better die in harness than that war should ever approach the firesides of dear old England.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE BELL, Colonel, Royal Regiment,

"Commanding 1st Brigade, Third Division."

"Camp near Sebastopol, Dec. 12, 1854.

December 13*th*, 1854.—Received a copy of the "Inkerman" despatch. One is always gratified in seeing their name honourably mentioned in a public despatch from the seat of war; besides, it brings its reward. Her Majesty was pleased to confer on me the distinguished honour of a "Companion of the Bath," which is only given for some good service in the field before the enemy, the name being first submitted and recommended by the General commanding the Army.

14*th*.—We are getting up guns and mortars to-day to the artillery park. It required *thirty-eight* horses to drag up one mortar through the mud from Balaclava. The Russians say that their three best Generals will soon be in the field to shut us up, viz., Generals Frost, Snow, and Rain. Very facetious of them to say so. *Nous verrons*, who will best weather the storm? Whoever pounds longest will win.

15*th*.—Rain in torrents all day; all swamp, ankle deep in miry clay. Almost too much for humanity to contend with. No rains ever extinguish the fire of the Russian guns that bellow away day and night like thunder.

16*th*.—Rained all last night, and snow this morning; the deep misery and wretched condition of the troops cannot be described.

17*th*.—The snow has melted away, and left the whole country in one ocean of mud and slush. From the camp to Balaclava, horses and mules lie dead and dying all the way, marking the original path. Poor things! it makes one's heart sore to look at their agonies. Worn down by hard work and starvation, they drop in the miry clay never to rise again.

18*th*.—Saint Nicholas day, the patron saint of Russia. Got notice to prepare to resist an attack to-night upon our trenches. I suppose much will be left to the discretion of the *saint*. There are plenty of them, but all non-combatants.

19*th*.—I was roused up in the middle of the night to take command of the troops in advance, an attack being expected at daylight. Groped my way in the dark down to the trenches, and posted 1,500 men on the defensive. Waited till dawn, and then went forward to reconnoitre. Stole up to within 600 yards of their advance battery, but all was quiet. They were

working like bees, digging a ditch twelve feet wide by twelve feet deep, leading down from the Redan, with rifle-pits in front. Some of my stupid men showed themselves now, when a brisk fire was opened at every head visible; two men killed and three wounded. I had to run the gauntlet over the brow of the hill back to my post, the balls whistling over my head and turning up the sods at my feet. I never kept in one direction, but went on *tacking* about, the safest way to keep out of a direct line of fire. Since my former report on this part of the position, it has been well watched; and being myself the cause of *all the trouble*, I suppose it was all right sending me to look after it.

20*th*.—Fine day, and sunshine delightful. It works up one's martial feelings to see a clear sky, even for a day. A good omen for the 17th and 89th Regiments, just arrived from England, the latter added to my brigade. I asked Major Egerton to take pot-luck with us, by the way of breaking him in. He was rather surprised when he was asked to sit down upon the sod and begin. Four of us sat round a pot of Irish stew, with our tin plates and iron spoons, a piece of cold pork on the *sideboard*, and the kettle boiling outside, to make a jorum of rum punch. We were not to be sneezed at this day; the first to entertain a field officer just come from a London club. I believe the gallant major dined on his rations the next day, and many a day afterwards. I know that we did. After riding over much ground, and showing my friend a hundred thousand ugly customers, called *Rooskies*, I told him to be always on the look-out, and sleep with one eye open; then bid him adieu, and went home to my work. I laid my tent with flat stones, to keep off the damp, and raised my little sleeping cot, stretched a long plank before it eighteen inches high, put a curtain across, and secured one half the tent as my private apartment and dormitory. Here nobody intruded; the other half, or *north* side of the *pole*, was our banqueting hall and reception-room. No one was admitted until a certain number of pounds of mud was scraped off his boots with an iron hoop by my man Tub, who sat at the gate. Fortunately one day I fell in with a little round table, I won't say how, which apparently

belonged to a *Turkey*, from its short legs, about a foot long, as they squat low when feeding. I cut a hole in the centre, and cut off its legs, raised my tent pole three inches, slipped in my table, raised it to the proper height, drove three stakes into the ground, made the whole level, and nailed all tight. Some one looted three old chairs, and next day we all sat at table like Christians. I also bored a hole through my tent-pole, and passed a ramrod through it for slinging my sword-sash, &c. Who says an old soldier cannot make himself snug in fine weather?

There goes a salute from the *Royal Albert* flag-ship, for the departure of Admiral Dundas, succeeded by Sir Edmund Lyons. Sixty-fourth day of the siege, and the guns blazing away as fresh as ever; their batteries increasing daily.

21*st*.—At one o'clock this morning, the Rooskies made a sortie on our position, right and left. The darkness became visible, from the flashing of guns, exploding of shells, fire-lights, and all sorts of flare-up combustible for the destruction of life. It was a bright, but dangerous scene. The loss in my brigade was one field-officer, Major Moller, dangerously wounded; Captain Frampton and Lieutenant Clerk missing, fourteen killed, and seventeen wounded. The Russians attacked with 10,000 men, but signally failed in every attempt to surprise our troops. This night fighting is very harassing work; 'tis part of their game, and an ugly game to play in the dark.

22*nd*.—Pouring rain all day. The men gone to the trenches wet to the skin. All again is gloomy, raw, and cold.

23*rd*.—No such rains since we occupied these barren hills; it poured in torrents all the past night, and continues. Two men died in the trenches. Major M—— died of his wounds, and was buried near his own tent door. All the way to Balaclava one ocean of mud, the starved oxen dotting the miry course, and the Turks cutting them up for food, as the Zouaves cut a steak from a dead camel *en passant*.

Got the shell of an old tin stove, and some charcoal dust from B——, and made something approaching to a fire in my tent. Endured the smoke for two hours; found it unbearable

any longer; pitched out the whole concern after being nearly suffocated. The sick are dying by the score. Everything coming, but nothing appears until the men are dead. Two doctors reprimanded in General Order by Lord Raglan for want of attention and care of the sick and wounded (297) on board the *Avon*, ordered from Balaclava to Scutari.*

24*th*.—Rain, sleet, and snow. 1,200 men going down on duty, wet to the skin. 89th Regiment one week in camp, and have buried fifteen men. The young lads cannot endure the fatigue; they lie down wet on the wet sod, helpless, ununattended, and shiver away their young lives in silent sorrow.

25*th*.—Christmas-day. Hard frost, clear and cold. No rations for my men, while everyone is making an exertion for a Christmas dinner. I kicked up a dust about this neglect. Commissary said the cattle were stolen or strayed away in the night. At the *close* of the day he did serve out a small portion of fresh meat. Too late! no fires, or means of cooking. There was no feeling of discontent amongst these orderly soldiers; they bore everything with most wonderful patience.

Dr. H—— would have a plum-pudding for our dinner, and he made it himself, but it was a failure. The *salt pork fat*, instead of suet, would not amalgamate, and I believe there were other ingredients wanting. It was what the boys call stick-jaw, and I don't think I will ever eat plum pudding again, at home or abroad.

29*th*.—Poor Major Daly, 89th, died last night. Nine days in the Crimea finished his career.

The French are aiding us in getting up shot and shell; they say that we have no system. In every department all seems confusion, starving in the midst of plenty, for Balaclava is crammed with all sorts of good things; but there is no transport over this six miles' sea of mud; and then there is so much red-tape, one gets tired being pitchforked from one office to another, and goes *home* in disgust. These red-tapists,

* A reprimand in the camp, and a K.C.B. at home. Wonderful people.

however, never lose a night's rest nor a day's rations. Few get behind the scenes in the French camp; their system may be better than ours, but they have not so much work on hand; they have no "special correspondent" to report on all they do, so that people at home are not in their secrets; they have plenty of men, and they sacrifice them by thousands to gain any advantage, and as often fail. Their losses are not reported, while everything we do is booked and sent home by Mr. Russell for the press, and I think he astonished all England with his "o'er true tales."

30*th*.—Hard firing all night. Men exhausted and dying. 2,900 of Third Division sick to-day. The sick and non-effective in our small army amount to ten thousand men; biting cold.

31*st*.—Snow on the ground. Divine service. Took a long walk to warm myself, and looked into the devoted city, a good deal demolished. Brigade sick to-day, 896. Poor Turner came back to us from Constantinople with his hands full for our little mess, so we had a capital dinner to finish off the old year. Soup, ham, and potatoes, with a kettle of rum-punch to drink the health of all at home, and shut out old '54, the most memorable year of my life; a year of travel and excitement, of battle and bloodshed, and the thousand other horrors of war. It is to the Lord Jehovah I am indebted for the continuance of my life and preservation, and to Him be all the honour and glory. May peace be established in righteousness! I have seen much this year and former years of the horrors of war, and in it may be included every cruelty and every crime.

I am often invited to publish my little journal, but I have no talent for writing and less confidence, and if one ventures to relate the truth, and the wrongs and the blunders of this campaign, his professional game is up; he need never expect a lift in the service, and I can't afford *just now* to run any risk.

I will bide my time, and tell *some* tales, but not half the truth will ever be told.

January 1*st*, 1855.—

" Father, we call on thee!
Death in a thousand forms round us is flying,
Horror with thunder-plumes frowns on the dying.
Guider of battles, we call on thee!
Father, we trust in thee!

Father, we trust in thee!
Fighting for liberty, death has no sadness;
Freedom is joy, and life slavery, madness.
Stiller of battles, we call on thee!
Father, we kneel to thee!

Father, we look to thee!
Lead us in victory, lead us in dying;
Lord, we acknowledge thy hand on us lying.
Father of mercy, we call on thee!
God, we acknowledge thee!

Cold, raw, and rainy. Another twelve months will pass away, and there will be more widows and fatherless children, and weeping and lamentation.

What a jolly, cheerful account of the British army was given in a Parliamentary speech on the 12th December, 1854, in order to blind the public. How men can stand up and make such statements when they know very well that our men were dying like dogs from over-work, cold, and starvation, and in want of everything at the very moment when *they* were preparing their speeches over wine and walnuts! The Government of the day knew themselves to be responsible for all our trials, difficulties, and dangers, but were too anxious to keep straight with the public and the press. O for the simple truth. I wrote my letter to the *Times* on 12th December, which differed so much from the fine speech above referred to that either must have been wrong, and I was condemned, not publicly—they dare not do that—but privately, with a vindictive spirit and every desire to do me wrong. I complained to Lord Raglan, and by him I was supported. He did not

disapprove of my letter; on the contrary, he writes to me on 5th of February, before Sebastopol. Extract:—

"*Before Sebastopol,*
"*5th Feb.*, 1855.

"My dear Colonel,—I received to-day your letter of the 3rd. I think it due to you to say that I do not discover anything objectionable in your letter to the *Times*, and you may assure the General Officer to whom you refer that nobody has attempted to create a prejudice against you in any way.

"Yours faithfully,
"(Signed) Raglan."

His Lordship could not do anything but what was becoming the character of a noble and gallant soldier, nor could he say an unkind word to anyone; a better heart never breathed. But a noble lord at home in power did endeavour to injure my prospects. He is gone to his account.

Up to the 6th rain in torrents, soldiers looking miserable in their clay-cold death beds; no fuel, extremely cold, nothing joyful. People at home are led to suppose we are all living in huts, *i. e.* little wooden houses. We are existing in ragged tents full of slimy mud, the men in the same tatters that stuck to them since the landing, their sole covering, and often a bed of drifting snow by night. Four logs of fuel served out yesterday to my brigade, 3,000 strong; a green tree, branches lopped off, was triumphantly carried into camp by the Turks who are on working pay. Each regiment got about one pound per man to keep himself dry, cook his rations, roast his *green* coffee, and, as the G. O. said upon this great occasion,—"Be careful that the fires are put out at night"!!! The snow is deep and drifting, my pipkin of water and cruise of oil frozen last night. But what of that when one looks out on their famishing comrades taking their patient but painful departure from all their miseries.

8th.—Hard frost and snow; men frost-bitten and found dead in their tents of a morning. Two doctors died last night. A captain of artillery found dead in his tent, suffocated by char-

coal. All in a frightful state of confusion for want of system. I have no time to keep a lengthened diary to relate scenes the most painful.

9th.—Inspected the Brigade. Found the men all in tatters, but their powder dry; their old clothes tied about their half-naked frames, and old knapsacks bound about their legs!

Some pick-axes served out to grub up roots for fuel, from under the snow. One Johnny Raw was looking about in despair, when I pointed out to him in a *poetic* way how to go at it—

> When you see a twig above the snow,
> Dig, and you'll find a root below.

They persevered and laboured until there was not a root left within their reach.

Some one has laid a simple head-stone by the grave of poor Strangways. I scraped off the snow, and found the following recorded on one side, and a Russian inscription on the other:—

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FOX STRANGWAYS,

KILLED IN ACTION,

NOVEMBER 5, 1854.

Nothing as yet to mark the cold grave of Sir George Cathcart, Goldie, Seymour, Tryon, and others, who lie side by side till the last assembly. What does it matter? "He is faithful that promised." (John xiv. 3.) The death of the body is the life of the soul.

Nearly 15,000 sick, 5,000 killed and wounded, and about 10,000 dead since we landed!

My three servants *hors-de-combat* from fever, frost-bite, and diarrhœa; one had both feet frost-bitten, became quite helpless, went to hospital, and died—a hale, stout young man!

Scurvy is now prevailing in our ranks. The gums get soft and spongy and sore, the teeth loosen; the men, unable

to eat their biscuit, try to soak it in water, which has all along been very scarce. A want of vegetables and lemon juice, together with salt meat, creates this disease. The unhappy P.M.O. was not aware that there were *oceans* of lemon or lime juice in store at Balaclava, until this horrid disease had gained a victory!

Officers who have favour and influence at home are sent out here at this late hour, to pitch their fortune, and rob us of our inheritance, who have borne the heat and the cold, pestilence and privation, the battle and the siege—we are to be set aside for the elect.

A Colonel of the Guards has just arrived to see what he can get. (All *Captains* in that favoured corps rank as Lieutenant-Colonels in the Line, and may exchange into the Line and command a regiment at once!) There is nothing vacant, but a Guardsman, even without any service, without ever having smelt powder, must be provided for. So he was posted to command the Brigade, and Colonel G. B——, his senior by fifteen years, was sent back to command his regiment. No comment is necessary; the act is condemned by the voice of the whole camp. He belonged to the dress circle at St. James's. Such favouritism only excites one's pity and contempt. A piece of a churchyard fits everybody, and he, poor fellow, has since got his six-feet-by-three. He was an excellent, gentlemanlike, good officer, and no blame to *him* for working his way up in his profession.

It was intimated to me privately from home that I would get *nothing*, having written a letter in the *Times*; and so I supposed this to be my first punishment.

10*th*.—Snow gone again, all slush and *paste*. See those poor horses how long they struggle with death, stretched in the mixture of snow and mud, their heads moulded in the adhesive clay, every now and then making an effort to rise, but too feeble. How the frame quivers in the cold! Witness that agony, and say that the poor brute creation in silent suffering is not less to be felt for than humanity. 'Tis a piteous scene.

Those nine artillery horses, lying in a heap, all died last

night in the storm. Look about, and you may see them in scores dead and dying. And see the graves of our poor men, how near they approach our own tent-doors! There lie three officers not twenty yards off, killed in action—'tis well that they should sleep near their own comrades!

The 46th Regiment, just two months in camp, have buried 189 men! The sick of my own regiment to-day 356; Brigade ditto, 1,220; the Army, 14,800!

Soldiers are sent from the Balaclava Hospital in shiploads, to die at Scutari; hundreds thrown into the Black Sea. They arrive without clothing; a wet blanket covered with vermin, a ragged coat and trousers, with an old forage cap, is the extent of their kit. 1,473 were buried from the hospital in January, 1855; their graves were close to the general hospital; dead dogs, horses, and vermin lay all about to increase disease. The floors of the hospital were wet, and would not dry; the whole place undrained, and the men were poisoned with animal matter. From June, '54, to June, '55, the hospitals in the Bosphorus received 43,228 sick and wounded soldiers, of whom 5,432 died. Fire and sword contributed but 4,161 admissions, and 395 deaths. In November, December, and January, the admissions into hospitals were 11,000, and amongst this multitude there were but twenty-two shirts! Miss Nightingale issued from her private stores 16,000 shirts.

The men were over-crowded in the hospitals, a murderous process which sent them quickly to the grave. In the open field they *might* have lived, but they were packed together in wards and corridors, where the stench was intolerable. Diarrhœa, gangrene, and cholera rapidly filled the burial-ground, but the vacant places were being continually filled up from the Crimea; 4,000 were admitted in seventeen days in December. But all this is but a brief account of the misery and wretchedness of our army, which was little known to the English public, it being kept as secret as possible.

See a book called "England and her Soldiers," by Miss Harriet Martineau, who explains with wonderful judgment and truth all this wretchedness and misery. She deserves the Legion of Honour.

14*th*.—Up to this date the weather has been worse and worse each day, a succession of snowstorms, intensely cold, and no getting at a root now, the pickaxes are broken, and some of the men are without shoes, their feet tied up in old pieces of knapsack. Nothing coming to camp; all is obscurity; *heads* of most departments "froze up." No end to *R. T.*, and the poor soldier left to die in the mud.

We seldom see any of the red-tapists in our camp; I don't know how they amuse themselves, and wonder if one of them has ever had the curiosity to look into the trenches. I proposed, when there was some snow on the ground, to put runners on the arabas in sleigh-fashion, and get up provisions from Balaclava, a simple matter, and easily accomplished. Oh no; it did not emanate from the proper quarter, and was pooh-poohed; I was a meddler, and so on. In three days the camp might have been amply supplied with abundance of stores from that wretched Balaclava, a place every day presenting a scene of great interest, particularly to a stranger. Varna, when full of the usual variety of rabble, shopkeepers, and allied troops, crowds of natives, and all sorts of vagabonds, could not hold a candle to Balaclava just now; the harbour, the mountains, the old Genoese fort, the straggling village, our steamships of war, moored broadside on or across the harbour, to sweep the country, if necessary, crowds of transports and small craft lying in rows closely packed stern to the wharf; here are six or seven transports with their numbers painted on the quarter, "laid on for sick," next a Maltese craft full of bottled ale, cheese, and hams, then a monster steamer or two, emptying out bales of hay or troops recently arrived, their bright scarlet coatees and white belts provoking a smile from the ragged, shabby, dirt-bedraggled old stager, with his legs bound up in an old *Rooshan* greatcoat or knapsack. Balaclava is approached from the country through half a mile of liquid mud, from the camp of the 3rd Division through six miles of tenacious clay. One day, to the surprise and satisfaction of all *travellers*, were found two regiments of French infantry employed in making a road through this Slough of Despond, with intelligence and alacrity, and under the guidance of their officers—at any work of

this kind they beat our fellows to sticks. A tape marked the boundary of the road on both sides, a line of men was extended the whole length, who passed stones from hand to hand, nor were their labours stopped by constant interruptions, throngs of travellers, artillery dragging up guns, twenty horses or more yoked to one carriage, long strings of dragoon horses carrying out forage to camp, occasionally a sack of barley bursting and the whole contents falling into the mud, the trooper unheeding it, no remedy, no use in stopping, better reach the camp with what's left; now comes a *cortège* of commissariat mules and carts, with biscuit and rum, and next a flock of lean sheep just landed, with their picturesque shepherds, having bearskin caps, crooks, and antique firelocks. Here comes a packhorse with an officer's kit, trunks and bed, valise, looking so clean and new: how different they will look in a week hence. Here you have a dozen or two "Bono Johnnies," in pairs, each of them carrying out a dead comrade in haste, to put him in a very shallow grave. Mixed up with all these are soldiers, English, French, and Turks, on all sorts of errands, eating, drinking, smoking, swearing, thrashing refractory mules, and driving weary ponies that will never reach the camp. Some soldiers' wives are, of course, to be seen straggling through the mud, much in every one's way, and here comes a smart Cantinière on her horse, suitably clothed, no longer in scarlet pantaloons and boots, but in warm woollen stockings and sabots. The wharf and main street are the chief thoroughfares, in both the mud is knee-deep; the ruts are unfathomable by horses' legs; to add to the dangers of the wharf, the hawsers and chain-cables of the ships are stretched across it, at from six inches to two feet from the ground. Yet here are the Ordnance and Commissariat stores, the military chest, and all the public offices: here comes every one to pay or receive money to fetch a truss of hay, a bale of blankets, a great gun, or a tent-pole; here the ambulance waggons draw up with their wretched and helpless inmates, and here lie the boats into which they are transferred for embarkation to the hospital ships.

In the main street almost every house is now a shop or

store; a morsel of board a foot long announces that some Jew, Greek, or Maltese rascal supplies spirits, groceries, beer, &c.; an unbroken string of carts, waggons, arabas, with dromedaries and pack-ponies, fills the centre of the street, while under the projecting eaves of the shops is a crowd of officers and men, mingled with saddle-horses.

The men are drinking ale and porter at two shillings a bottle, a thick biscuit with a lump of butter or cheese in every man's fist; officers bawling for tea, hams, or jams, pickles, candles, brandy, American chairs, tobacco, butter, herrings, or anything they can catch, at 500 per cent. above the value, cramming all into holsters and saddle-bags, or securing them in any way for transit to camp. In the midst of the mud, clamour, and confusion, scattered here and there, are the newly arrived mounted staff corps (Irish policemen) in fanciful helmet, red tunic braided with black cord, and mounted on a piebald Spanish horse, looking very much as if they had escaped from Astley's, or were the advanced guard of some equestrian troop coming to open a circus in the village. These "nice young men" prance about in the mire, or stand sentry with drawn sword at a ruined house near the entrance to the town, in the vain hope of preserving some order among the multitude of travellers. An unhappy attempt at imitating an index finger in mud or charcoal, on a white wall, pointing down a very narrow, filthy lane, serves as a guide to the post-office, that haven of hope and centre of interest for every man who has a heart and a home. Whether it be mail-day or not, no one thinks of leaving Balaclava without a call at the post-office, for there is always the chance of a letter or a paper being overlooked. The evening begins to close, and away goes a legion of wild-looking, half-naked soldiers, ploughing up to the knees in mud towards their respective encampments, some perhaps to be killed to-night in the trenches, and others having bidden an eternal farewell to Balaclava. This is Russell's description of this celebrated seaport town, and I endorse it to the very letter.

"What had you for dinner on Christmas-day?" said a noble young aide-de-camp to one of my men. Answer: "A bit of

charcoal!" "Have you got your clothing yet?" said he to another old weather-beaten royal. Throwing aside his tattered greatcoat, and lifting one leg bound round with a piece of an old knapsack, "Clothin'? no, I'm just as I landed that terrible night in September, and, barrin' a strip of a *Rooshan's* coat on this t'other leg, I've got no *clows* at all." The sleek aide-de camp, with his polished boots, rode on and asked no more questions.

15*th*.—The snow, which fell heavily last night, was dug out of my tent this morning, everything looking dismal, men shivering to death. See that little party, trying to light a fire: what do you think they have got? Some old shoes, to boil their ration dinner. "Well, my lads," I said, "that is a sort of fuel I never saw tried before." "Oh, indeed, sir, they burn very well, if we had more of 'em an' they were a bit dryer."

Set out on foot to take a turn over to the next division to see Sir Colin Campbell, but floundered about so in the deep snow, I returned *home* very unwell, doubled up, and nearly frozen without gaining half the distance. My men had a present of a pair of shoes each from the public, but as they were made and supplied by *contract* they soon went to pieces. Some flannel bandages were issued to men in hospital; they, too, were supplied by contract to the Board of Ordnance, poor, wretched, thread-bare things stitched together loosely, the buttons dropped off, no man had a needle and thread, and so they became useless, and this is the way that soldiers are cared for here.

A little visitor comes to see me every night, cuts my biscuit bag, carries the contents into my bed while asleep, then cuts a hole in my blanket and deposits the wool and the biscuit in store against a rough winter. This throws a slight upon the neglect and want of foresight as regards the gathering storm around our army. Wisdom may be gathered from the preparations of a Russian field-mouse, for such was my companion.

16*th*.—The last night was another snow storm, and I was dug out of my dwelling, *i.e.*, the drift snow had fallen so thick within my walls, I was a frozen up prisoner until released. Stood away to see the result of the past night. Met the 17th

Lancers, each with a led-horse, all covered with snow, their brass helmets turned to one side against a sharp, biting north wind and snow-drift. "Where are you going?" I said. "To the 4th division, sir, for the 63rd regiment. Where will we find them?" "Their tents are up there on the hill, but the men are nearly all dead." "We want to carry the sick down to Balaclava, sir." "Rather a rough day," I said, "for moving sick who are unable to sit upon a horse." But it was one of those very considerate arrangements so frequently made. There were only twenty-nine men of the whole regiment fit for duty. I turned into one of my own tents and found five of my poor men dead and frozen. In the hospital tent I asked, "What rations do the sick get here?" (knowing very well all about it). "Salt pork and green coffee berry, sir." Returned to my tent, wrote out an official report of all this frightful scene and barbarous mockery, put the report into the hands of the General to be forwarded to head quarters. Still the men were left to die, and no help for it now; too late, everything was too late.

17*th*.—Deep snow and hard frost, N.E. biting wind; the troops in a deplorable condition; 365 of my own men in hospital. What is an hospital? Any old tent where sick and disabled are huddled together unfit for duty and under the care of a medical officer.

Up to this time we are accountable for 54,000 British soldiers sent to the Crimea. We have to-day 14,000 effective men. Where are the 40,000? How artfully it is endeavoured to conceal the gradual decay of the army, and how venomously any officer is marked who *dares* to use his pen in defence of his perishing comrades, but yet the lamentable accounts appear daily in the English papers in spite of all efforts to suppress the news so unwelcome to some. The press has already told truths that makes one's hair stand on end, and if anything is to save a remnant of the army it will be the *Times* newspaper, and their special correspondent, Mr. Russell.

The third plague of Egypt (Exodus viii. 17) is now in all its disgusting horror, spreading through all the encampments, particularly amongst the sick; there seems to be no remedy;

one man infects another until their very old rags are seen moving on their bones.

9th regiment have only 150 men for duty. Hands and feet frost-bitten, and always wet and weary.

20*th*.—One ocean of melting snow and mud; men out grubbing up roots, and the Russians wasting their powder and ball trying to drive them off, but people only laugh at them and work on; so much for habit and indifference to danger.

Away to explore to the most advanced part of the Inkerman heights, and close to the mouth of the Tchernaya. Plenty of wild fowl, and very good shooting, if a body had "licence." Their great ship, *Twelve Apostles*, and many others lying in peaceful tranquillity, but all doomed for destruction. Look out, they have found us out; here comes a shell, with its flick-flick-flick, cutting a tunnel through the damp thick atmosphere,—whop,—it falls, sudden and heavy. I was behind a rock in a moment; it explodes; bang; tearing all about, the fragments spinning and whistling in all directions; a clumsy lump of the metal fell close to me all haggled, so as to torture man or horse and tear their limbs to tatters. In the bush I fell in with nine or ten dead bodies just as they fell at Inkerman strife, and many dead horses; the men were not decomposed, head and hands quite black. They were Russian soldiers and lay in their uniform. The bush was full of them, with firelocks, belts, and all the *débris* of a battle-day. Got home safe to a fine dinner of cow's head soup and cabbage.

21*st*.—No Divine service for a long time past; had a little congregation in my own tent to keep in remembrance the Sabbath-day. A mild day; took a stroll with Sir Richard England, to see the effect of some Rus-batteries firing upon us. Dined with him in the evening. Walked ankle deep in mud all the way to his tent. My dinner dress was an old bear-skin coat, mud boots, and a thick, red, woollen necktie. Sir Richard was always kind to me from first to last; we had many a ride and a stroll together; he was always at his post, and never made a difficulty; like most old soldiers he saw that what could not be cured must be endured.

22*nd*.—Made a reconnoissance towards the fortress, and took

my *physician* per force, to trot him out a bit to see *tout le monde*. We lost our way, and came too close to some Russian rifle-pits where the enemy were lying *perdu;* fit-fit-fit, came the rifle-balls about our ears. The doctor thought the safest way of escape was to cover his face, so down he went, flat as a flounder. I thought he had been hit, but finding it only a feint, I gave him a poke on the side with my stick, with a decided "Up and follow me, for your life." So we went off at a gallop, *tacking* along the breast of the hill under some sharp rifle practice, but got safely into the advanced trenches to see fresh blood. "What means this?" I said. "Only some man just killed, sir." The Turks were employed here in our works, on pay: a small boy with a spoon would have been a match for any of them. They represented a wretched spectacle of misery. One might as well use a spade in a tar-barrel, the soil being so adhesive; they could not be encouraged to exert themselves to get under cover; their general reply was, "Allah kerim," God is great and merciful. I hope He was merciful to those poor fellows, for they were dying by scores every day, and put into such shallow graves, the first heavy rain washed them out again. We got well to the front after all, and had a good view into the city of desolation where they were working like bees; 260 guns pointed our way ready for a salvo. Our pickets now within pistol-shot of each other. Both quite alive to their dangers, but the Patlander soldier will pop up his head to *see* the *Rooskins*, and he gets popped on the head. Mild weather up to the 26th. Bright sun at times. Snow nearly gone again. Nights cold and frosty, and the country one ocean of mud. Early in the morning, when the frost is stiff, our spare guns are run down from the artillery park under the brow of a hill by our men, kept there until night, when they are quietly moved on to the batteries to replace disabled guns or form fresh batteries.

Many of my men sadly frost-bitten, hands, fingers, and feet *dropping off* from mortification, a sad, painful, sickly sight.

The death reports are sent in every morning, as the ravens swoop over the camp with their ominous croak-croak.

63rd Regiment reduced to twenty men! So they are sen

away altogether. Our army is now so much reduced by sickness and death, that we have given up the right of our position to the French, no longer able to hold it and do the duty.

I might say with St. Paul, as recorded in 2 Corinthians ii. 27, but not in so good a cause, we pass our weary days.

About nine o'clock each night the French on our left throw their evening *bouquet* into Sebastopol, which is gracefully returned, *i.e.* with a grand salvo of live shells, a pretty sort of official fireworks, these iron orbs playing in the elements, passing each other in their flight of darkness, the lighted fuze sparkling like the fire-fly, travel on until they drop into the arms of some sleeping party, who are blown into the next world, or get their bones cracked.

Mr. Sparling, a little midshipman in the Naval Brigade, lost his head by a cannon shot at his battery; there will be weeping for him at home, poor fellow. Twenty-two of our guns in the Green Hill Battery have been disabled by the enemy. We are getting them replaced as fast as the ocean of mud will allow wheels to revolve. *Our* ammunition is short, and we don't fire much at present.

Had a long ride with Sir Richard. Pointed out the pass and the *cul-de-sac* where the corps of Russians were lost on the morning of Inkerman; and most fortunate for us they got into such a trap. The heaps of dead horses tainted the air, and many dead bodies lay all quiet in the brush, but were not offensive. What sharp fellows those Russians are. We were soon discovered, and had a salute of shot and shell from the Careening Harbour, which gave us warning to quit.

28*th*.—Divine service in the mud near to my tent door. No sermon. The guns were roaring all the time, and now and then a shot would come whop! into the breast of the hill beside us, without attracting the least attention! It is an effort to drag one's body along, from the heaps of adhesive, slimy clay that gather round the boots, and stick on like glue. This kills the poor horses, striving in their weakness under heavy loads.

We got a present of a goose from a ship in harbour, the first of those jolly old birds we had seen in this country. It

was given in charge to one of the servants to be fed and cared for in the most affectionate way. Next morning it was reported, to our horror, that the goose had died in the night of *apoplexy;* we had a court of inquiry and a lamentation. It proved that the goose was taken into the arms of the barbarian to keep him warm, and he overlaid it. However, it was decided that the goose should go through the ceremony of being killed in the usual way, and hung up for some days to make him tender. At the end of a week we got up a nice fire, had him roasted for dinner, when we all agreed that a better goose never was cooked!

Last night, when the guard marched off to the trenches, Private Michael Broderick, 50th Regiment, tired of life, fell out of the ranks, loaded his firelock, took off one of his boots, put his toe to the trigger, and sent his soul to an endless eternity! Twenty men of my Brigade in the death report this morning.

Reported that only thirty-five horses of the 11th Hussars exist up to this date.

31*st.*—Away with the General to reconnoitre all the passes, glens, dales, and valleys in front of Inkerman battle ground. One I named the Pass of Thermopylæ; in that steep, narrow, rugged defile, a hundred men might keep 10,000 in check. Looked well into the town. No end to their works in and about the Malakoff and Redan. Thousands of men, as busy as ants, raising new batteries, and strengthening their works in every convenient and commanding spot. Here we fell in again amongst the dead, lying in uniform just as they fell three months ago, the hands black and parched and dry; no decomposition. The sides of the hill covered with dead horses, cannon-shot, the fragments of shells, and rifle bullets knocked into all shapes against the rocks, after having dismissed the immortal part of humanity.

A couple of round shot warned us off the premises. So, taking the hint, we rode away.

"I want to call at this camp," said the General, "to see an officer whose mother has written to me about him in a state of great apprehension and anxiety. Can I see Captain B——?"

said the General, to the first officer we met. "No, sir, I'm sorry to say he's dead and buried." Some secret feeling, perhaps, which tongue cannot describe, informed the poor mother that her son was in danger when she wrote this imploring letter.

"How gets on your regiment, Colonel L—— (23rd)?" "We have buried ninety-eight men in camp this last month, sir!" and so it goes on everywhere. The early cry is "Bring out your dead!"—something like the London Plague in 1666. The 3rd Division of nine regiments—1st Royals, 4th, 9th, 18th, 28th, 38th, 44th, 50th, and 89th—lately 7,000 strong, can muster this day but 2,500 effective men. So, according to this progress in killed, wounded, sickness, and death, it is a plain, mathematical calculation what we may soon expect if we are not let loose at this great fortress, to capture it while we can, or die in the attempt.

February 1st.—The Russians made a grand sortie last night on the French. The fight was kept up till morning. The night thick, foggy, dreary, and cold, with a sprinkling of snow. I kept awake, listening to the row, till 5 a.m., when the fire slackened, and I went to sleep. The French lost some 300 men and a few officers; the Rooskies as many, and no advantage gained on either side. This night fighting is a most odious, unsatisfactory, barbarous mode of warfare.

Up to the 6th, raw and rainy; hard frosts and piercing north-east winds. Men become living icicles in the trenches, and are daily put under the sod. 1,437 of 3rd Division sick in camp. One wood hut has really been got up to camp, to accommodate twenty of the worst sick cases.

7th.—A wet night and a hard gale, which reminded us of the 14th November. What a very changeable climate! To-day it is fine and mild. French soldiers selling brown bread in our camp to the men, at fifteen pence a pound!

Carrying down shot to the batteries, each man slings one in a bag over his shoulder, and away they go; if a sixty-eight pounder, it takes two men, the shot in a bag slung on a pole. Weary work for half-starved, half-naked, famishing soldiers, but the work must be done. The crocus begins to spring up

amongst the graves, and under my bed; everywhere they put up their pretty tulip heads; they are larger and better marked than those in England, and so welcome.

11*th*.—Up to this date very variable, rain and snow alternately. A frightful snow storm to-day, with a cold N.E. wind that cuts one in two, everything looking so desolate and cheerless here. We are enveloped in a Siberian winter once more, and our men worked like horses; 150 went to Balaclava yesterday to carry up deal boards for flooring their tents. Fancy a man carrying one or two long, thin boards over his shoulder on a windy day, flapping about his ears and the glutinous mud above his ankles at every stretch holding him fast. Some of the men went into hospital when they got down there, and others got back by great exertion the same night or *next morning* without shoes!

14*th*.—Valentine's Day. A pleasant day in old England! I mustered up all my courage to make a *cruise* to Balaclava, a place I always hated and avoided. The six miles' ocean of mud I thought worse than the 3,000 miles across the Atlantic, which I have passed six times when on duty. If some wise heads had finished off a road from the camp when we sat down before Sebastopol, it would have saved thousands of lives and ten thousands of gold. A sure mode of transport once secured, all this calamity would have been prevented. This was a plain duty, but there was no one competent to perform it. At that time staff appointments were given to friends and favourites generally, and if the press, particularly the *Times*, found fault with any who failed or broke down in work they knew nothing about, these lucky gentlemen were sure to be rewarded; their being censured aided their preferment. In my own case, as I have already mentioned, I was made a convenience of to provide for an excellent gentleman who never saw any service and who was my junior in the army by fifteen years. By way of explanation I was informed through a friend that, as I had written a letter in the *Times*, I would get nothing! I could only reply by saying, "Another time, perhaps, I may unfold some tales that may astonish the public!" And so the matter dropped. Who did not write

in the *Times?* Very many letters were afterwards laid to my charge which I knew nothing about. I don't approve of this kind of correspondence generally.

All the ground from my tent door to the village is one sea of mud and glutinous mire. The world never presented such a sight as the little town and harbour: the way to it is marked all along by dead animals. As you descend into the plain your horses sink up to their girths. On what was once a pretty green sward you see nothing but soldiers of all corps *ploughing* through it, laden with different articles chiefly for field hospitals, the little half-starved bat ponies reeling under their loads with extreme patience, pulling up one leg out of the deep before the other is let down into the gulf. Look here! Good gracious, we are in a burying-ground. See how the horses sink into the graves; nothing to mark the sacred spot but some rough stone placed at the head and feet of comrades slain in battle on Balaclava plains. Here, again, as you near the village, are acres of dead, and the helpless Turks are giving a hasty covering to their comrades; *they* lie together as thick as turnips in a home field. Graves here and there and everywhere; all the world seems to have come here to be buried; this is the place where human harvests grow!

See the confusion in the little town; thousands of bales of goods for the army lying in all directions; nobody to deliver them, no one to take them away, no transport, all confusion, and total want of everything in the shape of working system. Ships as thick as reeds in a marsh, and no getting at them although not twenty yards from shore. Made a *desperate* attempt to get into a store to buy something, but was signally defeated. The dismal hole was crowded to suffocation inside and out, all waiting a chance of getting something for the camp. It was a dead lock; I gave it up in despair, and went to see an hospital on Miss Nightingale's system. Some of her nurses were attending the sick; a happy change for the patients who got in here. All was comfortable under this management, but 'twas a small place. What an inestimable woman is this Miss Nightingale! How thoroughly she under-

stands the good work she has taken in hand; a ministering angel everywhere, and so loved and respected by the soldiers.

A hundred sick are embarked here every day for Scutari! Navvies at work on the railroad. Saw-mills erected. Everything in this department going on in a business way, being all planned beforehand and brought out from England by Messrs. Peto, Brassey, & Co., to begin and finish their work. They brought out their horses, and their stable and forage; their horses were not disembarked until their stable was built and their hay in the rack!

A handsome yacht lies here, where a noble lord shelters himself. Horses are eating their tails off and dying in the mud. This is no travellers' story; starving horses stand together and keep nibbling at each other's manes and tails, until they are all demolished and scraped bare.

Got back to camp about dusk and found I was told off for the trenches. Got my hasty ration dinner, and went down to my post. Went my rounds about eleven o'clock, visiting all the outposts in advance. We were now within about forty yards of the enemy, too close to be agreeable with loaded rifles. The night was very boisterous and very dark; difficult to hear the crack of a rifle even at a short distance. There was some firing. One of my men was killed, and I might have been served out also; but kind Providence never lost sight of G. B. I was often spared when better men were sent to their account with an ounce of lead. I got off cheap, and am thankful. Copy of Lord Raglan's despatch:—

"I inclose a return of casualties up to the 16th inst. . . . I have great pleasure in stating that Colonel Bell, of the Royals, who received a slight wound in the side from a musket-ball, when commanding in the trenches on the night of the 14th inst., experiences little inconvenience from it, and has felt well enough to continue to discharge his duty with his accustomed zeal. (Signed) "RAGLAN.

"His Grace the Duke of Newcastle,
Minister of War, London."

CHAPTER XV.

Frozen Out. — Bitter Cold. — A Night's Amusement. — Ordered Home. — Grave Diggers.—Sir Colin Campbell.—Adieu to the Crimea.—En Route. Home.

FEBRUARY 15*th*. — Fine morning; got home tired and jaded. Went to roost for awhile to rest my very weary bones, and got plastered up. Lord Raglan came to see me during the day, and was glad (he said) that he might yet say, "I was still as sound as a Bell," shook hands, and passed on to his old ground to look out, the "Rooskies" blazing away as usual, bad luck to them.

17*th*.—I had a present of a big loaf, which won't last three hungry fellows over one day; but we have got some flour and preserved *taties*, a capital standby. My cook Tub, our factotum, makes a potato cake for breakfast every morning, when we can provide a fire. As for the ration pork, none of us can look at it now, yet it is very good. I have had three hens and a cock for a month past, in reserve against a famine! They have behaved so well, and got so domestic, I cannot permit them to die; the poor things go about the tents all day, feed with the horses, and of an evening come into my tent to roost, not molested or disturbed by anything; their tips are getting red, a sure sign of the egg season.

19*th*.—Fine and dry; one may walk out in slippers. What a climate!—so cheery. The grass is springing up under my bed. To-morrow the French General Bosquet intends to attack the Russians in the Valley of the Tchernaya, a division of English to aid him; to march at two o'clock in the morning and make a *coup de main*, if possible. All our troops to be in readiness to turn out; no man to leave the camp. Seven of my men released from misery; all sewed up in their blankets, lying at the tent-door, while the unfurnished house is being got ready.

20*th*.—The wind shifted last night to the north, and such a storm of rain, snow, and sleet followed. We have had nothing so bad. Thermometer four degrees below freezing; snow drifting into every crevice; the sentries like pillars of ice, moving about in a jog-trot, to keep alive. "Halloo! there, outside!" I called several times. "I say, sentry?"—"Yes, sir." "'Tis a bad night out there; are you cold?"—"Freezing to my firelock, sir." "Come over to my tent-door."—"Af I can find the way, Colonel." "This way; do you hear me?"—"I'm near you now, sir, I think; but the snow's in my eyes." "Come up close to the tent-door; I have a totfull of rum for you in my hand; take care now; order your arms, and put out your hand."—"Be dad, I've got it, sir; God bless you, an' your health. O! it 'ill save my life, sir." And lucky it was that on many a night like this, I had a spare bottle of rum in my tent for such purposes. At what an easy rate you may win the affection and respect of your men in the army; they never forget a kindness, and any officer may be popular if he has common sense and the feeling of a Christian.

The attack upon Leprandi was postponed *sine die*—after the different troops had been wandering about half the night blinded with the snowdrift.

21*st*.—A terrible night has passed away. My thermometer went down fourteen degrees below freezing! A cutting wind and drift snow to-day, with frost and sunshine; it cost me two hours to clear away the drift snow out of my tent and make snug, as the sailors say against another gale. The whole country once more under the "table-cloth," I hope sincerely for the last time; but such a treacherous climate I have never seen. I coughed all the night, and never warmed; feel very unwell, but brighter days may come; and some of us may yet live to see home. Never say die.

22*nd*.—We found it no sinecure in the trenches last night; it was intensely cold. Lieutenant Garnie, 38th, shot through the leg; how the poor men cling on to life in the midst of an incessant rattle of musketry in the dark, and in the day, and a universal whirling of shells from both sides, eclipsing the

stars with their iron orbs, curving and tearing the air asunder with their musical "tir-whit," as they describe their angry flight in the sky. Now a sortie and a death-struggle in the dark, now a repulse; another infernal fire of cannon, and a lull—lie down and fall asleep for a few moments; up again, roused by the explosion of a shell. Collect the wounded, bury the dead where they fell, and back to camp before the dawn.

23*rd*.—Cold, raw, dull, and hazy; frost, snow, and a north-wind; bad ingredients for the speedy cure of a cough and a cold. About 10 p.m. I popped my head out to see some rockets going to pass the evening in Sebastopol, from the French camp; too cold for anything; popped in again, closed my door, and stole under the blankets. I had no light, nor was I bothered with sheets for my bed. A quarrel was up on our right, between the French and the "Rooskies," which became alarming, and sleep of course was postponed. The Russian batteries opened all along with a tremendous crash, the glaring blaze illuminating the elements; the pattering of the rifle, too, was quick, sharp, and in battle style; smart and lively as at Inkerman, and on the same ground, or nearly so. The roaring of cannon, the increase of independent firing, the cheers of the French, the yells of the Russians, kept us wide awake, expecting every moment to hear our own bugles sound the assembly. At 3·30 in the morning the firing ceased, and I fell asleep. What was all this midnight battle about? The Russians got up a strong field-work and battery in front of the French lines to command their advance. The French were determined to drive them out of it, and failed after a loss of one general, 16 officers, and 100 men killed and wounded! So much for the night's amusement. I don't like fighting in the dark; there is always confusion, and friends kill each other too often.

24*th*.—First *voice* I heard this morning was the croak-croak of the ravens, as they glided over the camp, scenting out the dead. Next, was that of the bells in the town, chiming for the victory of the last night; and then the French bands, playing some martial airs in the cold breeze. I do not think

that Sebastopol will ever be taken by *assault;* it must be pounded to dust and ashes.

25*th, Sunday.*—Four men bowled over in the trenches—one cut in two by a round shot, two shot through the head, and the other with a rifle ball in his abdomen. It is wonderful the variety of ways that death calls for his victims. No man's life here is worth a day's purchase, nor do the men seem to care about it. I am now *hors-de-combat,* and quite unequal to hard work; cold and cough, general debility, weak in vision. Ague and fever has grasped me, too, and has left me no energy. The doctors advise me to go to sea. No! I will hold on and live in hope of a bright recovery.

27*th.*—Fine, bright, warm day; the beautiful crocus springs up afresh and decks the silent grave; the men look weary and overworked, sick and exhausted, but are avoiding the hospital tents as long as they can hold out. Very correct accounts appear in the *Times* of the misery and suffering out here; everybody writes to the *Times,* everybody writes a different account, but everyone writes the truth without name or signature; and so the authorities in their wisdom at home will have a difficult task to contradict all those statements. Better for them to confess that all the evils originate at *home*—not out here.

The doctors still advise me to go home. They say a change is imperative, that I can't live here. To abandon the field and all my old comrades at such a time is not at all my wish. Dr. H—— says, "Of all men you are the last I would like to see leave the camp, but I won't be responsible for your life if you stay on." Hope says hold on a bit and see if you won't rally; you have a brave regiment that will follow you to the death, and there is no man, they say, more popular. Goodness knows I have no desire to blow my own trumpet. Everyone must do his duty without the expectation of fee or reward. In the days of Wellington it was, "Blessed is the man who expecteth nothing, for he will not be disappointed"! Few men were disappointed there; they never got anything but broken bones from the enemy!

28*th.*—Those men passing down there are sailors and soldiers,

very unlike either from their tattered ragged dress. They are carrying down shot and shell to the trenches, always employed; if they are not fighting, they are collecting material for smashing other people's limbs.

Strength of brigade to-day, 4,090; sick absent and in camp, 2,506; Effectives, 1,585; deaths the last five days, 53 men.

Five of my men are being now sown up in their blankets.

March 1st.—Snow storm, and cold enough to freeze the liver of a Laplander. Very unwell, and my sight failing; general debility, and unable to work—in fact, fairly broken down. A medical board assembled, examined, and pronounced me unfit for duty, and ordered me home. Singular enough, I just then had a letter from an old friend, high in office at home, offering me a staff appointment in England. "I can't keep it open," he said; "say yes or no, by return of post." I said yes, and began to prepare, although my heart lay in the camp, and with Regiment No. 1, and my comrades; it was an effort to tear myself away from a home of twenty-nine years. I made over my *house* and my *hens* to my friend Doctor H——, and began to arrange for a retreat as fast as the R. T. would allow.

2nd.—The last night was fearful in the trenches. Ink and oil frozen in our tents. Dragged myself out for a short walk over to the hospital tent. Here was a sad scene. One poor fellow had been so severely frost-bitten both his feet were dropping off from above the ankles in mortification—yes, just dropping off. He was suffering greatly, and his days were numbered—too far gone to bear amputation! Three more were raving in a fever, besides many other bad cases, and no hospital comforts, no restoratives! Passed on to what was a very fine vineyard in October last, now a graveyard. Soldiers of different corps at their occupations; three packages of dead men were lying ready. "What regiment, lads?" "44th, sir. We're dying fast." "That's a big grave you're digging." "Yes, sir; there's three on 'em; we usually put 'em in two's, but there's an odd one just now come down, so we'll put 'em together; the weather gets warm, and soon we won't have so many." It just happened to be spitting snow

at the time; the grave digging kept him so warm he thought it a change of climate, little thinking, perhaps, that soon some brother of the trade would do for him what he had done for hundreds!

4th. Sunday.—A little tent service for the last time in camp. My name appears in G. O. for England; ordered an auction of sale of my cattle and my few traps. Farewell to all my friends, many of whom were still to be killed before the fall of this mighty fortress, which will hold out for many a long day, and be the death of thousands before it falls; but it must fall.

7th.—Left the camp. The ride to Balaclava tired me out; got into a wretched hovel with my paymaster, who made room for me until I could get on board. Applied to Admiral Boxer for a passage. No ship ready; bide my time.

8th.—Fine day and warm. Balaclava begins to smell very strong! All the shop and storekeepers cleared out of the town by G. O., Turks, Croats, Jews, Greeks, Maltese, French, Armenians, Russians, Tartars, Poles, Italians, and all sorts of camp-followers—all in for plunder, robbery, and imposition—anything to catch the soldier's penny,—all now settled down in temporary sheds, tents, and booths, half a mile outside the village, carrying on a brisk trade—everything a ransom; two guineas for a little ham, and three shillings a bottle for porter to wash down a slice for dinner. Everything else in proportion, extravagant. The French manage things better than we do; they put on a tariff, allowing the sutlers a fair profit. If they are not content with this, they may cut off to some other quarter.

The Croats are employed covering over with baskets of earth those sons of the Prophet who were washed out of their graves by the last rains; there are acres of them about here. The Russian priests are proclaiming far and wide that Providence gave the Allied army a victory at the Alma to lead them on to be sacrificed before Sebastopol, where their armies now lie buried and manure the soil. This is not quite true, but the multitudes in Russia believe it. Able to ride out a little.

Called to see Sir Colin Campbell and to examine his defences, extending three and a half miles from Kade-Koi to the

summit of the hills, dipping into the sea, where, rolling about in the surge and dashing against the perpendicular rocks, float pieces of the wrecks of the 14th November, 1854. The Balaclava is well covered and quite safe under the gallant and able chief who, from his age, great service, long experience, and meritorious conduct as a soldier, ought to be commanding an army instead of a brigade. We were at the Battle of Vittoria together.

Sir Colin Campbell was considered very ill-used, the oldest and most experienced soldier in the camp. Few in the British army had seen such good service. A man of great experience and courage, but he had not been considered high enough in the *dress circle*, and so he was passed over.

> The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the goud for a' that.

He may be wanted by-and-bye.

Russell, *Times* correspondent, comes in from a stable-loft, where he dwells, to our *den* of an evening to have a chat, a glass of brandy pawney and cigar; he tells some droll stories, sings a good song, and is a very jolly good fellow.

16*th March.—Jour de ma vie.* Embarked on the *Emperor* for Malta, unable to help myself; I took one of my servants with me, and provided for the others; heard the last cannonade as we stretched out into the Black Sea.

Lieutenant Smith, 68th, died to-day of fever on board; his father also died of his wounds received at Inkerman.

After I left the camp, amongst others, Captain Muller of my old corps was killed, a fine young fellow in his youthful prime, greatly regretted. He was the grandson of Lieut.-General Sir Theophilus Pritzler, our old Chief in India, was born in the regiment, and died where a soldier ought to die, under his colours in the battle-field.

When I arrived at Constantinople my ship was sent on a cruise to look for cattle somewhere on the coast of Dalmatia, so I had to cut and run ashore to look for another. After some red-tape delay at many places and melting under a hot sun on the Bosphorus in search of a steamer, I did at last get

a passage on board the *Adelaide* screw, bound for England, with a cargo of sick and wounded officers and men. Some very bad cases amongst them; one young officer was carried about like a child all the voyage from the sad state of his feet from frost-bite. Some did not live out the voyage, which was long and very boisterous. For a couple of days the pumps were going constantly to keep the leak from blinding the fires and getting into the engine-room. We put into the Island of Sardinia for repairs. Glad to get ashore on any terms. Had a stroll amongst the orange-groves; the perfume was so charming, and the gardens so rich with vegetables and fruits, I would have wished to *bivouac* here for a week. The people seemed very poor and under great subjection to priests and Popery.

We had a *cargo* of sick and wounded men and no fresh meat. The captain used every exertion to buy an ox, which he selected from a herd of cattle. The owner very willing to sell, but it was a *feast-day*, and the *holy* priest would not permit it!

The captain of our steamer told me some strange but true stories about Crimean wisdom and jobbery. He said a dozen steamers often lay at Balaclava, while they might have been gathering thousands of sheep about Eupatoria and other places for the army. They lost their chance, for the Russians came down and drove them all away for their own use. As for winter stabling for the cavalry horses he said there were sails enough and to spare to cover every horse in the camp, if they had been demanded from the ships lying idle there on *full pay!* *He* had taken out *ground* coffee, sugar, and rice to Balaclava for the army, but no one would receive those necessaries, although our troops were in the greatest want. He then went away to Smyrna, and ultimately delivered this part of his cargo at Constantinople three months afterwards!

29*th*.—Anchored at Malta; here it was all summer; fruit and vegetables, green peas and fresh salad. Inquired after the gunner who lost his arm when I had last been here, by the fatal explosion, while firing red-hot shot. He had recovered the amputation. Enjoyed myself ashore until next

evening, when we sailed for Gibraltar. We had terrible weather and some nights of terror during our passage, but arrived safe at Gibraltar the 7th April. Went ashore and slept at the Turf Hotel. A great luxury it was to get into a real bed again. Passed the next day with Sir Robert and Lady Gardiner, and slept at Government House. We had a nice dinner party. Subject of conversation hung upon the Crimea, every one anxious to hear the latest news. Gold and iron are the two great hinges of war, and both in full play when I left; the English gold flying like chaff, the other not in demand anywhere but in the batteries. Lady G—— gave me a grand bouquet to take on board, and was extremely hospitable and kind. Visited my old quarters and some military friends before I sailed. Weather very hot, but cheery. Nothing remarkable until the 19th of April, when we arrived at Portsmouth. Home, sweet home! How few of my people will ever reach those shores of their home! Three hundred of my poor fellows fell before I left the *graveyard;* many more were sinking helpless, and the work not nearly done. It will ever be the most eventful year in my life; this little diary will keep it in remembrance. There is much tautology and egotism, but that could not be well avoided in keeping a correct book. At times, I had no pen, ink, or paper. With a pencil, and on the fly-leaves of Russian books which I found scattered about I made my memoranda, leaving nothing to chance or idle reports. What one sees and feels and hears is truth, and the great truth is and must be confessed with gratitude, that I owe my life and preservation to the Lord Jehovah, and to Him be all the honour and glory.

A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.

CHAPTER XVI.

Wanderings.—Ice Fields. — Quebec. — Montreal.—Victoria Bridge.—Water Supply.—Timber Rafts. — Lightning.— Back Settlers. — The Southern War.—Priests and Nuns.—The Protestant Cemetery.—A Thunderstorm. —Victoria Bridge.—Aground.—The Rapids.—Afflictions.

I TOOK up my appointment at York, and removed from thence to Liverpool, and remained there as Inspecting Field Officer, until I became a Major-general, and here I met and made some very kind and hospitable friends, particularly at the Uplands. The hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. R——d W——s was boundless for years. I was now released and had nothing to do; a life of idleness to me was a life of slavery; I placed myself at the disposal of the Horse Guards, and applied for employment at home or abroad, no matter where. I volunteered to go to India, to China—anywhere—but all in vain. I bethought me of my old friend, who said—"You wrote a letter in the *Times*, and you'll get nothing," and he was a true prophet. I had no home, not ten yards of ground in all England to pitch my tent, so I went abroad, and travelled about for some years, and kept my journal, even in St. Peter's at Rome, and on the pebbly beach at St. Paul's Bay, in Malta, on Swiss lakes and on battle-fields.

On the 27th June, 1861, we left the Old World, and many kind and generous friends on the landing-stage, at Liverpool, who saw us away in the steamer *North Britain*, an iron ship of 2,200 tons, Captain B——. Good accommodation and a most excellent table. Some thirty-five first-class passengers, most of them second-class people. The watchful skipper rough as a bear, but always with his weather-eye open, and porridge and *treacle* for breakfast. The weather was fine, and nobody thought of being sick in the sunny month of June. Young ladies a little in romance, and looking at the moon and *after* the *Great Eastern*, some hours in advance. Next morning found us at anchor in Lough Foyle. The steamers of Allen

& Co. have a Government contract of £78,000 a year for calling at Londonderry for the mails out and home. Some Patlanders came on board, whom I asked where was Londonderry. "O be dad, sir, it's over the hills there, sixteen miles away." "Is it so far as that, Pat?" "Well, yer honour, it mayn't be just so wide, but the roads are bad, and we give good measure." We had nine hours to look over the hills and far away before we got to sea, and shot round those bluff rocks, and away over the trackless deep. A head wind, and blowing fresh; and it blew fresh, with a head wind, for nine days. All the anticipated joys of a summer voyage to Canada were rolled under the pillow of helpless maidens and matrons, quite *hors-de-combat*, unhappy, weary with illness, counting the days and the hours.

On 5th July discovered the first icebergs, looking very formidable, and fields of ice in the distance. A sharp look out. Very cold; struck an iceberg in the night; had shortened speed, and now blew off our steam to keep quiet. Next morning (6th) got into a field of ice: as far as we could see nothing but a Siberian or Arctic wilderness of ice of all shapes and sizes, mountains and molehills, of the most fantastic shapes; water-falls, and great baths, and corridors where one could walk about, being shaded from the sun; the sea rolling into caves, and the receding water making a sea-beach roar that resembles a battery — see how the gun is pointed, and an officer, with a cocked hat, standing in the rear! There goes Mont Blanc, a thundering big hill; it will take years to melt him down. And there's Neptune's cradle and the Devil's Punchbowl, as hard as steel, and as high as a house. Here comes a grand platform, where a company of Volunteers might skirmish on their skates; the passengers forward are throwing their empty bottles on its wide surface, with corked-up memorandums to distant friends. This is the Grand Post, a slow coach, but a safe letter-box as long as it lasts; there they are in thousands and tens of thousands—if I said millions, I should be short of the numbers—and all capped with snow. How cold it blows, thermometer down to 46°. All the barometers of humanity *here* are sinking with

alarm; here we are penned up, entirely surrounded, a very grand sight it is, no doubt, but very dangerous company; and now the night is on, thick, dark, and chilly. At eleven p.m. I joined the three look-out men at the bows, and very keen, sharp eyes they had, being more quick to discover the icebergs in the long distance than I could with my glass. We had got out of the great multitude of our enemies, and were now looking for the rear-guard. Every now and then I could see one as big as a church, meeting us, when the word passed, "Put the helm down!" or "Steer clear! — an *ice* on the starboard (or larboard) bow!" We were running half-speed all night, meeting those white mountains occasionally on our course; there are generally four-fifths of them under water—one mistake, and, like the *Canadian* the other day, our ship might have been broken up and gone *down below* in thirty minutes, a short time to prepare for escape or for another world; but so it was, and just hereabouts thirty-five passengers, *in* the wreck of that steamer, lay at the bottom. I was chilled with cold and, being satisfied that there was a good look-out forward, I retired to my crib, and found next day that we were in sight of Newfoundland, but we were much annoyed with foggy weather. Here we picked up a fair wind, but had to shorten speed, it was so very hazy, and keeping a look-out for the island of Anticosta, we groped our way up the north channel, or Straits of Belleisle.

Made Father Point on the 9th July, and telegraphed to Montreal, "All well."

10*th*.—At ten a.m. arrived at Quebec, and went alongside the railway wharf, where all the passengers landed. The custom-house stands quite at hand. Baggage being passed, the people jump into the railway cars, and are put down at their different localities along the line for hundreds of miles. The railway terminus is on the right bank of the St. Lawrence, at Point Levi, opposite Quebec. A ferry steamer is always plying across. Here we found the *Great Eastern*, which made the voyage in ten days, and was disembarking the Armstrong gun battery. The horses looked very fresh, and in good condition. I saw them put into railway cars same evening for Montreal,

where they arrived next day, and went into camp under a tropical rain, such as one seldom sees in Europe.

There stands Cape Diamond, the great citadel of the Canadas, as I left it seventeen years ago. My old quarters, where I was fried alive in the summer, and almost frozen to death for *seven* winter months. There, too, are the Falls of Montmorency, still shooting over that old rocky precipice, the water flowing out of the sloping greenwood, and falling in a perpetual torrent 230 feet. In the winter the spray from below forms a cone of great magnitude, and it is a fashion for the young ladies and gentlemen to amuse themselves sliding down from the top on little sleighs, or toboggins. They go at a most rapid pace, and many are the adventures to be told in the evening at the home fireside. The pretty island, "Orleans," and the scenery all round Quebec, is fine. The Plains of Abraham lie on the south side of the city, where Generals Wolfe and Montcalm fell in battle, 1759. It is the parade and drill ground for the troops. That pretty village in the distance is called "Lorette." It belongs to the last of the masters of this territory, the aborigines of the soil, a poor Indian tribe who live by making moccasins and little ornaments of bark work. They have a small annual donation of money and blankets from Government; but their generation is gone—the *fire-water* introduced by the white men has nearly extinguished their tribes.

The weather is now very comfortably warm. *Four score* in the shade, and a glaring sun; but we have plenty of ice on board—indeed, a supply *ad libitum* all the voyage.

We saw the comet on the night of the 1st of July.

11*th*.—Left Quebec at five a.m., and arrived at Montreal at half-past seven p.m., having stuck to the ship all the way. At half-past eight took up our quarters with those so dear, in a charming residence a mile and a half from town. The distance from Quebec is 169 miles by rail, and the river steamers, with passengers and goods, pass up and down every night.

Montreal has well grown in fine streets, and fine houses, and population, since my first acquaintance with it in 1837, when the rebellion first broke out, and the province was saved, mainly by my regiment. It is now a fine city of 100,000

people, and chief of all the Canadas. Let me introduce it to my friends.

Situated on the great River St. Lawrence, the country is a flat as far as the eye can see, excepting "Mount Royal," from whence the name Montreal, and a beautiful mountain it is, thickly wooded, about twelve miles in circumference at the base, with a fine turnpike-road all round. The breast of the hill is well covered with elegant houses, standing in their own grounds, handsomely laid out, every one commanding a *bella vista* or *belle vue*. The style and taste of the dwellings would do credit to any country in the world. They belong chiefly to the merchants in the town. Now let us sit down under this shady maple-tree, and look about us; and if anything remarkable strikes your observation, note it as a remembrance. There lies the town at your feet, every house visible; but we had better call it a city, for there is a bishop and a cathedral, which may give it the right name. The cathedral is a fine and a handsome building, with a beautiful spire. The Right Reverend F. Fulford, D.D., is the Lord Bishop. There are twelve Protestant churches of different sects, and as many Roman Catholic. The cathedral you see, with its double towers, stands conspicuous in the middle of the city. It is represented by a bishop, and a host of priests. See how the sun glitters on all those spires and house-tops! They look like polished silver, but it is only tin; or, as Paddy from Cork said, "Sure the houses in this counthry are all *slated* with tin."

That very large building, like a barrack, is a Jesuit college, where the light of the gospel never enters—a place where they would cook their salmon with our Bible on Fridays.

That is McGill College and University; there are professors here of arts and sciences of all sorts, where young gentlemen may receive a first-class education. The bank of Montreal is a fine building, and a prosperous one, with a capital of six million dollars, paying shareholders eight per cent. interest. There are seven or eight other banks, all doing a good business, and many other handsome public buildings. The streets are long and wide, and, according to law, the houses are built of stone or brick, and double rows of trees shade many streets.

There are some fountains, too, and miniature squares, and good shops, but very expensive. The market is a very fine, large covered building, and well supplied.

There flows the great St. Lawrence, carrying down with it the waters of five inland seas, which are for ever dashing over the Niagara Falls. It is spanned, you see, by the Victoria bridge — a wonder of itself, even in this enlightened age. This bridge cost 6,300,000 dollars. Its length is one mile and three-quarters; the tube, 6,600 feet; height of centre tubes, 22 feet; width of tubes, 16 feet; length of side spans, 242 feet; centre span, 330 feet; number of spans, 25. There it is; you see all before you, stretching across like the great sea-serpent. The terminus is on this side, at a most inconvenient distance from the town; the road or way to it the most atrocious break-neck *Balaclava* mud passage that I ever saw in a civilized country. It is a disgrace to the mayor and corporation, who ought to *mend their ways* before making any other improvements, but they are all Canadians, and love to see the streets in the eastern style of Constantinople. There are good hotels, a fine post-office, and many newspapers—one of the best is printed at one cent. That island opposite the town, so like an English park, is "St. Helen's." You see the tents under the shady trees; part of the 47th Regiment, lately arrived from Ireland, are encamped there—the remainder on this side. Very cool quarters; for we generally have a thunder-storm, with tropical rain, every night. That next island above the bridge is "Nuns' Island," the property of those ladies who have a convent and reside there. One half is well wooded; the rest pasture and farm. It lies so low, the flood carried off all their cows last winter, and the sisterhood had a narrow escape from being drowned. There is no end to nuns and nunneries in this Lower Canada; they are indigenous to the soil, and are very wealthy. They increase and multiply, and are always adding to their property, chiefly in lands. I am told their chief visitors are the priests, commonly called *holy fathers*.

That tank, on the breast of the hill below, is the reservoir which supplies all the town with fresh water; it is forced up

by steam power, from the river, and the supply is inexhaustible. This is the place where human harvests grow—the cemetery, or God's acre, what a lovely resting, retired, holy ground, overshadowed by the mountain-brow; and all here is shadow—all above is substance—yet everything recoils at death—but there is no remedy: we must die, all must yield to the stroke of death. Let me die by degrees, like Jacob, and see my candle burn down to the socket, so that I may see the time drawing nigh—the approach of death before I feel it: it is not far from any of us. Let us go higher up now, and have another view from the opposite side, taking in the whole optic circle. Did you ever see anything more extensively grand and beautiful? The St. Lawrence on one side, and the "Ottawa," or Grand river, 800 miles in length, known by the Indians as the Kitchisippi, on the other, washing this island of Montreal; what little towns and villages, chateaux, farms, and dark forests are scattered over the great surface; the glittering church-spires, peeping from amongst the trees, discover the locality of some lonely village, happy in its simplicity, and far removed from the troubles, anxieties, and turmoils of the busy, speculative world; there's a sky above of azure blue, a bright sun, the corn taking the yellow tinge, the earth loaded with abundance, the cattle in thousands in green pastures, and man at his labour, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground,"—and they do sweat in this country, not so much from hard work as from the heat of summer. A few months more, and all this scene will be a Siberia—a very wilderness of snow. You have heard of timber, or lumber-rafts, and how they come from the Far West—they are large platforms of great pine timber, fastened together with wooden pins and chains, amounting at times to thousands of pounds value; there is one, you see, far away, coming down the stream. Let us drive down to the "Ottawa," and see it shoot the rapids there—the distance is six miles, but our horses in Canada go like the wind. Here we are at the "Saut," under a hickory-tree facing the rapids, and there it comes, increasing in its descent, passing round that wooded island to keep a middle course; it is one of the great pine-

rafts, thirty men *on board*—fifteen at each end—plying their great rough oars, just hewn out of the trees. How they pull together to keep the raft in the centre, and from being *twirled* round by the rush of waters! There are five shanties or little wooden houses on the raft, where the people live. It is now caught by the current, and away it flies down with the gushing and boiling and gurgling waters. This is the last of many dangerous rapids, 169 miles more will leave all in Wolf's Cove, at Quebec, from whence the timber is shipped to England.

It is now getting late, and a threatening storm gathers round the mountain—there is thunder and lightning in those clouds. I never liked to be exposed to lightning since my friend M—— was killed by my side; his body formed part of the lightning's path to the earth, and it passed through him. It is dangerous to be near a tree or lofty building, or a river, or running water; a tall object like a tree or spire will frequently *discharge* a lightning cloud, and if any one were standing near, the lightning might diverge from the tree, and pass through the fluids of the human body; it runs down a tree between the bark and the wood, where the sap is most abundant. Water is a good conductor—it is therefore dangerous to be near it during a thunderstorm—the lightning might make the *man* its conductor to the water. Never lean against a wall in a thunderstorm, the electric fluid will sometimes run down a wall, and as man is a better conductor, would leave the wall and run down the man. Never ring a bell in a thunderstorm — bellwire is an excellent conductor. Never bar a shutter, never be in a crowd—a mass of people forms a better conductor than an individual; the vapour arising increases the conducting power; a bed, or mattress, or hearthrug are non-conductors, and lightning would not choose them for its path. People who are alarmed about lightning would be in security lying on them in the middle of a room, even more so than in an *iron* house, or on an iron bedstead, for the lightning would be attracted by the iron, as a better conductor than the animal fluid. But the clouds have passed away for the moment; it will rain soon, for the horses are stretching their necks and snuffing up the air—

they smell the odour of plants and new hay, and sniff their fragrance. Let us go.

That huge building, like a great barrack for 5,000 men, is the latest constructed nunnery; the women seem to have a great weakness for indulging in this idle sort of existence. I would be inclined to turn them out to the haymaking, and make them generally useful. I visited at the house of a French Canadian gentleman, about eighteen years ago, when their child was a baby; she was educated partly in a convent, and grew up very beautiful. I inquired for the family the other day, and was told they were quite heart-broken, their daughter having been persuaded by those idle women to take the veil, and enter their house of darkness. They made such an impression on the tender, youthful mind of this poor girl, she left her father and mother for a life of seclusion.

This country captivates people arriving about the middle of May; if they are for settlers, they go to work at once rejoicing, everything collected for the little farm, all now *couleur-de-rose*, and the first fruits of their labour are sweet to the taste; but there are drawbacks, and how few, if they are not of the working class, can rough it, wield the axe, handle the pick and spade, till the ground, split wood, milk the cow, plant and dig potatoes, reap and sow, drive the waggon, and go to the mill. There must be a helpmate, of course, and she will find enough to do; the children are all useful after seven years old. The better class of people who can afford to pay servants and *keep* them may be more independent, but they have more cares and more trouble, and must work, and watch to get a living. They generally enjoy good health, and a good appetite—two essential blessings which may not always be found in the house of Dives. Things are pretty well balanced in life, if the people could only see, hear, and understand. When the prison of the soul is broken up in the family of a back-settler, the neighbours bury the dead under an apple or a maple tree, and there I have seen them lie in peace and security, and yet the ground not consecrated.

I think I may say in truth that Montreal is celebrated for pretty women and fine horses. Sir F. Williams, of Kars,

made the same remark to me the other day, and I think him a good judge! Our horses go like the wind in harness, or under the saddle, and are thoroughly educated. The people won't put up with pipeclay water for new milk here, as they do in London. I see a cow attached to almost every good house in the *West-End*, all under the charge of one herdsman; he drives them into town every morning and evening, to be milked at their respective homes. As he passes each door he blows his horn, the gate opens and the milker knows her crib; in like manner he collects them by sound of his horn for the field, not over a mile from the city—all very primitive. The priests have large property about the town, and most valuable; they let their pasture for cattle at eight or ten dollars each for the season of six months, and make a great profit; they are the worst farmers or land-masters in the world. They never lay out any money on the improvement of land, and so it becomes nearly useless and overgrown with weeds and thistles. One always may know a Canadian from an English farm, the former a neglected, bad, barren soil, out of condition, worn-out, and seldom or ever drained or manured; the latter in good heart, fenced, and flourishing.

August 12th.—I have been here a month living in clover; returned all our visits, and now as idle as a scythe in frost! I must go into the United States and look for their grand army that made such a fine race at "Bull's Run," if I can find them, and form my own opinion of Yankee troops, who are such braggarts. Of the Southern army we hear but little; they seem to be hermetically sealed from public view. From the North we have the most flaming accounts of success; almost every day there is a great *victory*, "total rout of the rebels," and with a long list of killed, wounded, and missing; capture of prisoners, ammunition, waggons, horses, arms, &c. &c, and all other incidents with which success is generally crowned. The North raised an army of *two hundred and fifty thousand;* they planned a great expedition to overcome Virginia and drive the rebels to Charleston. The grand army marched some thirty-five miles into the bowels of the land, and ran back again to the original starting-point, mostly

disbanding themselves, and leaving the capital in danger. Jonathan's Bull's Run will not easily be forgotten in the New World for many a long year, win or lose.

The settlement of this war is not likely to be speedy. It is melancholy to find here in deadly strife brother against brother, and father against son. The victory will be a hollow one, whoever wins or gains the ascendancy. I think the Southerns are quite as determined to fight it out, and will never yield unless to a mutual compromise, which is desirable. The country is already thrown back *half* a century—that is admitted; and although the State has sanctioned an army of 500,000 men to be raised for the North, how the means may be found to pay and feed them is rather dubious—*Nous verrons*. Discipline is the sure means of conquering; bravery is useless without discipline.

Walked all over Mount Royal and did not see a grouse! but I saw the finest and most splendid view in Canada. I had never been over this mountain before, although I was stationed here for two years. It is the correct place to see the town and country, the lakes and rivers, woods and forests, and all the beautiful houses being built. Such a panorama!

Walked into the new college being built for the education of young priests; they build by piecemeal, and work under the cover of what is roofed in. Is large enough for a barrack of 1,200 men, and when finished it will be a fine building. In the garden, which is extensive and in bad condition, I found two fat priests in prayer on their knees. I hope they were sincere. One got on his legs quickly, and came for a chat; it was all about America and the unholy war. I told him that it was just lucky for the priests and the nuns in Canada that there was such a split and a struggle across the border, as the Yankees had long decided upon taking this colony, and setting the people of all nations *free!* "You know they are not fond of priests or nunneries, and you two parties would first be *emancipated*, and your fine establishments converted into barracks, hospitals, and commissary stores, without charging you anything for the transfer! You would all be sent adrift, and the *holy* nuns turned out to make hay, and take their share of

fresh air and labour. In the mean time you may be thankful that you are living in safety under the Crown of England." I don't think he will pray overmuch for the peace of the United or dis-United States. He let me out at a private door in the garden, which is well fenced in by a high wall. The priests and the nuns are the wealthiest people about, and enjoy all the freedom and security they can desire; although when I was campaigning in this country twenty years ago they were very disloyal, almost to a man. We had to hunt them down at times, march over the country, and live at free quarters in their respective towns to show them the terrors of war, and what they might expect by contending against the law. We did all our work in the winter, while the snow lay deep on the ground, the sky blue and bright, and the fresh pure air sharpening one's appetite on those distant foraging parties.

I am now here once more after roving for twenty years, and find the country prosperous, loyal, and free. Labour and good pay for the million, bread for every one, and land cheap enough for those who can buy. People whom I left here twenty years past poor and dependent on their two able hands, are now residing in elegant houses, elegantly furnished, are wealthy and independent; and it is to be hoped that they will have the wisdom to be content, and not lose all by speculating,—a too common occurrence at home and abroad.

The Montreal Protestant Cemetery is *the* most beautiful, most romantic charming resting-place for the dead, who live to die no more. It lies embosomed in the heart of a mountain forest; tastefully laid out, and elegantly arranged are those 124 of God's acres. The tombs are all of white or grey marble; a common stone is not introduced here. Every ground varies in size and form, chaste railings or chains, or pretty fancy fences gently guard, while beautiful flowers perfume, the hallowed spot. The people do, indeed, pay respect and honour to the dust, and display fine taste in recording the memory of the past. Every family has its own lot of ground, large or small, as they choose to purchase. The grounds are laid out with carriage-drives, and it is pleasure to ride, or drive, or walk in this beautiful retreat: it commands

a grand view also, and is but two miles from the town of Montreal.

There comes a thunderstorm, I said, as we galloped away round the mountain. Well, what is thunder? It is the noise made by the concussion of the air when it closes again after it has been parted by the lightning flash. It is sometimes one vast crash, because the lightning cloud is near the earth, and all the vibrations of the air reach the ear at the same moment. You always hear the thunder some moments after a flash of lightning, because it has a long way to come. Lightning travels a million times quicker than thunder: its speed is so great that it would go 480 times round the earth in one minute. There now, what a flash of lightning, and followed by such pouring rain, because a change has been produced in the physical condition of the air, which renders it unable to hold so much water, and down it will come in a flood before we get home. We have fine horses, let's try their speed; and so we let them go. No lady could ride a horse better or bolder than my own dear Mary, but we lost our chance by three or four minutes; the cloud burst, the horses threw back their ears as the tornado dashed into their eyes; all was nearly darkness, the hail followed, and beat down violently—we were nearly drowned on horseback!

An open carriage passed into our grounds just before us and drove up to the door. Seeing us alight on the steps they moved on to the stables, and jumped out, running under cover, where a door was found open. To let them remain there amongst horses and dogs would have been inhospitable and unkind; so I went to their rescue, half drowned as I was, and got them all into our château one by one under the cover of cloaks of oilskin. They got some changes of dress; their outside garments dried, refreshments, and a welcome. Stayed over an hour and a half until the storm passed away. Left their cards, and expressed themselves so much obliged, &c. They seemed to be high-caste people, an American family from New York travelling for pleasure. Papa, mamma, two nice girls, daughters, and a gentleman friend. Mr. C—— was a well-informed, intelligent, gentlemanlike man. He deplored the

state of his country, and condemned the civil war. Said America was already thrown back half a century, and trade was paralyzed; the country was being over-taxed, and prospects very dark indeed. I had mentioned that I purposed going to Washington to see the army of the North.

Some ten or fourteen days afterwards I received such a nice letter from Mr. C—— inclosing me letters of introduction to the Secretary of State, General Scott, and General McClellan at Washington, with a hope that we would all visit his family at New York. I hope to do so, and to see more of all those good people hereafter.

August 22nd.—A dinner-party at Mr. Moffat's. Met some aquaintances of the olden time. People seem to *keep* well in this climate. Twenty years have given the autumnal tint to the head, but no other change, and so I am very strongly pressed to pitch my tent here.

23*rd.*—Dinner-party at home to meet a gathering of old friends come to see a live General.

24*th.*—Got a ticket-of-leave to pass over or through the Victoria Bridge, two miles long, less 150 feet, from shore to shore. There is a side-walk for foot passengers along the single line of rail, but no thoroughfare. On each side of the centre tube there is a small gallery recess, with windows looking up and down the river and to both sides, the span being 330 feet. Three rafts passed under, downwards, of course, at a good pace, while a steamboat slowly stemmed the current on to Laprairie. It is a long, dreary, dark tunnel walk, over this wonderful specimen of man's ingenuity completed by Messrs. Peto, Brassey, & Co., and opened by the Prince of Wales on this day last year. Just as I emerged from the long cave, I was met by a tornado of hail, rain, thunder and lightning; the hard, white hail as large as bullets; the brilliant sun was darkened, nor could I now see 100 yards before me. A train now dashed by at full speed, and disappeared in the long tube; the rattling hailstones on the tin-covered bridge roof made more noise than the musketry at Bull's Run, with all their guns, dragoons, bullets, bombs, and thunder. Very few hard knocks, but a good deal of plunder. This Bull Run has

created a new war amongst people and parties; it has taken the polish off the *North* side of American independence, and may give poor Canada a *wee bit* longer time to make up her accounts before she resigns herself into the hands of those victorious warriors (to be). Hear how they bellow through the press of New York. "Both England and Spain may rest assured that just retribution will be visited upon them for the outrage offered in the Queen's proclamation, the United States will possess itself of Canada, and her Catholic Majesty will have to pay with the sacrifice of Cuba." How very considerate to pass over England! Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better.

August 27th.—Our party had a kind invitation to pass a couple of days at Beauharnois with Mr. and Mrs. K—th. Started by rail to Lachine, then by steamer *en route*, to dine at seven. Always in luck! The small steamer had *gone astray*, and we took to a big one with many passengers bound *viâ* De Chatageau. Quite out of our way. In serpentining up that pretty river, so very close to both banks, we stuck in the mud tight for two hours; the usual remedies for *ungrounding* a ship were of course in full play. A batch of idle nuns sat at their temple-gate waiting the vesper bells and looking at us with complacency. It was late, and the dinner was just being served, and what had become of us, I could hear them say. Darkness came over the woods and the water; the bells in the nuns' tower had ceased to chime; the thunder bellowed as it knows how to do after a hot day; the lightning flashed all about, darting down in ziz-zig fashion, and this was all the light we had. Two tables had been served with a tea-supper, *i.e.*, tea and coffee, cold meats, toast, and iced butter, with apple *saurce* for Yankee-doodles. I confess I was a *leetle* too vexed to join this party, although now late for iced champagne and claret at B—— house. She floats!—hurrah; but must now try back, and so we did, countermarching and crawling and feeling our way out of the C. River into St. Lawrence. At ten p.m. we got alongside the old wooden pier and found our host with a big lantern in hand looking for us, and his carriage in waiting. All right at last; but the dinner-party

had passed away; however, we had dinner, tea, and supper, "*tria juncta in uno;*" an hour of music and singing, and to roost at 11.30, as they say on the rail.

28*th.*—Order of the day:—Sailing and fishing and picnicking until 6 p.m., dinner to be at 7.30. Our party at the house, Mr. K——and his pretty young wife, ourselves, Sir W. Fenwick Williams of Kars, Commander-in-Chief in Canada; Colonel Hawley and Captain Curtis, 60th Rifles; Mrs. Price and Miss G. S——. We all embarked in Sir Fenwick's yacht, eleven of us and the crew; sailed about on the Lake St. Lewis in the usual way; anchored off Horse Island, beautifully feathered with green trees to the water's edge; and what a squadron of rafts going down. There's one like an island, and with nineteen houses on it—quite a little colony. And now for the fishing; launched three boats, and got out the tackle—all kinds of the most inviting dishes for the finny tribe; and having refreshed and fortified the inward man with iced wines and beer, after sundry different dishes, the fishers tried their luck trolling, and did catch some black bass.

I went off in a shell by myself, with a pair of oars, to the edge of the Cedar rapids; just touched the foam, and danced along the boiling current, too brisk for my coble; so I made for a curling smoke in the island, rising through the trees. Here was an Indian bivouac, one young man in the *cuisine* boiling a large pot of salt pork, a "bucket" of rice being already prepared; a long blanket thrown or stretched over a pole resting on two forked sticks, was the nocturnal dwelling, cool and simple. The party here were of the half-caste Canadian Indians, who find employment taking the rafts down the rapids.

Canoes may be seen scattered over the lakes fishing for logs! Rafts are often broken up in the rapids, and the great logs or trees, fifty, eighty, or a hundred feet long, and thick in proportion, are scattered far and wide; they are picked up by the canoes, and towed ashore as prize. Part of a raft lay here in a cove—twenty-one logs of great length and thickness. The day was most brilliant and enjoyable: blue-peter up, all hands on board the *Wanderer;* just enough wind to waft us

home to a capital dinner. Mr. K. has a large house here, commanding a fine view of the lake and some nineteen islands; he manages the seigniory for Mr. Ellice, the proprietor of three hundred thousand acres—a little farm of eighteen square miles!

29*th*.—Our little party broke up to-day at three p.m. After lunch we returned by steamer twenty-seven miles, and shot the rapids at Lachine. The fall gradually begins at Caughnawaga, and increases in speed to the boiling leap. Here every one stands aghast, with nervous eye and clutch, deeply excited, and some with trembling limbs. The vessel now speeds on with all the waters of Niagara at her heels, dashing and foaming, rumbling, grumbling, and tumbling down to the abyss. Baptiste, a noble Indian pilot, with his calm countenance and bright eye, guides the bark down this foaming gulf, aided by three other men, but he alone can do it. Four men are at the wheel, their eyes fixed on one object—the narrow, winding, rocky channel. Well trained, they act in concert, and safely guide the ship. A mistake, a snap of the rudder chain, a yard out of the narrow course, and all would be engulfed, lost, swept away with the mighty torrent. I don't think many other countrymen would have the nerve to do such a bold adventure. I rather like an adventure myself, but found them at times very dangerous. Now steered outside Nuns' Island, and away under the centre span of the Great Bridge, and to our own landing. Found the carriage waiting, and the two incomparably dear children full of joy to meet us. A trip up the river is promised by my friend of Kars, Bart., a kind, amiable man, and a very gallant soldier, as every one knows.

30*th*.—Taking up a newspaper to-day, I was shocked and grieved to see recorded the early death of a very amiable and lovely young friend of ours, the much-loved wife of Richard Watt, Esq., of Speke Hall, Lancashire. Poor dear, kind, generous Ada Watt! how many happy days we passed in your noble mansion, where all received such a warm welcome from your kind self and him who loved you so dearly—a truly

generous and attached husband, devoted to yourself* and only child, sweet Ada, at five years old bereaved of a darling mother, the tender tie of childhood. Alas! for the living—grief for the dead; but *she* lives to die no more. This world, indeed, is only a training school for the next. God often takes those soonest whom He loves best, and the time they lose on earth is gained in Heaven.

* Poor Mr. W. soon followed his wife, aged thirty.

CHAPTER XVII.

Boston.—A Model Coffin.—American Extravagance.—New York.—Omnibuses. — Newspapers. — Baltimore. — Washington.—W. H. Russell.—General McClellan.—The Federal Army.—General Scott.—President Lincoln.—Sharp Practice.—Lord Lyons.—Congress.—Leave Washington.—Altoona.—The Alleghanies.—Lake Erie.—Windsor to London.—Familiar Scenes.—Old Friends.—The Crystal Palace.—Niagara.—The Cataract House.—The Grand Fall. — Return to England.—Home.—America's Progress.

SEPTEMBER 2*nd*, 1861.—Left Montreal at four p.m., crossed by the steam ferry, and took the rail for Boston—332 miles. Reached Rouse's Point in two hours—the land of stars and *stripes!* A very rickety old wooden bridge, built on piles, upwards of a mile long, conveys a very long train across the Lake Champlain. From its appearance I would not like to drive a waggon over it; but the Yankee nerves, strung like harp-strings, are always in good tone and in concert pitch until the snap comes. Here I took a sleeping-car, *i.e.* a long carriage in which beds are fitted up in a few minutes, at half a dollar a head. I had a pic-nic supper in my bag, thanks to my Mary, some nice brandy, plenty of iced water in the *cabin*, and so I fared very well before turning into my berth. I could not help sleeping by starts, but the galloping motion all night was more like a waggon on a corduroy road. Up at six, and found the train tearing along the bank of the Merrimac. Country of a sandy soil, but well cultivated; houses neat, and with every appearance of comfort — a century before the old French Canadians, who never improve. In this sleeping-car, as it is called, there is a stove (for cold weather), a wash-stand, a curtain in the centre divides the *crockery* and *China*, and if the carriage only rolled along smoothly, it would be a most agreeable night journey and saving of time.

Arrived at the "Revere" Hotel at nine a.m. Boston is a fine old English-like town, full of trade, good shops and newspapers for the million. From the cupola of the State House is

the finest view of the city, harbour, public buildings, and surrounding country. It is almost an island. Several islands stand across the entrance of the harbour, two of them fortified. I would think the town itself might be made strong enough to secure it from any enemy, but it lies open at present.

Went out with Mr. Isaac C. Bates to his country-house on Jamaica Plains, five miles. He drove me about for two hours, and a more charming country I never saw. No end to the beautiful houses, villas, and chateaux, all detached in their own grounds; pleasure-gardens, orchards, and green fields and all in the finest taste. The country is undulating and well-wooded, roads very good, and every here and there a pretty church spire shoots high above the greenwood trees. There is a very nice lake, too, they call Jamaica *Pond*. American lakes are so extensive, this pretty sheet of water is not supposed to class beyond a fishpond; it would be venerated in Lancashire.

We dined at half-past six; a nice dinner, and best of wines —amongst them Madeira sixty years in bottle. Mrs. B. is a charming, highly-informed, nice person, very pretty, hospitable, and most agreeable—nothing *Yankeeish* about herself or her kind husband.

Boston is gay with flags; they float over every house across all streets; every stall in the long market building is decorated with the stars and stripes. The youths are drumming and drilling on the roadsides and in the avenues, all bitten by the same mad dog!

There is a noble harbour here, and no end to fish of all kinds, which are easily preserved, and sent coastwise. I saw a waggon-load of great blocks of ice tossed down to a fishing-boat, to preserve the enormous heads of the halibut, which may be considered a dainty, but which are very ugly to look on. The Post-office is beautifully arranged, and the great granite pillars of the Custom-house are wonderful blocks of one single stone in each column.

The Americans are really a wonderful people for invention and going ahead at everything. They have started a very beautiful new sort of *coffin*. Some are oblong, no angles;

some have a hinge on the lid, others rounded at the ends, with plate-glass tops, and lined with quilted white silk, all of the handsomest polished woods. Mr. Lewis Jones is a man of refined taste in his trade. I wrote his epitaph :—

Lewis Jones
His bones.

September 5th. — Left old Boston at half-past eight this morning, by rail, and arrived in New York five o'clock p.m. —236 miles in eight hours and a half! I have no particular desire to ride upon a rail at such a pace any more. At times I expected the cars would have jumped into the air, or away off the line. It was impossible to read, or stand on one's legs. The cars are very long, each one carrying about forty people. There is a passage and communication up the centre through all the train, doors at each end and seats on either side for two, bay windows at each seat, so that one can see the country as he flies along.

Entered the City of New York, or, as the people take pride in always calling it, "New York City," just in time for dinner at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the largest and finest hotel, perhaps, in the Old and New World. This country is on an enlarged scale, or goes by steam. Pitman, a celebrated and favourite railway contractor, had his nuptial knot tied the other day in the railway carriage moving at its topmost speed. Characteristic of the man, never taking a holiday, or neglecting business. He had no time for a twelve o'clock ceremony in a church.

There are twenty-four thousand miles of railways in America, built at a cost of one thousand millions of dollars. About half of this enormous treasure was lost to the original proprietors. This is in answer to an Englishman of standing in his own country who asked if there were any railways in America! It is but thirty-two years ago since the first railway was opened by Brother Jonathan.

6th.—Dined with our friends who were caught in the storm at our house in Montreal. Very kind, good people; very glad to see and give me a hearty welcome. He is a wealthy merchant, has a noble house, and is a most intelligent gentleman.

All so very grateful for our reception of them during the tornado.

Everything quiet, and free from military parade here. A sprinkling of officers at the hotels, and some detachments of recruits passing to join their depôts, is all I have seen. A great number of military waggons packed in a square, and a large camp at Newhaven, which I passed at railway speed, is hardly worth recording. I must march on.

Went to the Scotch Kirk with my friend, Mr. C——. A very handsome church, with a good organ, and good singing too; but what would the gude wives in Auld Reekie think o' a' them fiddlesticks? There are some very handsome churches, and some very *high* ones in the city, next of kin to the *Romans;* but this is a Protestant country, although all religions are freely tolerated. I dined, and passed a day with Mr. T——, on Staten Island. He drove me nearly all over it. The roads are rough and dusty; the views are very fine, and there are some handsome country seats, and very many pretty villas. Distance by steam-ferry, six miles. The island is nine miles by eighteen. A baronet lives here, who was lately raised to that dignity for driving some steamboats across the Atlantic, and making his fortune. It is not often we hear of a gallant soldier being so distinguished for *losing* a fortune, and losing a limb in the service of his country; but everything goes by steam nowadays. There is Long Island, across the Bay, 120 miles in length; and there is Sandy Hook, and the big prison "Lafayette," full of state prisoners just now. The fashion is to show kindness to any gentleman suspected of plotting mischief against the State, and to shut him up in the old style of the Doge of Venice. Some ladies, too, have lost their liberty for backing up their Southern friends: so that this land of liberty is not so free as it was a year gone by.

The Americans are an extravagant people, and wish to make it the fashion. A house was pointed out to me to-day that cost 200,000 dollars. The average rent of houses in the Fifth Avenue (two miles long) is £600 a year; but people are beginning to pull up. They feel the war taxes, but most of all the depression in trade. The wages of servants in this

hotel have been cut down nearly one-third, and the ladies are giving up their hoops; but this may be from some other cause. I see the *bustle* behind coming into play again; indeed ladies at times come to dinner without stays—I suppose to indulge the appetite, as they get five meals a day here for their money. I cannot say much for their beauty, and that vile fashion of cramming a knife into the mouth makes one nervous at dinner. I can excuse them picking corn off the stick with their teeth, like a squirrel, as it is becoming general amongst *los Engleses* in Canada, but it looks funny.

Every servant-maid in this hotel is Irish; they work best, are honest, and cheerful, while American girls are too idle and independent, being generally brought up to some trade or business, and would rather be served than bow to a master.

Visited two of the most remarkable houses in New York; that of Mr. Stewart, commonly called a dry goods store, an immense establishment: you may have a pair of gloves or a million dollars' worth of carpets—silks of the richest manufacture, at any price, or coarse towels for your kitchen—damasks of all kinds, and of all prices—everything and anything that can be made or stored away in a most elegant mansion of seven floors. There are four hundred clerks employed in the house, and they sell from ten to twelve millions of dollars' worth of goods yearly. Mr. Stewart started as a petty hawker, and made his way to very great wealth in thirty-five years. He is a gentlemanly person, with very good address, and looks quite fresh; and was so obliging: sent one of his people to show us everything, and introduced me to Governor Morgan, of New York State, who was sitting with him in his office, and with whom I had some talk about the war, the topic of all conversation.

Our next visit was to Ball, Black, & Co., 587, Broadway, the great jewellers, gold and silver smiths. Here were heaps of wealth in diamonds alone, beyond anything I had ever seen. The house itself is beautiful, and arranged in three stories, *one* apartment on each flat; above these are two flats for the working gold and silver smiths. They talk of dollars as we do of shillings in England. The Prince of Wales made a

handsome purchase here for the gentleman who entertained him for three days' shooting in the prairies, which afforded him "joyful pleasure." Mr. Black was mourning over the war, and said some of his best and most liberal customers were secessionists. Everybody seems to feel the change for the worse, but army contractors! I am very much indebted to my friend Mr. Corning for all his disinterested attention to me.

The omnibus companies are better managed here than in England; they dispense with conductors; the passenger steps in, rings a bell, and hands out of a hole behind the driver the regulated fare of six cents, which will take him on for six miles or more, if he likes; when he wishes to stop, he pulls a strap attached to the driver, and he pulls up. They drive very slow, and save the poor horses. The 'bus is clean and roomy. There are eight hundred of them in the streets.

We have shop-walkers at home to catch every one they can, and "grab" his money. We have *salle-à-manger* walkers here at the hotels, to see that you are properly attended, and get plenty to eat.

September 10th.—Left New York at 8.30; crossed the ferry in the great steam-float to Jersey City, and took the rail to Philadelphia, ninety miles; slow coach; arrived at 2.30 p.m., and drove some four miles through ugly suburbs before setting down at the Continental Hotel, an enormous building, much like the one I left in New York, and carried on in the same style. The waiters are all black fellows, smart, obliging, and good-humoured; but I don't fancy the house, it is too large, and seems a little gloomy after the cheerful place I left. There are fine shady trees in the streets, the weeping willow tops all others; this is the place of its nativity, and here it flourishes. The country not interesting, excepting on the banks of the Delaware; all a flat from the St. Lawrence, and well adapted for the *chemin-de-fer*.

Very unwell all last night, something like cholera, and still a little *hors de combat*. I attribute this shake to total abstinence; the iced water is so good and refreshing. I followed

the crowd too much, but the weather is warm. Beautiful bouquets of white and red roses here for sale in the streets; melons, peaches, and plantains in abundance. I am going into another summer, but I won't pitch my tent in America; there is no music, no sweetness in the voice of the people. There go the firebells and engines rattling away under my window, a very long way to look down, and there are people three pair higher up. One street is a journey to walk, and then "such a getting-up stairs"—too much for humanity.

The pretty grey squirrels are enjoying life in the squares amongst the grass, and showing their agility chasing each other up the trees; no one disturbs them in their gambols.

The omnibus here runs on a rail through all the principal streets, a very great convenience for the public. The people have a "considerable notion" of comfort in their way, but are a century behind Old England. The tobacco-squirting gents that one meets with in "cars"—*i.e.* railway carriages—are disgusting, and there is no escape; all one class of cars on this road. So much of equality and so independent. But this war, and its taxes, will do them good in the end. On this evening the commodious bath-rooms and the most luxurious shaving-rooms are all full of visitors, anxious to enjoy themselves. That yellow fellow there, with a beard like a whinbush, is getting it trimmed; he reclines back in a velvet arm-chair, with his legs up and his eyes shut, and perfumes lying all around on the table. But the everlasting cigar is to him the sweetest of all perfumes.

See what a rush there is at the third edition of some newspaper, as full of lies as it can cram; every lady and gentleman has a copy of every paper, I believe, that comes into light; but there is no reliance to be placed on any of them, flimsy lying rags. O! for an honest English newspaper. What a bedlam of voices—"Washington—comparison of Generals—Bull's Run—Harper's Ferry"—and "I guess you're goin' down South." "We'll whip them next time."—"Is Jeff. Davis dead?"—"Well, I can't be sure, but if he is they keep him 'bove ground, and that beats creation."—"Old fuss and

feathers wouldn't be enough for him dead or alive." What a clatter while I ascend to my very comfortable apartments.

September 11th.—Up at 6.30, breakfast, and to the bar to pay my bill; offered an introductory note to "Willard's," *the* house in Washington, from *the* house in Philadelphia—not customary at home, but very useful abroad: it serves three parties without any expense.

Left by the 8.30 train for Baltimore, ninety-eight miles. Pretty country along the Delaware. Crossed a branch of Chesapeake Bay at Havre-de-Grâce in a steam ferry-boat, as big as a small island, a railway on the top deck, where all the baggage-cars were run on to, and two long tables below covered with fruit and refreshments, the peach and melon in great abundance. There was a guard of soldiers, *i. e.* some ragged fellows with arms, to protect the ferry; a camp in the distance, with a multitude of army waggons and horses, the latter all loose in a meadow sloping down to the bay. Crossed Bush River Bridge, lately burned by the *rebels*—a single line of rail a mile and half long. This beautiful Susquehanna Bay is celebrated for the canvas-back duck. Guards are now at all the ferries. Baltimore at 2 p.m., an hour late, and a long drive to "Barnum's." Did not warm to the town; grass grew in all the private streets, although the houses were fine and lofty in general, with marble steps leading up to the doors; streets wide and long, and at right angles, and intersected by tramways. Fort McHenry commands the entrance, situated on a branch of Chesapeake Bay. It was in this town the rebels showed themselves by attacking the troops in the rail cars going to Washington, and got themselves placed under martial law. There are some monuments in the city of battles fought, and won of course!

I had two letters of introduction here, but the town looked dull and deserted-like, so I took my departure, letters and all, 3.30 for the capital—38 miles. Passed through several encampments along the forest line, picturesque and cheerful; glad to see a tented field again, and the raw material being drilled into a military sort of discipline.

The unfinished dome of the Capitol caught my eye about

dusk as we rolled up to the terminus, two hours after time; the usual or unusual number of buss-cabs and cars in waiting, every one bellowing and bawling to take you everywhere. With much hard pressure I elbowed through the crowd and called for "Willard's" bus, which put me down here at seven o'clock in the dark, and I don't know yet where I am: I put my name and rank in the book, handed the two notes to the proprietor (one was from the great hotel at New York); I was instantly attended to, and got a nice front room on the first floor, while the house, lobbies, halls, and corridors were jammed up with *creation!* generals, colonels, captains, volunteers, travellers from all parts of this wide-world continent, all talking together, smoking, *chawin*, and spitting, and restless; the marble-tile floors in a swim of tobacco expectoration! Tobacco's cheap, and Virginia grows it. A cavalry regiment has just passed under my window, but I can't see them, and now to roost.

12*th*.—Up at 6.30; fine morning after hard rain last night, and for a fortnight past; it did not come in my way, all sunshine since I left Montreal. I see part of the dessert for the dinner to day being delivered at the door, viz., thirteen hampers of peaches, one being as much as a man can lift! What a scramble to get any breakfast, abundance of everything, but the multitude to provide for is most disagreeably on the increase, and the waiters, who are of the *white* race here, dislike their business, and are very badly dressed. What are all those officers doing in the city, and in the hotels, and at the bars? None under the rank of a captain fit for anything I'm told, how could they be fit for command or warfare: in from the plough but yesterday, surely 'tis hardly fair to criticise their ability or their uniform if they but fight for their flag. Bull's Run has opened the eye of the Union, and they are profiting by the race. Beauregard lost his chance, and will never get such another; Washington was his own had he chased the Bull some miles further. Great preparations are being made here to carry on the war with activity and system: there is a fine corps of army waggons for commissariat and ambulance, each drawn by four fine horses or mules; the drivers are inferior to the cattle. All is bustle and business—warlike;—the

crowds of inquiring people for news from the field, yesterday, after a bit of skirmish, reminded one of Brussels after the "Waterloo," only there were no killed or wounded! The newspapers lie systematically, and depend for their reports on what they *hear* in the crowd: however, they must live, and they give you such a heap of lies for two cents one can't grumble at the price! Young horses for the cavalry are coming into town in great numbers, 3,000 a day; and the raw material of creation is coming in squads from the country in charge of drill sergeants to begin a new trade, all with their little carpet bags or bundles, looking very dull, cheerless, and jaded.

Called on General Scott; he was tired and lying down, and could not see me; it was but eleven o'clock—seventy-five can't do the work he wishes to perform: he sent me a pass with his compliments, and will be glad to see me after dinner. I dine to-day with Lord Lyons, our ambassador, at seven o'clock, which may be after General Scott has gone to bed—I will inquire.

I called on the Honorable W. H. Seward, Secretary of State: not at home; returned my call. People all very alert and busy at his office, not forgetting the tobac.; small *tubs* were arranged along the galleries to save the floors! White House, the residence of the President for the time being, reminds me of the Vice-regal Lodge in the Phœnix Park, Dublin. Across the avenue there is a handsome square, planted with shady trees and green grass-plots, with seats for the weary: in the centre, on a large marble block, stands a fine bronze statue of General Jackson on horseback. The Treasury is a handsome building, but not yet finished: it shows thirty fine fluted columns to the front, and when the other wing is added it will be remarkable as a public building, and will do honour to the city.

Called to see Russell of the *Times*: found him fat and jolly, all alive, eating his breakfast as if he was not going to be paid off by Judge Lynch and Co.! but he's not afraid: he says their bark is worse than their bite. Although they have promised to hang him, I would say from his jolly appearance, that he is in more danger from a vertical sun. And the sun is very

hot just now, even under the shady trees along the streets; and what a luxury those shady trees are in climates so hot as this at 39° latitude.

At four p.m., I accompanied General McClellan to visit his outposts, with all his staff and an escort of cavalry. We made a great flourish out of the city, crossing the long bridge. I was well mounted, but did not know where I was going, until I found myself so far away amongst the different encampments, I began to quake for my dinner at the British Ambassador's, at seven o'clock. Eight, and nine, and ten o'clock came at a furious pace, when we all dismounted at the tent of General Blenken, to refresh with cigars and champagne, having previously stopped at the head-quarter tent of General Franklyn an hour before, to pay him a visit and to be introduced. Blenken is a German, a fine fellow, and a good soldier—so is Franklyn. Blenken's band was playing very sweetly before his tent. We had a long and agreeable conversation, and parted mutual friends. I was introduced to all the officers of any note by McClellan, until my right hand was squeezed to death! He has right well fortified his position for miles along the right banks and heights of the Potomac, and I think made it perfectly safe from any attack of the enemy, and is carrying on his works with vigour. We got to within three and a half miles of the Southern outposts, but they are so hermetically sealed up there is no approaching near without the chance of a welcome from a cannon-shot, and none of our lives insured. The Federal army is increasing every day in strength and discipline, the men are strong, stout, and healthy, in fine feather, and ready to prime and load. McClellan is *the* very man to lead them—young, vigilant, quiet in manner and address, —popular, and with a kind word for every one; always in the saddle, and greeting his soldiers with an encouraging look and address as he rides over the tented fields. He was extremely kind, courteous, and friendly to me, without the least reserve in conversation; he has thrown up a great many strong redoubts in the most commanding positions, covering the country for many miles in front of the enemy, having first cleared his ground by felling the forest in all

directions, and spoiling many a beautiful place, as he said, "with great regret," but the necessity demanded the sacrifice. The troops are very comfortably tented, plenty of *fuel*, and water, with a most abundant supply of good rations, more than they can consume. Their pay, besides, is fifteen dollars a month per man, and the officer's pay is double that of the English service—that of a major-general is 500 dollars a month. I got home after a twenty-five miles ride at half-past ten, too late for his lordship's good dinner, and must explain to-morrow.

From all I can see and learn, the Federal army are now in the ascendant, and will win the day; money at command, the capital secure, an increasing army, and good commissariat, learning their new *trade*, and united heart and voice. Coming home we were challenged by sentries along the whole line, and could not pass without giving the countersign, which was done by an aide-de-camp, in advance, dismounting from his horse, and whispering the word to the sentinel—I never saw more precaution. General McClellan is a man about thirty-five, fresh complexion, black hair, and sandy moustache, well-built, and about five feet eight inches and a half, with a mild and pleasing expression. He learned something in the Crimea, and has written a report of that campaign for his Government, being out there as commissioner, by order. He was educated at West Point Military School, and understands his profession as an engineer and artillery officer.

One o'clock in the morning, and now for a seven hours' snooze, in spite of the mosquitoes.

13*th*.—Dined with General Winfield Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the United States army: a nice dinner and most superb wines. A most hospitable fine old soldier of seventy-five years, feeble on his legs, but bright and clear in intellect, —his three aides-de-camp were at dinner, all colonels and young men. Colonel Hamilton had seen service in Mexico, with the General, and had been wounded on two occasions. I had some long and agreeable conversation with the General; he told me of his being made prisoner when wounded at Lundies Lane, in Canada, 1814, and how he was well treated by

all but Sir George Provost, the governor. He talked of my services, and knew them all from the records; said he had much conversation with the young Prince of Wales, a fine young fellow, who told him that he was a colonel in the army; that our Queen was a most excellent and most exemplary sovereign. He had invited General McClellan to meet me at dinner, but, always in the saddle, he had not come up to time. If I could remain a few days longer, he would have some nice people to meet me again at dinner. He is a well-informed, unprejudiced fine old soldier, with a kind and courteous manner; he retires soon after dinner, takes a few hours' rest, and up to work again.

The town to-day looks warlike,—dragoons, orderlies, staff-officers, and waggons tearing away through the streets, droves of young horses coming in for the cavalry, artillery, and army waggons; they are put into harness at once—some are gentle, and others kick themselves out of the traces most furiously; but they are just *kicked* back into the shafts again until they become gentle and tame to work. Passed the evening with *Times* Russell, and went over the Crimean campaign afresh, and the many incidents of that war.

14*th*.—Called at White House, and had a shake hands with President Lincoln. I went upstairs, and looked about for a state-room of reception, and some one to hand in my card; but no one in the shape of an aide-de-camp or messenger to be seen; after some turnings, I saw a lady and gentleman standing in a hall, looking into a room where several people were assembled. I asked where I could find the President. "Oh, that's he, up there, writing at the table, with spectacles." So I advanced, free and easy, as is the United States custom, up to his table, to hear him speak, and look well into his dark features. He wore a common loose, white, light *duster*, and a pair of big shoes (easy for corns); he is about six feet in height, stoops, is thin and wiry, with black hair and beard, very kindly and familiar in his manner to all, but a very commonplace-looking man.

A lady sat beside him, pleading for some appointment for her son: he told her several times that he could not *promise* success, but she stuck to him like a brick. "Well," he said,

"what you want is this—just for me to pass your son over the heads of so many on a list above him." "But, sir, my son, you know, holds an appointment," &c., and there she sat like a woman determined to win, and she did so far, for he wrote a letter then and there to the Naval Department, and asked her if she would present it herself, or if he should send it. The lady consulted a friend beside her, and then asked the President to forward it. He got up, and took an official envelope from his bureau, inclosed it, and placed it on the letter-table, and got rid of this visitor.

The next was a gentleman introduced to ask a favour under trying circumstances. It was to pass through the lines of the Confederate army to his home to bring back his family. This could not be granted on any terms. He had left these matters in the hands of his generals, and all communication was entirely closed between the two armies and the ground they occupied. This clinched *my* expectations to pass that way, and so I gave it up.

All this private, or intended private conference was like an open court. At times the President laughed at odd sayings, and the company joined with him. I got tired waiting and now handed him my card, saying, that I had called to pay my respects, and wish his cause success. He looked at my card and read, Major—General—George—Bell,—C.B.,—British—Army. Then, stretching out his long arm and a big claw, gave me a shake with, "How is Old England?" "Flourishing, and friendly, sir, to the Stars and Stripes." The White House is always white, and now being painted white afresh gives it a sickly white paint smell. There is a garden behind and hot-houses; but all houses are hot just now, inside and out—a melting heat. Called to see General Scott, and found him as busy as a bee in his office. McClellan away to the front looking after his defences.

The Post Office is a noble building, the finest, perhaps, in the world, and the Patent Office is almost equally grand. There is an advantage for equestrians perhaps living in this great city, that is, they may be out in the country or in the forest from any part of the town in ten minutes.

Passed the evening with Captain L'Amy, Russell, and some nice fellows of the American army. One of them presented me with his picture, an excellent likeness. We read in a North paper just come in—"A British Major-General who was out in a reconnoissance the other evening with Major-General McClellan, stated that Washington was safe from any attack of the enemy." I was the *Britisher* of course. Some one heard me make the remark, and as it was so favourable to the cause, it was telegraphed to New York, and appeared in the *Herald* next day in Washington. Smart practice! General Mansfield, U.S.A., called on me, as he said to pay his respects and make my acquaintance, having heard from General Scott that I had been a distinguished officer. I rather astonished General Scott when I told him the liberal retirement of distinguished General officers in the army of England. *His* retiring pay will be 15,000 dollars a year!

Went to church, asked for a seat,—"Take a seat, sir, in any pew that you like," and they were all alike, very handsome, with crimson cushions, carpets, and books. I never felt the heat more oppressive in India.

Everything here is in the rough; the beginning of a new creation; men and women, different people, from Brother Sam at Boston. The *crockery* part live on tobacco and destroy one's comfort in public places. The *china* are not beautiful, and have begun to drop the crinoline. The harness, saddle, and all horse gear coarse and common. Great streets unfinished, extending far away into the woods and forests. Stand on the highest street in Washington and you will see green forest at each end miles apart. The Senate House, built of white marble, is unfinished, and is perhaps the finest specimen of architecture in the world; it will be always white and clean, no coal-smoke to dirty and darken its exterior. There is a little green park in its front, with a fine marble statue of Washington, and another green shady park in the rear open to the people. The Post Office, too, is of white marble, most elegant, tasteful, and elaborate;—that big one of ours in London is but a coarse, low-caste building in comparison, and our House of Lords and Commons is tumbling to dust

and black as a sweep. The Americans are an inventive, ingenious, industrious, skilful, boasting, unpolished people, with good and bad in the ranks like most nations.

15*th*.—Dined with Lord Lyons at the Embassy, a kind and hospitable, clever diplomatist. The dinner was in the style of an English nobleman, which you seldom see in this country. Russell was there, and lively in conversation as usual. Stepped into Mr. Riggs's, the banker, in the evening, and had some small chat and refreshment. He is reported to be very wealthy, and has a very handsome house.

16*th*.—Not so hot to-day. Went to the top of the Capitol from whence the grand panorama, the city of magnificent distances, as sometimes called, is now encircled with encampments. Two regiments were resting on the road below, on the line of march across the river to take ground on Arlington Heights. A regiment of cavalry like mice were crawling over the long bridge. There you see the white canvas towns peeping out of the woods, and the smoke of many distant camps. That highest point in the far away distance is Munson's Hill, one of the posts of the rebel army. Down below in that Creek is the naval yard. Those are all the public buildings. You have under your eye at once the whole plan of the town that is to be a grand city in a hundred years.

I would not take a *Block* to pitch my tent here.

When is this vast and magnificent building to be finished? The dome is not yet covered in, but the interior has been long in use. The *Lords* and *Commons* here meet to transact the business of the U.S. as we do in London. They are not sitting at present.

There are some fine pictures in the Round Hall.—The surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, N.Y., Oct., 1777.

Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, York Town, Va., Oct., 1781.

General Washington resigning his commission to Congress, Anapolis, Dec. 23rd, 1785.

Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Dalft-Haven, in Holland, July 21st, 1620.

Discovery of the Mississippi River by De Soto, May, 1541.

The landing of Columbus, Oct., 1492.

Baptism of Pocahontas, 1613. Her brother, Mantequacus, a noble-looking Indian chief, in his native dress, looking proudly on. A fine picture—a group of fourteen. No history attached to it. The young and beautiful girl became, perhaps, the first Christian of the Indian tribes.*

Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, 4th July, 1776. Group of forty-seven, and Washington on horseback.

All fine pictures; same size, twenty-one feet long. Looked at the two regiments halted below—3rd New Hampshire, and 8th Maine. Right sturdy, able men, about an average of twenty-eight years old, comfortably dressed, long loose blue jackets, and sky-blue *pants;* an excellent cap, light, and water-proof they told me, with a peak behind and before—no stiffness in it. They had water-bottles of different patterns, knapsacks, well shod, and firearms rifled. Ugly customers to meet when they get *riled,* or the dander up.

Dined with Doctor Russell. A very agreeable party of six. We agreed to march to-morrow, *en route* to Chicago, unless those people (who have such a burning desire to kill each other) get up a fight, which I don't expect, although it is much talked of, and there is a great military buzz—galloping of officers and orderly dragoons, moving of troops, and rattling of waggons all day. I don't see where they can fight, unless in the woods where they are encamped. However, I stay no longer.

17*th.*—Left Washington at half-past five p.m. Passed through several encampments of the Federal army, and met many trains coming in, crowded with soldiers; they were packed even on the top of the cars, cheering as they shot along the iron road. Baltimore at eight p.m. We, *i.e.,* Mr. Russell, Captain L'Amy, and myself, put up at the Eutaw

* When a Captain Smith of the English was taken prisoner, her father was in the act of putting him to death, his head being placed on a stone and the club raised to dash out his brains. Pocahontas threw herself on his body to save his life; her tears and entreaties prevailed. He was liberated, and sent back to his people. This beautiful Indian girl was afterwards married to a British settler, and her descendants are in Virginia to this day, and her memory is reverenced and respected.

House, a very fine hotel. Baltimore has a population of 260,000, a vast number of whom are ready and willing to join the rebel side, and would do so were it not for the strong military force here. Left at half-past eight a.m. for Pittsburgh, 332 miles. Having checked our baggage, *i.e.* a brass number, say 346, is tied to a trunk, you receive a duplicate, and you have nothing more to say to your traps until you arrive at your station; your baggage is then delivered, when you give up your ticket, and to no one else.

We had to make a long detour to keep clear of the Confederate army. Our route lay through Harper's Ferry, but they had possession. This Harper's Ferry had something to remind the Union of their first great national grief—their first experience of the vanity of boasting. War, grim servile war, hangs over them now, and an expensive game to play they will find it; but they have some game cocks on their side. I spoke to one in the streets of the capital, who told me he was an old revolutionary soldier, now seventy-eight years of age, and had walked seventy miles to offer his services to General Scott. I know this is quite true, not from his own tale.

We bowled along the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, a crooked river 500 miles long, into Harrisburgh, crossing a tubular bridge nearly as long as the Victoria at Montreal, but more wonderful. Public conveyances go through the tunnel part; there is a rail on the top along the roof for the railway trains, but without any parapet at all. I happened to be in the last seat of the hindmost car, and stepped out on the platform, and saw this frightful mode of crossing a wide river. A deep chasm on either side; the slightest mistake any day or night, and all is lost. About the middle there is a long, wide gap, where you see the water, the bridge itself being connected by long beams, with a continuation of the iron rail laid into them. This is to provide against fire, that one half might be saved in case of a blaze some day. I confess I was very nervous, and held on like a brick, for the pace was rapid.

Harrisburgh is beautifully situated in a fertile valley, surrounded with wooded mountains. It is the capital of Pennsyl-

vania, on the east bank of the Susquehanna, 106 miles from Philadelphia. There are many bridges, and many picturesque islands, and it is encircled by the Kittatinny mountains, showing a fine gorge to the west. Several regiments were passing down to Washington. About fourteen miles on, we left the Susquehanna river, and followed the banks of the Juniata for about 100 miles to the base of the Alleghanies, the canal keeping the road and river company most of the way. Twelve pieces of artillery passed, and loads of horses for the army. Some fine orchards, and beautiful apples, showed themselves as we flew past. At all the stations little boys and girls had baskets of pears and peaches for sale. A lady passenger, with five healthy children, was returning to her home from Philadelphia. She was the wife of an officer going to the wars, and lamenting over the sad state of things. "The best government in the world," she said, "was placed in jeopardy by a set of rebels; that her kindred were on the other side, and now they would all be killing each other—brother against brother, uncle against nephew."

Arrived at Logan House Hotel, Altoona, at half-past seven, and missed all our baggage; all left behind where we changed cars. No fault of ours. A telegram was despatched, and it all came safely by the next morning in the train by which we went on our way.

Altoona is a rising little town. Nine years ago there was but one farm-house. There are great ironworks, now the grand depôt of this great Pennsylvania R. R., and a teetotal hotel as big as a barrack—the dining saloon 156 feet long, and tables laid out five times a day for 100 people. The trains stop to breakfast, dine, and sup here. A person stands at the grand entrance-door, with a table before him, with small change, and each person pays his half-dollar as he passes out. The meals are good, substantial, and liberal.

Up at six. Toilet easily made. Eat a most wonderful breakfast. The country mountain air sharpens our appetite, even at dawn; and now for the Alleghanies.* A few miles,

* Nine hundred miles long, and from sixty to two hundred miles wide.

and we get into the hills serpentining along the sides, the fog below like a calm sea. There is a remarkable horse-shoe bend of some miles; while we were running along one side of the curve, a train on the opposite side was coming *down* the *hill*, with all the breaks on. We met, and passed at the *toe* of the shoe, and our engines laboured hard to drag us up to the tunnel, 3,612 feet long, and 2,200 feet above the level of the sea. Those great inclined planes are a marvel of art and of nature. They told me that the Prince of Wales, whilst crossing the Alleghanies, sat on the engine to have a full view of the country. So did my two friends to-day, Captain L'Amy and Russell; but my seat behind was the best for the *belle vue*. I sat in a chair outside, on the tail car platform, all the journey. The hills, dales, valleys, woods, and forests, are beautiful, all serpentining, and the curves so sharp an English carriage would be jerked off in no time. As it was, there was too much oscillating and curveting in the rapid movement; but those Americans drive like Jehu! Only yesterday a train went smash through a bridge, and some hundred soldiers were killed and wounded.

Pittsburgh at twelve noon; on the Ohio river at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela. There are many fine bridges across these rivers, and some very fine and handsome country-houses in the distance, and much need to be in the distance, for this great, straggling town is as black and as dirty as the worst part of Sheffield; there is a Birmingham suburb, and a Manchester, two miles down on the Ohio. No end to coal-mines, and manufactories in iron and glass are numerous. About eighty places of religious worship, and a population of 120,000. There are twenty-five steamboats now lying opposite this Monongahela Hotel, trading on the Ohio, principally with Cincinnati, of about 500 tons each, propelled by a paddle-wheel at the *stern*. I went on board two of them, and confess I would rather not try a voyage down river to the sea of two days and two nights, at any price, although anxious to make a *détour* to get in rear of the Southern army, and work up to see them. I know that General Beauregard, commanding, would receive me as a neutral friend, but the time

and long distance have changed my desire, and I give it up. Weather very hot.

20*th*.—Left at 12.30 for Cleveland, on Lake Erie—150 miles. Kept the course of the Ohio for about forty miles, and saw the big steamers paddling against the current up from Cincinnati. Russell and I were disturbed in pleasant, but, I might say, not a joyous conversation, when the rail-whistle sounded the disperse. Here at Rochester station we parted company, he for Chicago, and myself for Canada. Our chat was about the battle of the Alma, and this was its anniversary. We were both there, but in different departments—one for fighting, the other for writing all about the fighting.

A great number of oil-wells along the line of our march, yielding a fabulous quantity, and a source of great wealth. We crossed two trestle bridges, high and long, merely a rail laid upon the beams; but they were temporary, the originals being swept away in a mountain torrent. The heat to-day is as great as ever I found it in India. They do manage things well in this country. When we approached Cleveland, a person belonging to the train came and asked where I was going —to Detroit? He gave me a ticket, for which I paid a shilling, and for which I got a carriage from the station to the steamboat, and found my baggage there, which I received by giving up my ticket; and here I am on board, to pass a bright moonlight night, bound for home, sweet home.

21*st*.—Up at six, and found myself in the Detroit River, and far away from being in time to catch the morning train from Windsor to London, C.W., where I hoped to breakfast (110 miles). Was told it blew so hard in the night the steamer had to take a longer course for safety in this great fresh-water sea. When we landed, I saw the train going off on the Canada side, a most disagreeable sight to one in a hurry. This Lake Erie is 564 feet above the sea-level, and eighteen fathoms deep; in circumference, 600 miles; and fifty miles wide. There are three or four steam ferry-boats, always crossing; you may ride or drive on board, and never dismount. I was soon over, and clear of the stars and stripes, and all the struggle and excitement of war. Had a good breakfast, and

got away in a slow train at 11.30, which took seven hours and a half to reach London, 110 miles. The day was cold, and the morning damp and drizzling. The country inundated, being almost on a level with Lake St. Clair, which looked rough and angry, dashing its waves into the forest along the beach.

Here there is a dismal swamp for some twenty miles by ten, the grand depot for all the wild ducks in America. One could shoot them from the rail, but you would never see them again. Ran along the lake shore for three hours; this is also a small sea. A telescope could not bring the opposite side in view. Plenty of large steamers and small ships bowling up to Lake Huron (595 feet above the sea, and 75 fathoms deep), and Georgian Bay, Michigan, and Lake Superior—a most wonderful country for inland seas. The rail from Windsor to London is a straight line all the way, and the express runs it in about three hours. It seems so odd that Windsor and London have come to dwell in Western Canada, amongst the woods and the forests, and the stumps; and that the Thames should have made a race here also, and have Blackfriars Bridge pitched over it as an old remembrance.

I found a big hotel, called Tecumseh House, close to the nice station where I am at anchor. Took a walk by gaslight into the city, but could not recognize a house or a street in the little village where I was stationed for two years, when the stumps of the forest trees were still fast in the short wide streets. I was informed that in the valley of the Ohio there is a settlement of a singular class of people calling themselves Economists. They have all things common; they work together in the fields, have their own parson; they are moral and religious Christian people, and neither marry nor are given in marriage, and are a wealthy, happy, and contented community. I sometimes almost shudder when I look back upon some of my galloping tours. Crossing arms of the sea with frightful rapidity on two iron rails suspended over an abyss, the depth below astounding, and so they rattle along, every one now at full speed in the dis-United States. A young, active fellow at

Baltimore celebrated for running, a three months' service man, whose time was up, came home, and assembling his companions, got up on a stump to give an account of the *battle* of the Bull's Run. "Now," he said, "I guess you all know that I am a smart lad about the heels, and that I can run a bit faster than time, and win your money for you, but never vinture another cent on my legs. You all *heered* I ran well at the great race, when we started all in a ruck, but if ever you vinture on me again you're gone coons, for *my colonel* beat me on to the long bridge at Washington by half an hour, and that's sure as creation!"

The Railway Station here in London, I find stands in my old garden; I went to the kirk, where at the same time, a poor old nigger had his shanty in the woods; a village stands on our old steeplechase ground, a Bank and the General Post Office, fine buildings, occupy the place where my cow used to feed when I could keep her at home; but she broke away so often, and returned to her birthplace sixteen miles off, I found it *inconvenient* to send for her more than twice, so we parted company altogether! The old wooden Barrack in *statu-quo*, and the parade ground which we formed by rooting up the stumps (the work of defaulters), where are they? and where are all the officers and men who were so jolly at all the games got up to amuse the people; how gallantly some rode at the ring, and carried it off on tip of the spear (G. B. won the prize); their bones were left in India west,—in Greece and Turkey,—committed to the deep, or rest in the shallow grave where tens of thousands fell on Sebastopol's hills. This London is becoming a great place, the people call it a city, I find one of our old parsons (Cronin), a bishop, and bishops have their head-quarters in cities. I have ranged over all the old places, what charming ground to ride over! If your horse drops a shoe no matter, all the highways and by-ways, sand and soft green sward; there is Westminster Bridge and Covent Garden Market, and a Palace just finished for the exhibition of provincial manufactures, cattle-vegetables, and everything that is Canadian, to open to-morrow. I must stay and see it. Here is a fine welcome from a lady friend, twenty years have passed

away since we met, and Mrs. M. is still a buxom wife, and full of the kindness and simplicity of her adopted country: "Oh tell me how is Mrs. B.; does she still ride on horseback? she was the best horsewoman I ever saw, a picture to see her gallop along our roads on her beautiful horse 'Rory O'Moore.' I forget nothing of those bright days; tell me all about her, I loved her so much, so kind to me, so good and amiable. You will stop with us as long as you can, you must not pass our door; twenty years have heaped up so many stories; you saw so much, and you will come and tell us all." I was not very well, and did go into the bonny cottage, and had a couple of days rest, which I required.

There is a fine Covent Garden Market, and so well supplied and so reasonable; a very big cock turkey, 6*s.*; fine fowls, 1*s.* a couple; beef and lamb best quality, 3½*d.* a pound; eggs, 6*d.* a dozen; geese, 1*s.* each; ducks, 1*s.* 8*d.* a pair; a melon, 5*d.*; oats a bushel, 34 lbs., 9*d.*, and so on. Very hot day, and a bad headache.

24*th.*—Those homely domestic people the geese continue to live happy and contented in the heart of the city; there is hardly a street that may not claim its own flock, and as the streets are generally of grass and sand, they pick up a living!

Went to the exhibition in the *Crystal* Palace, twenty-three acres of ground inclosed for the purpose, adjoining the barracks, where I found two of my old Sebastopol friends keeping guard; both had been wounded by our shot—they are 32-pounders.

The fair, as it was called, was most creditable to this section of Canada, and many things would have gained prizes in England or France. The cattle, sheep, poultry, and some furniture of black walnut—particularly an invalid bed, or one adapted for any purpose, or for lying in any position: by pulling a cord gently (which dropped down to the pillow), the upper part of the bed was raised to any position, or lowered as easily. It was most beautifully finished, and made of the feathered black walnut; the man had a patent,—price £20 and 18 dollars; the finest and best of agricultural implements of all sorts I ever

saw; finest of apples and grapes, very large and ripe, in open air; boots and shoes; all sorts of cheese, two specimens weighing 1,200 lbs. each! the greatest monsters of the kind I ever saw; a most ingenious and handsome door-bell without wires; horse-shoes for any *cheval;* pianos; the finest honey, and the most ingenious bee-*houses* to keep them all alive and always working. The ducks were of noble breed, and nearly as large as geese; all sorts of cocks and hens that one could admire for beauty of plumage, shape, and graceful appearance; sleighs and light waggons of various shapes and sizes, and some fine trotting horses; with a hundred other most useful and ornamental nice things, not forgetting *black apples.* A small lake beautifies this ground, with some pretty boats to show off the ladies, who enjoyed the scene from the water.

All this to be seen where a wild forest grew thirty years ago speaks well for the progress of civilization in Canada. The shops in the town are numerous, and much better than any in Washington. The Tecumseh Hotel is full to-day,—so called after the old Indian chief who fought so bravely, and fell gallantly fighting on our side against the Americans in the revolutionary war, near this place where General Scott, my Washington friend, had then a command as brigadier.

I next visited Niagara, and had my old room at the Clifton House—found it the same nice, comfortable hotel, after an absence of eighteen years; my bedroom opened out on a verandah, 300 *yards* long, and right in front is the great Horseshoe Fall, uttering its deep, deafening roar of endless melody, and shooting over its precipice, 154 feet high and 2,000 wide, *one hundred million tons* of water every hour. The verandah forms two sides, one looking on the Horseshoe Fall, about a mile distant (but looks close at hand), the other side faces the American fall, 163 feet in perpendicular height and 660 feet wide—the smaller fall between Luna and Goat Island is 240 feet wide. Now draw an armchair, and be seated in the angle of this fine look out, and you have all the falls before your eye. The doors and windows of the hotel for ever quiver and shake from the vibration of the thunder of the fall, the

roar of the cataract is ever in your ears, and lulls one to sleep after a long day of exercise and excitement; there below you see the ferry-boat dancing on the boiling deep, taking the tourists to and fro; it reminds me of long years past, when I came late back at night from Buffalo, found the ferry-boat drawn up on the slips, and nobody at hand, launched the boat with the aid of two young officers of my regiment, and rowed them safely over, after dancing about in the whirl of the deep longer than a more experienced boatman would figure in such a quadrille,—but it was night; the next morning the boatmen would be saying how the fairies had carried off their bark! There is Goat or Iris Island feathered to the water's edge with green, shady trees; it contains seventy acres.

The Terrapin Tower occupies a very singular and fearful position, a few scattered masses of rock lie on the very brink of the great fall, seeming as if unable to maintain their position against the tremendous rush of water; upon these rocks the tower is built, and will be surely swept away some day. Many accidents have happened, many lives been lost, and many more there will be. As I passed along to-day to the Table Rock, which has nearly all fallen into the abyss, I saw a notice on the brink of an awful perpendicular fall:—

"This is the spot where
Miss Margaret R. Rugg
lost her life by falling over the
precipice, while plucking a flower.
August 24, 1844."

Another melancholy accident is recorded here. The family of Mr. Deforest, of Buffalo, visited the Falls 21st June, 1849, along with a young man named Charles Addington; they were about leaving, when Mr. A. playfully seized little Annette (the daughter of Mr. D.) in his arms, and held her over the edge of the bank, exclaiming, "I am going to throw you over!" The poor child sprung in fear from his grasp, and fell into the rushing stream; with a loud cry of horror the young man rushed in to save her, when they both went over

the falls. The same evening the mangled remains of the child were found in the Cave of the Winds, and the young man's body some days after. I wonder more accidents don't happen, for there is no parapet from Clifton House along to the great falls, and at every point it is frightful to look over the mighty precipice on to the jagged rocks below. It made my head giddy, yet there is somehow an unaccountable prompting desire to run into every corner of danger; an attractive influence comes over one's mind that is almost irresistible, and you are impelled forward to the very spot where most danger awaits you: the power and majesty of the Almighty are, perhaps, more awfully exhibited and more fully realised in this stupendous waterfall than in any other scene on earth. It is eleven o'clock at night; I look out, and see one huge, white, cloudy extent of 100 millions of tons of water

"Pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
Tossing and crossing,
Flowing and growing,
Running and stunning,
Hurrying and scurrying,
Glittering and flittering,
Foaming and roaming,
Heaving and cleaving,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
And deafening the ear
With its sound."

Up with the larks, and looking out on that cascade which roused me out of my dreams very often during the night. I asked the ferryman's daughter if the roaring waters kept her awake. "No," she said; "on the contrary, when I go from home, I seldom sleep well." A hot day; thermometer in shade 70, and a strong breeze, which lifts the steam-like spray, and scatters it like drizzling rain, watering the roads

and gardens at a quarter-mile distance. The great majesty of the scene is not to be described by pen. From where I now stand, in front of and under the great fall, the sun has just struck across the point of the *Shoe*, and turned that part of the torrent into a bright emerald, while both sides are flanked by the white, foaming, endless descent of this powerful element.

Crossed in the boat to the American side. The river is here upwards of fifty fathoms deep,—290 stairs, if you are very active and fond of climbing, will take you up to the top; if not, step into the rail car, and go up for five cents. I can't go along with you in this easy chair; I must count the steps, and get alongside of the American fall to get a wetting. I got within three yards of it, where it fell perpendicularly with such a terrific roar,—it was charming damp music. On to the top, shake the drizzle off your clothes, and sit down by the very edge of the flowing torrent: you may wash your hands in it from the very leap-over.

See how this rocky point is worn smooth by the foot of man, and that bush hanging over has been grasped by many a nervous hand holding a death grip, while the dizzy head must have a peep into the frightful abyss of terrific splendours. Now look out, and behold this broad sheet of rolling foaming waters coming down the slope as if shooting from the skies, for you see nothing beyond: it comes in majesty and terror as if in exultation for the terrific leap. Doctor Hungerford lost his life here by the falling of a portion of the rock on which he was standing!

Walk up now to the bridge leading to Goats Island, stand on the centre of it, look and wonder,—the noble river here undulating and foaming with impatience in wayward billows and breakers gushing forward into the thundering flood below, the great power of this broad surface of 660 feet of mad waters gathering strength as they go headlong forward seems as if it would sweep away our frail standing and hurl us over the dread precipice. The fall in the rapids, a mile above this point, is sixty feet, and the tumultuous madness of the waters to find their level baffles all description. No one can describe

Niagara—no one can paint the scene. The Suspension Bridge is a wonderful work of art. There are three fine hotels on this American side. The "Cataract House," the finest and best, standing close upon the falls, the long verandah hanging almost over the rapids, and commanding one of the most singularly grand views in the New World; there is a very large ball-room, a beautiful drawing-room most elegantly furnished adjoining, a grand piano, and six pier-glasses from carpet to ceiling. One may recline there on a damask couch, and enjoy from the windows a scene which people have come to see from the uttermost parts of the earth! The charge here is the usual one at all hotels, two and a half dollars a day. A nice bedroom, breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, no extras, no servants to pay—the use of the public rooms into the bargain!

Danced across in the ferry-boat to the Canada side. Went to the top of Biddel's look-out—150 stairs, six platforms to rest as you go up, and view the majesty of the Grand Fall, over and into its boiling mighty and sublime deep; took views from every point: and, lastly, being a very hot day for 26th September, I had a bathe within twenty yards of the great leap. It was fearful to see the rush of a hundred millions of tons of water passing by with such rapidity, but I was all safe behind a detatched rock, and yet so near the awful scene. Part of my dress was blown into the stream, and went over the falls, which was rather inconvenient! A last look into the seething abyss, with its deafening roar of endless melody. I lay flat upon the flank of the grand *saut*, head projecting over, looking down into the boiling pit. Oh, but it was a dread scene of terror. I put forward my hand, and let it be washed in the hissing torrent, crawled backwards to get clear, and left Niagara.

Flow on for ever in thy glorious robe of terror and of beauty! What are all the notes that ever rung from war's vain trumpet by thy thundering side: what is all the riot man makes in his short life to thy unceasing roar?

On a former occasion, when a little more wild for adventure, I performed the feat of passing under the great Horseshoe Fall. You change your dress in a little house for a suit of

oil-cloth, and go along with the guide—the spray dashing in your face—until you slide in behind this curtain of the world's wonder: there is a narrow ledge of rock running along to the middle of the Fall, with an iron bar to hold on by; you crawl along to the end of this dark and dismal recess, halt, endeavour to open your eyes on the brink of fifty fathoms, the back spray dashing in your face: to speak is useless; you hear nothing but the everlasting roar: cautiously counter-march, and get out of this slimy promenade, and now you may whistle with joy :—

"I'll gang na mair to yon toon."

Your name is recorded in the book; you get your certificate from the keeper, pay your money, write to your friends, and say as I did, I can't describe this place.

Go and see Niagara. The suspension bridge spans the river, two miles below the Falls. A noble and stupendous structure, forming the communication between Canada and the United States.

We enjoyed a whole year's visit, near to Montreal, with our little *Indian interpreter*, who has now herself a son in H.M.S.—a very fine-looking, dashing young fellow, in for everything where there is a chance of a *scrimmage*. He volunteered for China, and won his medal at the capture of Pekin.

I never liked cold weather. We had a wall of snow round our house sixteen feet high, with a tunnel cut through it, and although the houses are generally far more comfortable inside in winter than any in England, the cold outside, particularly in an east wind, is too much for humanity. Everything is frozen as hard as a stone; the fish are cut with a saw. Artillery practice on the rapid St. Lawrence. Nothing to be seen in the country but chimney-tops and pine-trees—the merry sleigh bells always chiming, picnic parties by day and balls at night, plenty of frolic and fun for those who like it. The skating rink always crowded with charming girls, perfect in this science, really dancing quadrilles to the music of a regimental band. And so the winter passes.

I was now bound for home. The choice was between two steamers, down the lakes to see the Thousand Islands which

I saw before; or roll away on the rail, and get home a day sooner. The Grand Trunk Railway carried me off, equinox overtook us, the two steamers were wrecked, and the train was most providentially saved from a similar fate,—wind and rain terrific, sleepers washed away, and all the foundation. Some kind person living near saw the break-up, and saw what the terrible consequence of dashing into this gulf would come to. He got a light, and walked up the rail two miles to meet and stop the train. 'Twas done at the proper time; we pulled up on the brink of the chasm, and when daylight came the passengers walked on to the next station, and had a car sent back for the luggage; here we had breakfast, and after four hours' delay travelled on in fresh cars at increased speed to make up time. Home to dinner at six, all well and joyful, and all's well that ends well.

During my little tour I met nought but civility, kindness, and attention from Brother Jonathan. I never heard any high-class people say an offensive word against England. It is true that many do foolishly brag overmuch, and talk about "*whipping* the *Britishers*," &c., and it is too true that in old times the British army was always unsuccessful in America. The fact of Burgoyne, in 1777, surrendering at Saratoga; and Lord Cornwallis surrendering his army on October 19th, 1781, to General Washington, whose name is held in reverence, are circumstances kept up fresh in the memory of generations, and it would be the same with ourselves; but the great tragedy is being now played on their own broad stage. They are whipping themselves, and few sympathize with them, or are willing to interfere in their quarrels. I regret all this unholy suicidal war myself, and would fain hope it may soon be amicably arranged; it may probably end in a division of territory or a change of government, but the contending parties are desperate and uncompromising enemies just now.

Providence has hitherto smiled on this great country; when one looks back to see what has been done by perseverance and industry in two hundred years, it is quite wonderful. Look at the towns, and villages, and cities scattered over the country, the hills and valleys covered with cattle, fruit

trees, gardens, orchards, and abundant harvests of all sorts of the best; look at the immense steamboats ploughing the grandest rivers in the world, canals bearing along the treasures of the earth, thousands of miles of railway conveying millions of people trading through the land. See New York City itself peopled by some 400,000 inhabitants, its beautiful streets squares, churches, public buildings, and elegant houses; hotels not to be equalled in the world; shops containing merchandise from China, Java, Hindostan, Arabia, and all parts of the world. Harbours all crowded with ships and steamers coming and going like bees on a sunny day. Sail up the Hudson. Visit Troy, Albany, Buffalo, Lakes Erie, Superior, and Huron, the Ohio, and a thousand prosperous and thriving towns that beautify the land where wild forests and jungle grew fifty years ago. The rapid increase of wealth, the progress of refinement, and the multiplication of inhabitants must strike any traveller on his way through this most interesting *world*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Route once more.—Valetta.—A Birds-eye View.—Sleima.—The Knights of Malta.—Productions of Malta.—Wholesale Poisoning.—Colonel McIvor.—Pic-nicking.—Scenery.—Confession.—Amusements.—Marsa Sirocco.—Bishop Tomlinson.—Dreamland.

ON my return to England, I made a *charge* at that station of hope and disappointment where I took out so many tickets for foreign service, having heard that an old "cotem." had got a lucrative appointment abroad for five years (which was subsequently renewed for five years more in England), I thought I might lawfully put in my claim for any *little thing* that was going. Perhaps I was not qualified; if I was not, I knew that my lucky friend above was not an hour farther advanced in military education, and with less service! I went boldly forward, but just under the clock that regulates the London garrison, I thought I observed the shadow of the old Prophet's hand writing on the wall—"*You'll get nothing.*" I went in, I got nothing—made my salaam and retired. "Well, what have you got?" said my wife, as I returned home.—"I have got the *route.*" "Where to?"—"Malta; are you ready to march?" "Yes, to-morrow." I struck my tent, and on the morrow we were crossing the Channel in a gale of wind.

It was on the 28th October, 1862, as cold and cheerless a day as could well be imagined, that I left England in order to spend the summer months in a more congenial clime. I had just experienced the biting power of a Canadian winter, and fully remembered the sufferings that it had been necessary to endure in the Crimea. Under such circumstances, the prospect of a change to the sunny south was truly welcome to us all, and in the highest spirits we started for Paris. Having passed a week in the capital of La Belle France, perhaps the most seductive to pleasure-seekers of all the cities in Europe, we proceeded by quaint old Dijon and beau-

tiful Lyons to Marseilles, where we embarked in one of the vessels of the Messageries Imperiales for Malta. On the 3rd of December we found ourselves at anchor in one of the numerous harbours which surround Valetta. The sun was bright and cheery, boats in waiting, a representative from every hotel already on board, card in hand. "Imperial, sir;" "Morrell's, sir, best in Strada Firni;" "Maltese Cross;" "Dunford's Strada Reale," and many others. "Imperial," I said, and our trunks were into a boat in a jiffey. When last in Malta, it was a continual worry about boat-hire, imposition at every corner, but now there is a tariff, and police-regulations, which are very much required, for the different parts of the town are so connected by water, the ferry-boats are ever on the deep.

We had left Sicily, the garden of Europe, as it was in the days of Homer, three thousand years gone by, and the granary of Rome, called so from its fertility; an island 200 miles from east to west, and 120 from north to south. It was contended for and possessed by many nations; *Sicilii* were its first inhabitants, then Greeks, Carthagenians, and Romans, then the Vandals, Goths, and Saracens; finally the Normans possessed it. In modern times it had been in the hands of all the dominant states of Europe: Germany, France, and Spain had their turn of it, and its last and, perhaps, worst masters were the Bourbon kings. But here we are in Malta, at ten o'clock a.m., with a most excellent English breakfast on the table, with the addition of oranges, fresh dates, radishes, and pomegranates; these, with tea, coffee, cold meats, ham, chops, beefsteaks, shrimps, fresh eggs, and cold fowls, form the standing morning meal at the "Hotel Imperial," Strada St. Lucia, by Ellul, the liberal landlord. The Maltese honey has fine flavour, and is always numbered with the above, with nice bread and butter. So much for the beginning of a short campaign to put over a few winter months of our shady side of nature.

Out for a walk after breakfast. The first thing which attracts the eye of a stranger landing from a Southampton steamer, are the oranges growing along the street, ripe and ready for the table; they look so bonny and summerlike in

December. Under the trees, at that café, people are sitting, quite cozy, taking their iced lemonade, while the oranges are drooping gracefully overhead.

The town (Valetta) is laid out like a chess-board, but not so level; it is all up hill and down again—some streets altogether stone stairs—yet the mules walk up and down them with their load of wine-barrels with ease and safety. The houses are all high and handsome, almost every window having its pretty balcony with glass or Venetian openings to the street. Here the people sit in summer evenings, or on the housetops, to enjoy the fresh sea-breezes, for all the houses have flat roofs.

You may fancy yourself in some large garrison town in England, only that no garrison town at home contains so many troops as Valetta, the capital town of Malta. There are at present (1862) in the island 6,500 armed men, with twenty-two miles of fortifications, commanded by one thousand effective guns of large calibre, some of them Armstrong's 100-pounders.

I called upon the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the troops on the island, an officer ten years my junior in the service, and one who never had the luck to see any service in our battle-fields. Long and distinguished service is sometimes acknowledged by a *good service* pension of one hundred pounds per annum, which is cut off when one gets a regiment. Court favour, political interest, or Horse-Guards' influence too often carries the day against foreign service, bloody baptisms in the field of battle, and broken bones.

I have met a great many old Crimean friends here; we dined on Christmas Day with one of them, Dr. Hume, Inspector-General. We passed a cold Christmas once on the snow heights before Sebastopol, when the chances were against our ever seeing another at home or abroad, although I never distrusted that kind Providence which led me through dangers and difficulties that appeared at the time insurmountable.

I wake up and think myself in London at times, seeing the police marching past rank entire to their respective stations, dressed exactly as they are at home. Here are public guard-mounting and trooping of colours, bands playing in different

places for the amusement of the public, inspection of regiments on the drill-ground outside the town, artillery practice of shot and shell from the batteries at targets moored out at sea, the garrison marching into the country for the day, to cook their dinners in camp-fashion, headed by three general-officers—see what ladies are in the train, and other invited guests, to enjoy the officers' lunch and their good company and a bright sun and a blue sky in December.

Dearest —— you asked me to tell you all about Malta, and give you some idea of its general appearance. I have no fine words to explain anything that I have as yet seen; come up with me on to the top of the house, and I will point out what I do know. The house is high, and there is a tower higher up, and a little flagstaff-tower higher still, and there we will take our stand. There, now, you front the broad, blue sea; all those white specks, like nautilus-shells, are fishing-boats, the white fish are soft and without flavour, the red mullet is good, but one tires of it every day; the Grand Master is a good little fish, and so is the sardine, but the cooks never clean the fish inside, they are dressed like woodcock. The red mullet is called here the woodcock of the sea.

The day is clear, and you may see Sicily in the distance, if you will sweep the horizon with my glass, and there is Etna, too, topped with snow. Now look down to your right, and see how well the entrance to the Grand Harbour is protected by Fort Elmo, bristling with great guns on this side, and Fort Ricasoli on the opposite, distance about a quarter of a mile. The former is occupied solely by artillerymen, a regiment of infantry is stationed in the latter. As you sail up the great harbour, to the left is the Creek Renella, then the Naval Hospital, that fine-looking building, standing out on the Point, next is the English port, then comes the Dockyard Creek and the fine dockyard; between this dock and the next, or French port, the town of Senglea runs out like a tongue, and right through the centre is the beautiful Strada della Vittoria (which you cannot see from this point), but it is the most elegant and picturesque street I ever saw. The houses are large and fine, every window has its own pretty balcony; the street is long and undu-

lating, and where it dips most the steps on the side-paths are low, easy, and regular—it is a picture of an Eastern street in a sunny climate. The next is the Coradino Creek, and all those creeks are fine deep harbours. Our ships of war lie in the Great Harbour: look at the *Marlborough* and the *St. George*, those great leviathans of the deep with the glorious old flag of England floating in the breeze, it makes one at home to look at them. That large building on the high ground is Verdala, a fine barracks where the 22nd Regiment is stationed, commanded by Colonel Anderson, an old acquaintance of mine, whom I left, many years ago, a lieutenant, a thousand miles up the country, in Western Canada. I had lost sight of him, but he found me out here, and had me to dine at his mess; his regiment is looked on as the pattern corps in the garrison, but the regiments are all good and in excellent order.

You consider yourself moving on a pivot. You cast your eye over the country now; hardly anything visible but grey stone walls, terraced, one above another; bunches of green, and cassals, or villages; but behind those stone walls there are rich and verdant crops, the first being long, thick grass, or green forage, which is pulled up by the roots and brought into the town for the horses. The cactus is cultivated, too, for the cattle, but hardly a tree is to be seen to decorate the dull, grey, arid hills. Yet there are orange groves, laden with millions of oranges of different kinds—the mandarin, the egg, and blood orange — all good; but the walls are so high about these gardens you don't see anything until you get inside. In the distance you may see the cassals of Zeitun, Zablan, Burmola, Luca, Zurrico, Krendi, Zebbug, Birchicara, Citta Vecchio, and Musta. Citta Vecchio stands on high ground, an old fortified town, and once the capital of Malta, and about seven miles from Valetta. It is said that there is an underground passage all the way between the two *cities*. The names of the villages are Arabic, and the *lingo* of the Maltese is a compound of Arabic and Italian.

You can see the dome of the church of Musta, a new building, erected by free labour. It is, indeed, a noble building.

They say the dome is as great as St. Peter's—ten times too large, I would say, for Cassal Musta, and quite unembellished; but these Roman priests do get wonderful things done to uphold their religious rights. Away to the west lie the islands of Comino and Gozo, which you cannot see; the latter is famous for the manufacture, or the working, of Maltese lace, so much prized everywhere.

We now come to Sleima, a distinct town or locality, divided from Valetta by the Marsamuscetto harbour. The entrance is guarded by Fort Tigne, and other batteries. Inside, you see Fort Manuel, an island of guns and batteries. Those black dots you see moving about are a regiment of rifles, at parade in their barrack-square. Next you see the Lazaretto Cove, the Misida Cove, and Pieta Cove, all fine harbours, where many steamers lie at anchor.

That *long gun* on the highest ground at Sleima, is the great telescope of Mr. Lassell, the astronomer. He brought it out from England for obtaining a better and clearer observation of the heavenly bodies, and has not been disappointed. He resides with his charming family, in that nice house close upon the sea. You know they are old acquaintances of ours, and kind, hospitable friends. We met the Prince and Princess L——, and the Dowager Princess, at dinner there the other day. His Serene Highness is a Captain in our Navy, and commands the *Magicienne* war steamer.

That fine, large house, resembling an Indian bungalow, is the residence of Colonel McIvor and his large family. He is the great Liverpool steamboat proprietor, and is very wealthy, very hospitable, and lives in great comfort.

We are now round on the pivot, so you may look down upon the town. That palace is the residence of the Governor. It once belonged to the Grand Masters of the Knights of Malta, and *there* lived the noble and celebrated Lavalette (from whence the name of Valetta), who built this city. But the history of the gallant Knights of Malta is written in marble, and will never be obliterated. Their deeds were daring, noble, and disinterested; they fought for the Cross against all Infidels, sustained sieges, and suffered dreadfully from famine and

the sword at various times. The defence of Malta by the Grand Master Lavalette, against the Turks, in 1655, was the most wonderful and gallant deed of arms ever heard of. 260 knights, with more than 7,000 soldiers and inhabitants, fell victims to the Christian cause, and 25,000 Infidels were slain.

In 1530, Charles V. established the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, as perpetual sovereigns of the islands of Malta and Goza.

The Knights of Malta were first Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, then a military body, armed and always at war with the Infidels; never ceasing to protect the Christian flag of *every* nation. Gerard, the original founder of the order, formed an association of a few charitable persons at Jerusalem, to relieve the sick, and took the three vows of chastity, obedience, and poverty. So began the extraordinary career of those people.

Buonaparte took Malta by treachery in 1798, but it surrendered to England in the next year, after a frightful blockade and loss of life from starvation. Butter sold at 20s. the pound, sugar 40s. ditto, coffee 48s. ditto, a fowl 43s., a pigeon 10s., and rats 1s. a-piece. The mules and donkeys were all eaten. 2,468 inhabitants and 555 soldiers died. It has belonged to England ever since; and situated as it is, on a rock in the middle of the Mediterranean, nature seems to have wished to make it impregnable, and we intend to keep it so.

Now look down on the church of St. John's. You see there is nothing in its outward appearance to notice, but those two antique square belfrey towers, with their clanking bells, which are often a nuisance. They begin *work* at four o'clock in the morning, and with the aid of all the other churches, there never was such a hammering of bell-metal as we have continually here. See what a multitude of priests flock about the streets; they are as thick as crows in a corn-field. The people ought to be very good, with two thousand clerical gentlemen to receive their confessions and look after their moral character. Yet two men were hanged the other day for murder and robbery; but they have an easy way through the dark

valley of death if *they can* believe what *we see* cut in hard stone over the church doors, in Latin, viz.: "A full indulgence daily for the living and the dead." For this they must pay in cash, and cheap enough at any price! That is the English church, with the tall spire. Through many difficulties and opposition, the late Queen Adelaide carried her point, and had it built, taking upon herself the greatest amount of the cost for its completion and endowment.

There is a very pretty little Scotch kirk, and a manse adjoining it, where we have the advantage of hearing the gospel preached and expounded.

Now cast your eyes over the town, and you may see some of the fine old palaces of the Knights, which make our houses at home look small indeed. They are now occupied as barracks and officers' quarters, commissariat, Admiral's house; but they are still noble buildings, particularly that one in which the Governor resides. The galleries look into two large open courts below, where evergreen eastern plants flourish. The floor of the long gallery is decorated with the arms of the Knights, in brilliant mosaic-coloured marbles, each Knight, in his original armour, standing on a pedestal at the side. I don't mean to say that the old, gallant gentlemen are there, or their bones, but the identical armour in which they fought many a battle, all have been preserved. That of Lavalette is distinguished from all the rest, being most elaborately worked, and entirely inlaid with gold. There is a fine armoury, too, in the neatest order, and very many specimens of the arms, &c., used in those days. One of the courts below is called Prince Alfred's Court, in honour of his first visit here, and there is a *chambre à coucher*, handsomely fitted, where the Prince of Wales slept, with his plume over the door.

At the head of Strada Reale, you pass under an archway and over a drawbridge leading into Floriana, into more fortifications on the land side, and into a separate town. You see here, and in many places, a large dry space of ground with very large round stones like millstones, arranged along with great regularity, and all numbered. These stones cover the pits of the granaries where the corn is stowed away; when

the pit is filled, the stone is laid on the mouth, and cemented all round to keep it dry. And now we will go down and visit the interior of the celebrated church of St. John. Here is a noble and wonderful work of man's ingenuity—a whole floor 144 feet by 60 feet, covered by upwards of 300 sepulchral monuments of the most elegant, gorgeous mosaic work in variegated marbles, jasper, and lapis lazuli, representing the arms, crests, coronets, and armorial bearings of the knights; not two of them alike, and each marked by an epitaph in Latin; they all have their dates, here are some of 1608, some earlier, and many in the sixteenth century. There are twelve recess chapels, 34 feet by 18 feet, intersected by arched passages from one to the other, and from ten to fourteen of the same beautiful sepulchral monuments laid in each floor. There are some fine specimens of marble monuments fixed in the walls.

There is an excellent library and news-room in Piazza St. Gorgio, opposite the palace, where there is public guard mounting and trooping of colours on Mondays and Thursdays. There is also an excellent club in Strada Reale; the members give private balls occasionally in the very best style. I don't know that I ever saw anything better done; their rooms are very large and lofty, and the music of course selected from the best bands in the garrison. Then the brilliant display of scarlet, gold, and embroidery in the dress of the officers of all ranks is more gay than anything one can see in England, because of the multitude of red coats. The Maltese ladies don't mix in these crowds, nor would they understand exactly what to do if they did, beyond sitting as wall-flowers. Their dress is always the same—black silk.

The produce of this stony island seems wonderful in most things but corn; here in the middle of January the grass is three feet high, and brought in by loads for the cattle, not cut, but pulled up by the roots to make room for the next crop; the vegetables are varied and abundant. There is a beautiful market house, well stocked in every respect.

There are eight pumps to supply water, well aired and lighted, and cellars underneath. The ramparts round the town are all

white just now, *not* with snow like Quebec, but with modest daisies such as we welcome at home in the merry month of May; and you may pick a handful of the sweet poly-Narcissus, with ten or twelve double flowers on a stalk. Beautiful bouquets are sold in the streets just now of red and white roses, heliotrope, wallflower, stock gilliflower, and mignonette.

The class of horses in use are small barbs, very smart and well conditioned, and well cared for. There are mules very large and good, and much in use, as well as donkeys large and small, very useful creatures, and better used than any of their kind I ever saw. I asked the price of one the other day, the largest and finest I ever saw—150 dollars.

Several invitations for balls and evening parties and at-homes. Dinner parties don't seem to be in fashion here, except at regimental messes. The Maltese gentlemen don't mix with the English; their habits and manners are quite distinct; they dress well, and live upon oil and maccaroni.

On Sunday, 18th January, we had our breakfast as usual, and went to church. I felt very unwell before the service was concluded, but managed to remain. I found my wife also suffering. I now concluded that it was cholera, and sent for Staff-Surgeon Mathew. He fortunately happened to be at home, and said at once, when he came in, "Oh, I see it all; you are poisoned!" and without any questions hurried off to the general hospital for an antidote or some medicine, which we took at once, but both got worse. The doctor went away again to the hospital for other medicine, and all this continued until night, when I got somewhat better, and able to be useful; and by God's blessing we both were tolerably well by the next day, and then discovered that all the hotel people, servants, &c., were attacked in the same way and *hors de combat*. Only one of the waiters has escaped, and he was kept very busy attending to the very many wants of eighteen ladies and gentlemen, all of whom were poisoned. Mrs. Spence, the wife of Mr. Spence, the sculptor in Rome, who had just arrived with her husband and little boy, were all extremely ill; and the invalids here for health were thrown back and prostrated.

However, thank God, nobody died at our hotel. The master of the house himself was so very ill he sent for the priest, to confess and receive the rites of his church. Next day, when I asked how he was, and the cause of all this disaster, he said, "I die yes'day, an all my chiles, same as you. Goats eat poison plants, and milk kill us all—that's it!" And upon strict inquiry it was so. Some fellow came in from the country with his goats, which had eaten this poison plant, sold some of the milk at the hotel, which was mixed with what was in the house, and so poisoned it all; it was just fortunate that nobody drank of the milk, or death would have followed.

I reported the whole affair through the Secretary to Government, and it is to be hoped that no poisoning case will require to be represented a *third* time, as a similar case occurred once before. It is now ten days past but many people still feel the effects, abhor goats and have rejected milk in any shape.

After being poisoned at the "Imperial Hotel," we took up our quarters at Sleima, a short distance by boat, but several miles round by the road, from Valetta. We secured very handsome apartments, and were provided with breakfast, dinner, and tea, fire, attendance, for fourteen shillings a day for two persons—everything good and abundant. Our nearest and most excellent neighbours were Colonel McIvor and Mr. Lassell, both with charming families, and extremely kind and hospitable. Colonel McIvor resides there every winter with all his family; he keeps open house for all his friends, and gives them a grand pic-nic every Saturday during *the winter*, after which all assemble at the house of Mr. Lassell for tea, supper, and a quadrille, finishing off with a jolly good "Pop goes the Weasel" country dance; then all to their respective quarters—quick march. The pic-nic parties were most agreeable—a blue sky and a bright sun, the champagne cooling in a crystal stream, and the ladies sheltering under an orange-tree or a bower of roses. The providore, or chief butler, or, as I called him, the commissary-general, got his orders the previous day, and his line of march, started early with his cart, and had a sumptuous dinner all ready when we arrived. Our host provided everything—horses, carriages, &c.—and in

this agreeable way we visited, from time to time, every part of the island; then our friend the great astronomer, Mr. Lassell, would indulge us with a peep through his most wonderful telescope, which brought the moon so close that we could see her only as a shattered, desolate, dislocated world, without water, air, or life, and the tire which we thought as round as a dollar, as ragged and as rugged as any rocky coast along our seashores. It is a most wonderful piece of mechanism, and all constructed by himself.

The houses in Valetta and in all the towns around the different harbours connected with it are built of solid and most substantial masonry, all of white stone, well cut and formed into square blocks; the stone is found everywhere on the island and is prepared with the *axe*—the regular carving tool of the stonemason. They are now building a very handsome opera-house; the foundation is of hard, white stone, but all above is the soft, polished-like, usual colour that looks so well and lasts so long, does not tarnish with coal-smoke because there is none to change its colour. The people are very frugal of fire, although it is cold in winter nights. They frequently cook out of doors in the back streets, and go to roost early. We had no fires in Valetta, and not until the 28th of January, at our new quarters at Sleima, but then our rooms were very large and we were close to the sea.

What a very duck of a place this is for boating, rowing, or sailing. I long for hot weather to be *under* water, but the doctors all say, "don't attempt to bathe before June, or you are sure of fever." Where shall I be in June? Not in Malta, waiting a sea-bath. *Nous verrons.*

Brought up the last day of January at a pic-nic given by the McIvors. We left in four open carriages and four saddle horses, a little party of twenty, and halted at the old capital of the island, Citta Vecchio, to visit the church there, a very beautiful one inside, and having a commanding and reverent appearance from all sides. The high altar is composed of the most beautiful of all the splendid marbles I ever beheld, mixed with lapis lazuli. The variety throughout the church cannot be equalled, the carving and gilding is very fine, the

paintings numerous but of no great value so far as I could judge. There are several of those mosaic monuments in the floor, same as in St. John's, Valetta. On the ceiling above the altar, in a dome, is a large painting representing the shipwreck of St. Paul on the island. It is a quiet, deserted-looking city, once a very strong fortress but now of little use in that respect; the ditch round the fort is wide and deep, and it might yet be made, if necessary, a place of very great defence. One is beset with beggars in all parts of the island, the most importunate I ever met; they do look wretchedly poor, but I believe they are professional gentry, as I never see them ask an alms from any of their own people.

After paying everybody for nothing—for all are beggars here—we drove on to the Grotto of Boschetto, where we found a most excellent dinner all ready with lots of *good* wine, beer, and brandy, champagne, and London porter. I think one's appetite is always doubled at a pic-nic; I know that mine is. If there was anything wanting it was a rise in the thermometer. Our table was stone, our seats stone benches; we sat in the shade; just beside us the coolest and clearest of water flowed out of a rock into a large natural cistern, where gold and silver fishes were contending for dry peas cast in by the little boys; in our front an orange-grove, with heaps of oranges, lying under the trees, yet one is surprised that anything grows here; look up hill and you see nothing but grey stone walls terraced one above another; look down hill and every hole and corner is green with cultivation. The copper-coloured gravelly soil will yield anything; it is a wonderfully productive little island of eighteen miles by ten. We drove over those ten miles to-day and looked down the craggy deep cliffs and over the blue sea. Amongst the variety of wild flowers, oxilis, thou bonny, sweet, bright, yellow, tiny plant, they call a weed, I love you best. The Palace of Verdala, a summer residence, No. 2, for the Governor, stands high above the valley of Boschetto. It would be difficult to plant your foot upon twelve inches square of ground without a stone all round this palace-ground. I have yet to learn the derivation of *Malt*, Malta, or Melita but I would fancy that Stony Island

must approach it as near as anything. The pic-nic party all met at six o'clock p.m. at Mrs. Lassell's for a high tea and a dance, which went off very merrily, and we filed off to our respective quarters soon after nine. A high tea means a big roast turkey and a ham, with side dishes, jellies, tarts, dessert, wine and beer, with all the tea apparatus at one end of the table superintended and presided over by one of the young ladies L——. After this repast we danced *all down* to the tune of "Pop goes the weasel," and then popped home. Early up and early down in Malta. One of the young ladies of the party exists in a most wonderful manner; she never eats either breakfast, lunch, dinner, or tea; she was in the habit of eating some shell-fish, but this too she has given up and now only takes some trifling refreshment before going to bed at night, and yet she looks very bonnie, very well and healthy, rides well, is an excellent whip, and takes plenty of exercise. She says that she feels no inclination to eat. Her age is sixteen.

February 1*st.* — A charming day. Went to church in Valetta. There is no place of worship nearer to us. As the weather is always fine, and the ferry beside our door, the boats good, safe, and numerous, it is a simple matter making the crossing; the tariff being only threepence for a boat, and they being always at hand. After divine service we went *our rounds*, *i.e.*, we visited most of the guard-houses, and left some of the best tracts and Spurgeon's excellent sermons amongst the soldiers, who are always ready to grasp them.

Walked into a *Roman* church to look about and rest a little; there were but three persons present; an old lady, her daughter, we supposed, and a bonny little girl about eleven years, with her curls hanging over her back. This poor child was at confession to a dirty old priest, who sat in his box, taking a pinch of snuff every now and then as the child proceeded with her little tales. A little sister came in for her, knelt beside her until she was done, when they hurried away together.

The dowager next approached his reverence! and went on her marrow-bones. When she was done, he came out of his shell, went to the altar, and on his knees (I suppose) asked a pardon for the lady, who was not guiltless at this tribunal if

one might judge from the motion of his dirty fingers, while she was clearing her conscience. The other young lady, who was pretty and a nice looking person, had nothing to say, so they departed together.

Had a peep at the moon the other evening through Mr. Lassell's great telescope. Its appearance was, as I said before, that of a desolated, dislocated, shattered world, full of burned-out craters; no atmosphere, no water, and no animal life are in the moon; that is all clear enough.

2*nd*.—O, what a lovely morning! sun shining bright and warm, not a ripple on the blue deep, as I sat on the rocks enjoying the heat until it became too powerful.

We continue to like our new quarters. Large and roomy, well furnished, and so nice and airy, everything provided for us without the trouble of giving any orders, and all of the best; Mr. Jevon is a good butler, a very respectable Englishman, and a good providore. "Lady Martin at home," a ball at the Palace on 16th (fancy), and some others coming off—the club ball to-morrow. I don't intend to figure at any of them; my excuse is reasonable—I reside across the harbour. Had a drive this P.M. to see the Pembroke Barracks on St. George's Bay; a fine, healthy, elevated position on a barren rock! and for miles beyond it is all rock, flinty hard grey rock, with not so much herbage in a thousand acres as would feed a flock of goats. This is the most barren part of the island that I have seen, not a tree, or bush, or anything so large as a thistle to be found. There are watch towers along the coast to prevent smuggling; a dreary residence for humanity. In other parts of the island the almond-tree is white with blossom, the broad beans are in bloom, and vegetation makes a rapid advance. The ploughman would astonish an English farmer with the crooked stick with which he turns up the soil, literally a clumsy crooked stick guided by one hand, and a poor ox or mule lazily dragging it a few inches deep. When the work is done, the *plough* is thrown over his shoulder, and he leads his beast home!

7*th*.—The McIvors' pic-nic to-day. We mustered twenty-four of a party, five carriages, and three saddle horses; the

day bright and agreeable, and away to Marsa Sirocco on the south-west end of the island. The high roads are very good, but it is the most uninteresting drive, nothing but grey stone walls and well cultivated little fields; indeed, Malta beats the whole world for *stone walls* and *cauliflowers!* not a tree to be seen but some stunted figs and bushy locusts, the latter always green. Men were digging up their potatoes, the broad beans were in blossom, every patch of ground in cultivation. Here they grow cotton, which is manufactured for home use in the island, and exported to England: the soil and the climate will, in fact, produce anything. Eleven miles' drive brought us to the edge of perpendicular cliffs; a north-east wind sent the boiling sea in clouds of spray high over the rocks, a very terrible coast for a benighted mariner, although there is a fine lighthouse here. The level rocks below are cut and carved out in shallow divisions for salt pans: in the summer the heat absorbs the sea-water, and leaves the salt.

The providore arrives with his cart, spreads his cloth on the sheltered side of a look-out, and produces a ration dinner fit for a field-marshal and his staff, not forgetting a large bouquet for the centre table! Champagne, claret, sherry, ginger-wine, brandy, XX and pale ale, met with a welcome reception, in moderation. The broad blue sea in our front, the surge lashing up amongst the rocks, the pure breeze, and the 2 P.M. inviting repast, sharpens one's appetite most wonderfully, and people are astonished at their own knives and forks! Only one exception; the fair young lady who drove me out in her little carriage would not approach the table; her little meal before going to bed is all her subsistence for the twenty-four hours, and she looks as well and as healthy as any one.

A long ladder reached up to an entrance in the look-out tower, where a bombardier and two men were stationed belonging to the Maltese Fencibles; a dreary locality, but a lucky day when a pic-nic comes in their way, for they have a share, and five shillings for a loan of their *barrack* table. Poor fellows, their whole daily ration is 1½ lb. of coarse bread and 11*d.* pay.

There is a fine large bay here, partly divided by a tongue of land shooting out into it a good way, on which there is a fort

commanding both the entrances. Hereabouts the stock gilly-flower grows wild, and in great abundance. I went to the top of the lighthouse, from whence is a very extensive view, but all sea, terraced walls, cassals, and churches. Home at 5, high tea at the Ls. at 6, and pop goes the W. at 7, and pop home again at 9.

The Bishop died on Friday night the 6th, and was interred on the 9th February, 1863, with all the honour and respect due to his exaltation in the Church of England.

"Tomlinson, Bishop of Gibraltar, Ætat. 68."

Be on your guard. Between the table and the coffin there is but a step; between the feast and the funeral there is but a day; the very bell that rings the marriage peal ofttimes tolls the funeral knell. The old Egyptians set a corpse among the guests that all might know that they must die!

9th.—A letter from our friend Madame M——, from the Nile. She says: —— "tell the General, with our kindest regards, that often and often has been the time that we have felt thankful he did not join us in our trip to these parts; thoroughly as we should enjoy your company, we cannot but feel how selfish it would have been on our part had we persuaded you to come thus far. The climate of Cairo is certainly charming; having said this you have said everything: hotel bad, living and dirt atrocious, carriages dear, no chance of walking, and the only means of getting about is to get jolted on donkeys, which I must say are wonderful little beasts. I am sure, had you come, you would both have been wretched, as I have been ever since my stay in Cairo. To give you an idea of my state, I can only say I have often wished myself back in Malta and civilization. People may say what they like, but from what I have seen of this country, I should say it was no place for invalids; to enjoy life in these wilds one should be in rude health, etc." She goes on to say, they were going up the Nile in a boat with a crew of fourteen men, the weather cold, and the rain surprising people, for it had not rained there for years! and they purposed going across the desert on horse-back to Hebron, and on to Jerusalem.

I left England with the full intention of visiting Palestine

and the Holy City by way of Alexandria and Joppa, and I do feel dreadfully disappointed that I am not able to carry out my plans; but to carry a lady over this route, who feels reluctant and nervous to face difficulties and perhaps illness, is a task too difficult.

How often have I turned over in my mind this contemplated tour; landing at Joppa, the oldest city in the world, given to Dan in the distribution of the land by Joshua; here Jonah fled from the presence of God, and sailed for Tarshish. Joppa has a history not made up with fables, but for the most part written in blood: few towns have been so often sacked, overthrown, pillaged, burned, and rebuilt. The cedars came here from Lebanon to build Solomon's temple.* I fancy I can see on landing, fruit gardens, deep wells, apples, oranges, lemons, apricots, grapes, quince, plumbs, bananas, wild Arabs, pilgrims, camels, mules, horses, donkeys, strange rabble, noisy, quarrelsome, ragged, and filthy, much need of a Dorcas society!

Tabitha's tomb was here. I can see it all, and my dream goes on. Four hours to Ramleh,—the plain of Sharon lies before me, the territory of the Philistines, undulating villages in olive gardens. Lydda stands in the way, from whence Peter went to Joppa on account of the death of poor Dorcas. Here are Bible sights all before one; "women grinding at their own mill"—Ecclesiastes xii.; Jeremiah xxv. 10; Rev. xviii. 22; where are they all? the Scripture cannot be broken.

Rachel's tomb, too, is on the way near to Bethlehem (Gen. xxxv. 18, 19, 20, and xlviii. 7). Where is the tomb of Jerome, who translated the Bible?—the grave of Melchisedek, the typical priest?—of Joseph, the rejected of his brethren and the sold?—of Moses, the lawgiver and deliverer?—of Joshua, the captain and leader into the Land of Promise?—of David, the shepherd and king?—of John the Baptist, and forerunner?—and of Mary, the Mother, whom all nations shall call blessed. The tombs of all these have been irrecoverably concealed, and the same watchful care has hid for ever the exact spot where Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord, was crucified,

* 2 Chronicles ii. 16.

buried, and where he rose again to life, and also the place from which he ascended into heaven. Since God has concealed the realities, we have no need of these fictitious sights to confirm our faith, and I must be content with the *vision*, not the reality.

One is, I know, surrounded by witnesses in the mountains and valleys and ruins that cannot be effaced or corrupted—they are spread out before one's eyes. There was the Temple—type of the Saviour; beyond it was Sion, symbol of the Church of God; and the whole scene of our Lord's last actions—all of mercy, forbearance, benevolence, and pity; there he instituted the Supper; below is the Garden of agony and betrayal; the palace of Pilate was on the hill above it, where he was examined, scourged, buffeted, robed in mock purple, and crowned with thorns. Along that rocky way he bore his cross in agony, in faith, with fortitude, not the cross of wood (Luke xxiii. 26). The cross was laid upon the ground, the blessed Son of the Most High God was stretched upon it, His arms extended and held tight, until the wretched executioner drove the iron spikes with a hammer through the palms of His hands; a ledge supported the soles of His feet, when stretched at full length, while iron spikes were hammered through His blessed feet. Thus secured in the most inhuman torture, the cross was raised up, and jerked into a hole prepared to receive it. Then He was reviled, and mocked with gall and vinegar. "It is finished"—the work of redemption. He bowed His head, which drooped to one side, while He dismissed His spirit. His poor strained body now lay dead upon the cross, lifeless, like any other corpse, but to leave no doubt on the minds of his enemies, a soldier of the guard pierced His side with a lance. There was a guard of Roman soldiers present to keep off the crowd, the horsemen used spears or very sharp lances; in using this spear it was held in the right hand, the left held the bridle, and from the position of the horseman and the height of the cross, the deep gash was opened on the left side of the Saviour, perhaps into the heart or under the ribs—in either case such a wound would have destroyed life again, the Redeemer being naked to the loins. There was

no collusion, the desperate wound was open to the eyes of all around, and gushing out blood and water.

Now the sun refused to shine, darkness fell upon the land, the earth quaked, the rocks rent, the graves opened, the dead arose, and appeared to many. The sacred body, mangled, and torn, and bleeding, was laid in the tomb; tombs in the East are hewn out of the solid rocks, and covered with huge head-stones, and cemented air-tight; others are cut out or into great rocks or caves, and protected in the same way by rolling great stones against the entrance, until sealed up. *His tomb* was sealed, and a watch set over it, a guard of Roman soldiers, so strict in discipline nothing would induce them to swerve from their duty. All was safe, until the Angel of God came down, and rolled away the stone from the mouth of this temporary sepulchre, while the Lord of life burst the bars of death, and rose triumphant o'er the grave.

All those things happened in and about the Holy City. I wished to have been there. I never was, and never will. Those who have been tell me that the grand impressions of Jerusalem vanish when one enters the city; but still the sacred ground on which our Saviour trod must ever be interesting to the Christian.

I think it no slight disgrace upon the Christian powers of Europe to permit the Turk and Infidel to possess the Holy Land, and to spit upon and revile the Christian dog with impunity whenever they can. We may talk of the balance of power as the legitimate cause. Leave the balance of power in the hands of God, encourage the seed of Abraham to return to their own city, preach the Gospel, eject the Turks, and leave the rest in the hands of the Most High, who has given the promise to Abraham and his seed for ever. And the Scripture cannot be broken.

CHAPTER XIX.

Valentine's Day.—Festivities.—Mauvais Temps.—Maltese Pigeons.—St. Paul's.—Explorations.—The Capuchin Monastery.—Nix Mungare.—The Weather.—The Protestant College.—St. Paul's Bay.—Farewell to Malta.

FEBRUARY 10*th*, 1863.—A great festival in Malta; shops closed, holiday dress, streets illuminated, and all the world assembled to see the procession of St. Paul, in which all classes were gathered together, with the whole scenery from the churches, flags, emblems, crucifixes, lighted candles, and a clumsy, great tarnished old figure of the saint, standing on a platform, book in hand, and carried by six or eight men dressed in white. A box under poor St. Paul's feet contained a part of his *head*, which has been kept sacred and *secret* in Malta for a thousand years. The streets were lined with police, to keep off the crowd from pressing on the holy priests, who marched in open files, to slow time, making the procession as tardy as possible. Some of those holy gentlemen took snuff by the way, and did not mind to crack a little joke, *en passant*. How they do gull the people with their winking pictures, relics which cure the sick, statues which nod their heads, saints that carry their heads in their hands, and all the lying wonders of Rome. St. Paul, they say, became a *Roman Catholic* when he was shipwrecked in Malta. By their pretended signs, and wonders, and miracles, old fables, and hoary headed traditional stories and legends, they deceive the illiterate, and keep them in continual darkness. The whole affair of to-day was contemptible and insulting to any enlightened understanding, but the Maltese are the most rigid Papists I ever met, and are not likely to be converted.

February 14th.—Valentine's Day was bright and fair, and safe from war's alarms. Just seven years since the old journal made a record of broken bones and death-wounds before Sebastopol. What a peaceful contrast! Here we go for the

Saturday pic-nic across the island, four carriages and three saddle-horses, all full. Nine miles brought us up at Emtephlep, and a short rough walk down hill into an orange grove, where we found an excellent dinner being laid out on the grass, under a lemon tree, and a clear little stream cooling the wines and the malt. This is a wild, rugged, rocky, fertile valley, every spot under cultivation, the ground, as usual, terraced up from the sea-beach to the hill-tops; here are plenty of water, and water-cresses, lemons, and oranges, vines, and fig-trees, beginning to shoot, strawberries in blossom, abundance of vegetables, and good crops of barley. Nature is a frolicsome dame to create such nooks and crannies for man and beast. The cattle were housed in the caves of rocks, the natives were sunburned black, and the women toiled in the fields—a coarse and contented race of the feminine gender; the children brought wild flowers in one hand, while the other was ready for reward. I will give the Maltese credit for looking after No. 1, with great assiduity and importunity, from father to son, mother and daughter, uncle, aunt, and all relations and friends. The sun was very hot, even under the shady trees, but the champagne was cool, and the repast unexceptionable.

We met at the L——'s at 6 p.m.; No. 2 dinner or high-tea, as they call it, and had two hours' dancing, which the young ladies looked forward to as great enjoyment. The gentleman who generally plays the violin on those occasions—the resident family physician—not being up to time when the assembly sounded, was left behind to walk home ten miles; however, G. B. fortunately could play as many country-dance tunes and quadrilles as kept the party in full fling, with some Scotch reels, until all the life and metal left their heels for the rest of the Saturday night.

The 26th Regiment gave one of the most brilliant assemblies on the 12th; the ladies were particularly well dressed, the stringed band of the corps excellent, and dancing kept up with great spirit until four in the morning. Refreshments good and abundant all the evening, and a first-rate supper at twelve, with the best of wines.

16*th*.—Rev. Mr. Wiseley and his wife, Mrs. Spence, and

Staff-Surgeon Matthew dined with us. All the world went to the Palace ball in the evening, but ourselves. We declined the honour.

18*th*.—A cold, stormy, rough day for Malta; blowing a gale; the sea in such a majestic rage, lashing the ironbound coast, all around the island; a day for the fireside, to read of St. Paul's shipwreck.

19*th*.—The storm continues. Communication with Valetta cut off; boats drawn up, dark and dismal. I can fancy St. Paul saying—"And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away." There is not a more frightful coast for a shipwreck than the one I am now looking on, and nothing human could have saved Paul and his companions where they were driven ashore.

20*th*.—The storm unabated; no sun for three days; the sea is lashing the rocks with double fury, and sending the spray steeple-high—a grand sight for those ashore; but for the mariner on the trackless and boiling deep, from all danger good Lord deliver them, poor fellows!

21*st*.—Sea running very high. Boats venturing over to a new landing-place. Rough and rainy. I got over to Valetta to post my letters. Storm increases. Two steamers come in from Alexandria, to coal, and proceed to Marseilles and Southampton. Get a boat to land me at the rifle barracks, and walk home. Have a crack on the way with an old Crimean soldier of my own brigade there. Decline an invitation to the high tea-party and evening dance. Storm increases. A terrible night.

22*nd*.—Sunday. The storm continues. Sea outrageous—elements darkened by rain, and low, misty clouds totally obscuring any blink of sunshine. A sort of a cheerless November day as it is in England. We sit by the coal fire to-day, as we do at home. This is really winter in the middle of the Mediterranean, but it won't last long. Time flies, like the wind that is now bearing down on its wings the deep, sonorous tone of the cathedral bells at Valetta, to summon the blind and ignorant to church, but not to hear the gospel.

23*rd*.—It has been a night of storm and rain, and an ugly

morning, thick as *mush*. Two p.m. the sun struggles to break through a six days' obscurity—a something uncommon here, I'm told; but something uncommon is always trespassing on travellers. One might as well have been in the Highlands north of Aberdeen for the last week.

24*th*.—'Tis a calm, bright, hot summer's morning; the lizards playing on the warm stone walls; the fishermen drawing their nets; the ferry-boats again at their station; everything looking green and fresh; I have been sitting amongst the rocks, looking at the power of the mighty waters, as they lash the iron boundary, and roll up the rugged paths through dens and caverns, and grottoes of every fantastic shape and form. How old are those rocks? Here are shells deeply inlaid into them, sharks' teeth imbedded, and roots of trees petrified, all united into one stone—not only by the sea-shore, but in the highest part of the island. Gathered a bunch of wild flowers, which are coming on weekly in succession, in all their beautiful simplicity. How wonderful are the works of the Most High!

25*th*.—A charming day; what one would call perfection out of doors. Ripe lemons, the bud and the blossom on the same tree; the clover, a peculiarly rich, luxurious green crop, with a large pink blossom, is very abundant. It is called "soula." Letters from home and from Canada; everyone inquiring after our health, having seen some account of the *poison* case in the *Times*.

Stewed pigeons in Malta is a common and favourite dish; they are always in good condition, as they ought to be. I saw the produce of the crops of two of these bonny domestic birds, turned out when brought home from market.

1st pigeon.—Horse-beans (entire) 55; maize, or Indian corns, 150; wheat corns, 575; millet seeds, 52; peas, 2; barley-corns, 7; small stones, 3. Total—844.

2nd pigeon.—Horse-beans (entire) 69; maize, 117; wheat corns, 642; millet seeds, 84; pea, 1; barley-corns, 5; small stones, 10; seed (unknown), 1. Total—929. Grand total—1,773. The whole entirely undigested, and probably eaten at one meal!

Don't be over-polite to strange horses. I took up a handful of green barley to-day, and offered it to a little barb in a spring car by the wayside. He made a snap, and caught my thumb in his teeth, which has left my hand almost powerless, and the nail black with the congealed blood.

28th February.—The seventeenth birthday of Miss McI——. A champagne lunch at St. Paul's Bay, nine miles from Valetta. I earnestly desired to see this celebrated spot, where the great Apostle and champion of the gospel was permitted to suffer shipwreck, and here now before my eyes is the unmistakable place. I drove down to the extreme end of the bay, which may be about a mile and a half long, and about a mile wide at the entrance. Just opposite (the spot we selected for our repast, on the north side) is supposed to be the identical place mentioned in the Acts, xxvii. 41. Two small islands, like two links of a chain, run out from the main land, and here the two seas met; for as it was then, and is now, the breakers are continually rolling through this gap, which is very shallow. The bay on both sides is rocky, and dangerous for mariners; but there are coves or creeks, and sandy patches amongst the rocks, where a ship might be run in aground, but not likely ever to be got off, particularly in a boisterous east wind, which would stave her to pieces.

The ship of the Greek and Roman mariner was rude in build and rig; they were not steered by a single rudder, but by two paddle-rudders, one on each quarter, and were as large as from 500 to 1,000 tons, as we are informed by Josephus. Paul had 276 souls on board the ship with him. He was put on board, a prisoner, at Cesarea, bound for Italy, and to be handed over at Rome to the Emperor Cæsar. Being a merchant ship, it touched at Sidon, went up the east coast, rounding the island of Cyprus; "a ship of Adramyttium," apparently engaged in the coasting trade, and at that time, probably the end of summer, bound on her homeward voyage, her course lying along the coast of the province of Asia. It appears that she touched at Myra and Cnidus, in Pamphylia, ran down south by Cape Salmone, round Crete, came to the "fair havens" near to the city of Lasea; but this har-

bour not being very safe, the master of the ship would not venture to remain, but sailed on, hoping to make Phœnice, a good harbour on the west side of Crete. However, the north-east winds that prevailed drove the ship off her course down to the island of Clauda. Running under this island, driven by the tempestuous "Euroclydon," or what is now termed a "Levanter," "we let her drive," *i.e.* they had no more power over the vessel. All that they could do now was to lower a boat, to get the ship secured, as was the custom in those times by under girding, *i.e.* passing ropes round the ship, like a belt, for security, and to prevent as much as possible the starting of the timbers. We learn from ancient history that all navigators were supplied with undergirders for their ships, as the loss of their vessels was commonly that of foundering at sea. They must have been fearful of this, from the cargo being wheat, and likely to shift in the hold. There was a great corn trade then between Egypt and Italy, the two great ports being Alexandria and Putœoli, about seven miles north-west of Naples. St. Paul was transferred at the port of Myra, in Lycia, into a ship of Alexandria bound for Italy with corn, and it is absurd to suppose that this vessel had been driven *against* a north-east wind far away to the north up the Adriatic to an island there also called Melita, or Meleda, in the Gulf of Venice. Such a report, I believe, originated with a Benedictine monk of Ragusa, jealous of the honour of his order, having a *convent* on that small island. It was impossible, except by miracle, to reach Meleda, in the Adrian sea, from the boisterous and contrary winds. The ship had probably sprung a leak, for after leaving Clauda, they began to lighten her, the storm having increased. However, it appears they had no more power over her, and so let her drive, or run before the wind, which took her in a direct line to Malta. Kowra Point is the eastern boundary of St. Paul's Bay, pointing or sloping far out of the line of coast from Valetta, and would be the best land to make according to the direction of the ship's run here (the Cala di San Paolo) which has always been the traditionary scene of the wreck. There are always terrific breakers in stormy weather, which may be heard at a considerable distance, even

in a gale of wind. The ground here now is from ten to twenty-five fathoms, and a safe anchorage. It was very common in those times to cast anchor from the stern of ships as well as from the bows. Our own ships do it now in taking up a line of action against an enemy.

"And when neither sun nor stars appeared in many days," &c., they were in darkness and in the fear of death until the angel of the Lord came to cheer up Paul. It was a fearful night of storm and darkness. No wonder the poor fellows wished for day, if their weather was as bad as we experienced here last month for six successive days and nights, when all was storm and tempest, and rain and darkness—neither sun nor moon nor stars appearing—and the lashing of the sea billows along the coast most awful. Then, indeed, nothing could have saved Paul and his companions but the arm of the Lord.

Daylight came, they took up the anchors, hoisted the main sail and made for a creek to run in the ship. The island of Salmonetta is very nearly connected with the main land. The coast on that side of the bay is fronted with craggy precipices, with two indentations exhibiting the appearance of a creek with a sandy or pebbly shore. In here, it appeared to me, and is generally supposed to be the spot where they ran in the ship; and just here is the place "where two seas met," the sea rolling over the shallow ground between the main land and the Island Salmonetta. On this island there is a monument recording this celebrated shipwreck. Paul, whose name is greatly honoured and reverenced in this island, remained here three months; and as the case is now, ships coming from Alexandria touched at Malta, and St. Paul was sent on, winter having passed. It is but a day's sail to Syracuse in Sicily, where the ship remained three days; then they touched at Rhegium on the coast of Calabria, a distance of 182 miles from the town of Puteoli (now Pazzuoli), the Liverpool of Italy in those days, as Sicily was the granary of Rome. Paul was permitted to stay a few days at Puteoli where he met many brethren, disciples. Here was a colony of Jews; they had long been looking for a visit from the famous apostle, though

they had not expected to see him arrive thus, a prisoner in chains, scarcely saved from shipwreck. Puteoli was a celebrated city at that period, or an Italian town of the first rank. It had privileges under Vespasian, renewed under Nero, and was intimately associated both with this Emperor and with two others who preceded him in power and in crime. Paul was now marched on to Rome, taking the road or consular way to Capua. Here the road turns off north and crossing the Vulturnus he got on the Appian way, crossed the River Liris, passed over the Pompine marshes and on to Appii-forum and the Three Taverns. The road was then in a direct line by the Alban Hills into Rome. Appii-forum was a town where the mules were unfastened at the other end of the canal, full of low tavern-keepers and bargemen. This canal was formed by Augustus for the purpose of draining the marshes which continued for twenty miles by the side of the road. The Roman centurion may have taken St. Paul and the other prisoners so far in one of the barges on this canal. Here he met welcome friends. Ten miles further on he received a second welcome at the Three Taverns from a similar group of Christian brethren. With a lighter heart he travelled the next seventeen miles to Arica at the base of the Alban Hills. The great apostle, it appears, was dejected and encouraged by the same causes which act on our spirits, "When Paul saw the brethren, he thanked God and took courage." The next stage was sixteen miles. When on the summit of the next rise, Paul of Tarsus would obtain his first view of Rome; he would pass by the sepulchres of illustrious families on either hand. The tomb of Pompey was on the Appian way, and now he entered Rome by the Sacrâ Via into that space which was the centre of Imperial power and Imperial magnificence, close to the Capitoline Hill, whose name is associated in every European language with the idea of Imperial splendour. And here Julius gave up his prisoner to the Prætorian Prefect whose official duty it was to keep in custody all accused persons who were to be tried before the Emperor. He was separated from the other prisoners, and allowed by Burrus, the Prefect, to remain in "his own hired house,"

under military custody, chained by the arm day and night to one of the Imperial Body-Guard, and thus subjected to the rudeness and caprice of a common soldier; however, this was according to Roman law, but he received every indulgence in the power of the Prefect to grant. He was allowed to receive all who came to him and was permitted without hindrance to preach boldly the Kingdom of God, and teach the things of the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus was fulfilled his long cherished desire "To proclaim the gospel to them that were in Rome also."

I have been in "his own hired house," and hope soon to be there again; and have been on his track at Corinth and elsewhere, and hope to meet him in a house not made with hands. He builds too low who builds beneath the skies.

March 4th.—Called at the Royal Naval Hospital to inquire for Prince Alfred, who was ill of fever, so low 'tis said that Dr. A. found it necessary to give him a bottle of port wine per diem, and some brandy occasionally, but he is gradually recovering. Telegrams two or three times a day report to the Queen, who is very anxious about the young sailor.

This Naval Hospital is a noble building and beautifully situated, being flanked by Forts Ricassoli and St. Angelo, Valetta, across the grand harbour opposite, and commanding a broad view of the sea; the interior of the building is remarkable for comfort and convenience, there are private rooms for officers nicely furnished, and all patients are attended with the greatest care. The little prince was in the left wing kept very quiet, Major Cowell his companion. There is an ornamental garden in front.

St. John's Church looks well to-day since the red hangings have been taken down for Easter. The chapel on the right as you enter the front door, called the Altar Privilegiatum, is a most beautiful specimen of antiquity. Its old organ of 300 years back, carved and gilded ceiling, with its paintings and mouldings, marble pilasters and sepulchral monuments of mosaic, are so fresh after being laid from two to three hundred years.

7th.—A pic-nic to Crendi, west side of the island. A light

siroc wind left us all the day in a haze, never seeing the sun, but the day was mild and our party bright and joyous. The lion of the day was a remnant of a Phœnician temple of some 2,000 years ago, a relic of wonderful labour. The stones are of great size, fastened on their ends in the ground, some laid over horizontally, forming several apartments, the chief being a circular one; passages into some of the apartments were cut through the thick flag-stones, and the doors apparently of stone also, were ingeniously hung. There was no lime nor mortar used in the construction; hoary headed tradition does not even tell a tale (that I have heard) of this Maltese Stonehenge.

We looked at a curious circular den on our way home at Macluba, called Hagier Kan, giants' town, twenty fathoms deep. It appeared that this deep circus was formed by the ground sinking into some subterraneous cavity. Ninety-two steps cut in the rock led down to the arena which was in cultivation, trees, plants, and shrubs growing out of the rocky sides all around. This is a desolate part of the island, only one palm-tree, and some few locusts to be seen—the grey stone walls everywhere.

9th.—Took a walk to the cemetery on the west side of the Floriana outside the four gates of the fortifications, a pretty ground and well kept, the borders of the walks are of geranium, the tombs are handsome and the inscriptions affectionate farewells, for all are far away from this world's home; the children all lie in a peaceful hallowed parterre by themselves. I went from this garden of sunshine and flowers to the Capuchin Monastery to see a disgusting gathering of the dead. It is the custom here to preserve those old friars above ground, and by some process they are *baked* or embalmed, so that they stand up in niches along the subterranean galleries, a shocking spectacle to behold; a bar of wood across the chest supports these bones, cased as they are in rotten old cassocks, to prevent their falling over; the arms generally resting on the bar; the head a ghastly sight, the jaws hanging, mouth open, and teeth visible. The galleries were long and wide and deep and dry, chiseled out of the rock, with rows of skulls and bones arranged on top-shelves, taken from the

niches from time to time to make room for fresh scarecrows! There is a chapel below, and two or three above, with some very ancient mosaic sepulchral monuments; certain of this class go out begging every morning with their long wallets—take all they can get, use the best, and distribute the balance to the poor. They seem to be a harmless pack of idle vagabonds!

March 10th.—The royal wedding-day, and a day of sunshine and dust. A grand review of all the troops, decorated with bonny breast-knots. All the ships in holiday uniform. A dinner at the palace, an opera, and a brilliant ball at *the* club-house in Villa Reale. So much for the loyal feeling of los Engleses in the island of Malta. 600 joyous people kept up the dance until an early hour this morning of the 11th—a brilliant sight. 300 red coats besides the true blue; admirals, generals, staff, commanding-officers, and all ranks of officers, with fair ladies, young and old, in their best attire, and ready to follow the royal example. The Maltese fair ones, easily distinguished from their complexion; there are no pretty ones amongst *them;* with few exceptions, the English ladies carry the day everywhere. Every gentleman wore a favour in honour of the royal pair. The war ships illuminated—*Marlborough* in the most brilliant manner. Rockets and blue lights eclipsed the stairs, and Valetta was light as day. Weather charming, without which there is always a damper outside, for there is little enjoyment under a wet blanket.

11th.—From the balcony we enjoy the scene. It is the soldiers' holiday. All sorts of games on the island opposite, the quarter of the Rifles; boat racing, &c.—all the world present. Tents pitched, and of course plenty of eating and drinking. The day was brilliant; it rained hard all the night, and blows a gale.

14th.—Pic-nic to Buon Gemme, about nine miles to the west side of the island, and the highest land. There are catacombs here of great antiquity, chiselled out of the rocks and caves, for man and beast. On those occasions our party increases considerably, and we have an opportunity of inspecting country life in Malta. The peasants are very poor-like. Men,

women, and children, all hands extended, with "Nix mungare," nothing to eat, and looking on with amazement at a party coming so far to dine on the grass. There is a fine spring of clear, nice water here—a great blessing in a hot, dry, stony land. In the glen below, the orange, lemon, and fig trees flourish, the former two full of yellow fruit, the fig only coming into leaf. An evening party at the L——'s, and all at home by ten o'clock.

15*th.*—A cool, boisterous, rainy day, and very disagreeable crossing the harbour for the church service in Valetta.

16*th.*—A coarse, raw, stormy day for Malta.

17*th.*—Quite a change of climate. Clouds of darkness, and tempestuous weather, disappointing strangers and invalids, who agree in saying it is a treacherous climate. The Maltese must be wretched, for they have no fires. An additional garment is all they think of in the coldest season.

19*th.*—Lady Martin's party at the Admiralty House was most agreeable last night. The Princess L—— was there; so pretty, so amiable and affable. She made herself agreeable to everyone, and the evening was a delightful one.

20*th.*—Postponed our departure from Malta, the weather being tempestuous, cold, and rainy. Thunder and lightning very unexpected at this season. So there is no perfection in man nor woman, nor in country nor climate.

Next door there is deep sorrow for the dead. A few hours ago the young wife has been left a widow. Captain B. has passed away; the link is broken that yesterday was so binding; but in the eternal universe there is no yesterday and to-day—these only exist for us mortals who inhabit the little planet called earth, which by revolving round the sun causes a fleeting alternation of light and shade, cold and heat, which we call days and seasons. Life is but one long struggle against evil. O thou world-wide Redeemer, fit and prepare thy servants to dwell with thee.

24*th.*—Let me keep *this* month of March in remembrance; the people say, "a most unusual, cold, tempestuous, rainy season;" January was bright and warm, and brilliant in comparison. It pours rain to-day, as for many days past, as it

does at home in winter, yet the Maltese, either from habit or for economy sake, *have no fires!*

28*th.*—Once more the blue Italian sky. A pic-nic at the tower of St. Lucien, on the promontory between the two bays. A dinner party yesterday at Dr. Hume's; stayed all night. A long stair leads up to the above tower, which is fortified by cannon commanding the two bays. There is a drawbridge, a nice clean small barrack, a magazine, a well, and a bell tower. The *garrison* consists of one sergeant and three gunners of the Malta Fencible Artillery.

April 1*st.*—March went out rough, rainy, and tempestuous for Malta; every one says there has not been such a season for very many years. To-day it is bright and warm; the fig-trees putting forth their leaves, the almonds preparing to be ripe next month, the hawthorn scarce, but in full blow, olives progressing fast, oranges and lemons abundant; wild flowers in great perfection, particularly the modest and delicate "oxilis," which shuts up and hangs its bonny sweet-scented golden head in the cold blast or on a rainy day: it only glories in the sun.

2*nd.*—Visited the Malta Protestant College, the Rev. Charles P. Miles, M.A., M.D., F.L.S., Principal; an excellent school; seventy-nine boarders, twenty-five of whom are free scholars. The boys come from Corfu, Messina, Smyrna, Bombay, Constantinople, Beyrout, Nice, Tripoli, Jerusalem, Antioch, Tabreez, Patras, Alexandria, Nicomedia, Palermo, Shumla, Odessa, Bulgaria, Acropolis, Athens, England, and Scotland. The twenty-five free boys are *obliged* to read the Scriptures; the others do so in general, but there is no compulsion, and by their attending prayers and divine service every day it is to be hoped that they will become Protestant and Christian in due time; but the priests persecute any Maltese so severely who send their youths to this college, that the last one was withdrawn and sent to Italy by his parents, who held out as long as they could against this tyranny. One lad from Bulgaria came here untutored, as rough as a colt, two and a half years ago, knowing nothing beyond his own uncultivated lingo; he now reads and writes English fluently, and is far advanced in

French, Greek, and Latin, etc., etc. The arrangements in the college for comfort, convenience, and beautiful order could not be surpassed. There are eight tutors, a physician, secretary, and accountant, steward, matron, and fifteen servants. The situation is on St. Julian's Bay, looking over the wide sea. The garden is extensive, and full of fruit, vegetables, plants, and flowers. 16,000 oranges have been picked already this season, many trees still loaded, and *all* thick with blossom, lemons in plenty, almonds, vines, and figs progressing.

This is *Holy Thursday*, as the priests call it, a great day with the *Romans;* churches lighted up in face of the sun, music, the rattling of the bones of Judas! a grand procession of priests and fiddlers, and long candles and flags, and all the deception of Popery and priestcraft. Such ignorance might have been winked at when the two apostles Paul and Luke were cast ashore on the island. I fear there is no excuse now, for the Gospel has been preached 1,800 years!

Had a peep at Saturn to-night through the great telescope: very brilliant. It is ten times the diameter of the earth, and that is 80,000 miles! How very little do we know of the wonderful works of the Most High! *Distance* from the earth 900 millions of miles!

4th.—Our last pic-nic came off to-day at St. Paul's Bay. We drove to the village of Melleha, over against the little island Camina, beyond which lies the island of Goza. The drive from Valetta is twelve miles over a hilly country; nothing very interesting on the way, every spot amongst the craggy rocks teeming with green crops, walls rising behind walls, terraced from the valleys to the hill tops, the figs in leaf, and the fruit on the trees well grown, indeed the figs on some trees come before the leaf!

We had several views of the bay, and I have no doubt of the identical creek where the ship was run in on to the shore, for there is no other place on the rocky coast hereabouts where a vessel could be run in on the coast, and the creek, with a sandy beach, lies a little farther to the west after passing the place where "two seas met," *i.e.*, between the island called

Salmonetta, or St. Paul's Island, and the main land. It seemed to me all clear.

Near to where we dined there is a clear spring well amongst the rocks, of good water, covered in, a cave of antiquity, and close to the sea. I crept in here, and picked these little ferns which garnished the back of the spring. We came to a little fountain on the wayside, where our horses did enjoy a good long drink. It is called St. Paul's Fountain, has a marble inscription, and one of stone, also of very old date. There is a little monument and statue of St. Paul on a pinnacle of rock beyond the village of Melleha, near to the church, which is of great antiquity, as well as a monument on the island Salmonetta, near to the point of the wreck; but every part and point about here is interesting. Every prospect of fine weather for Sicily on Monday the 6th.

5*th.*—Easter Sunday, and a charming day,—just such a day as we fought the battle of Toulouse forty-nine years ago, which terminated the Peninsular War. It was on Easter-day, the Sabbath-day, that 6,000 souls were released from their shattered shells by violent and sudden death to begin a life of endless pain or joy eternal!

6*th.*—Passage secured, trunks packed, bills paid, farewells to friends, ready to embark, when down comes the rain, and wind, and darkness, a miserable rough and dirty, raw and rainy day: only one choice now,—a dark night and boisterous sea, or stop another week. As all things are directed and governed by a Power above, it is not right for man to rebel, and so we wait the next steamer; but I decline giving Malta a character for a steady climate, and I will not pitch my tent here.

7*th.*—A siroc wind, mild, rough, hazy, enfeebling the whole frame, and leaving one powerless. These winds prevail here at times, and are very much dreaded by all parties.

8*th.*—Fine day. Left Sleima, and returned to the Imperial Hotel.

11*th.*—Another pic-nic, and the last; our friends would not let us off. Took one last view of Malta from the top of the Palace of Verdala, and dined in the Grotto in the orange grove,

beside the purest crystal fountain in all the world. The palace is large; lofty fine rooms, but unfurnished. The hall is hung with pictures of the old knights, and some others. A large marble table stands in the floor, another as a sideboard, and two pier glasses, is all that is to be seen in this grand country residence for the Governor of the day.

"Cedant curæ loco" is the motto over the door, which means "cease from labour." A nice retreat for the hot months, with a good cook, a dozen of servants, and not nine miles from market!

We had a charming day. Dined at the Lassell's at half-past six; finished off with a dance in the evening. Strawberries for breakfast.

CHAPTER XX.

Syracuse.—Catania.—Palermo.—Monte Reale.—The Cathedral.—Florence.—Works of Art.—Pistoja.—Milan: its Cathedral.—Magenta.—Lago Maggiore.—St. Gothard.—Fluellan.—Mont Pilatus.—Baden Baden.—Vittoria Day.—Wiesbaden.—Gambling.—The Greek Church.—Frankfort.—The Rhine.—Rotterdam.—Promotion.

APRIL 13*th*.—Left Malta at six p.m. on board the *Etna*, a new steamer, Italian line. Blowing fresh, all sick, lost our dinner, and went to roost for a bad night. St. Paul left Malta for Syracuse, on his way to Rome, as a prisoner, in a primitive sailing ship. He rejoiced on his way, and we had no real cause to complain. Made Syracuse next morning by six o'clock, and went ashore with Jack Robinson, a loquacious little guide, ætat. seventy-four, and five feet high. Had a "*wif* and sixteen siles; bury thirteen, and no marry again." Two ports are open into the town; over one of them you will see some carved stone of the olden time, more resembling old Greek lace than hard granite. It is very beautiful. The first thing one sees, or which meets the eye, ashore, is a multitude of beggars, priests, and Popery; and wherever there is priestcraft there is poverty. The church called "Tambre Manella" is said to be 2,402 years old, and little doubt but St. Paul visited this church on his three days' visit. There are twenty-three great granite pillars of the Corinthian order, very high, fluted, and of immense girth, forming one side support of the edifice. Originally they may have formed a colonnade. One pillar lies broken outside. The flooring is of figured tiles, and looks very old. There are some ancient sepulchral monuments, too, in the floor of coloured Mosaic marbles; a marble baptismal font, and some beautiful rich marble fonts for holy-water seem to be of great antiquity. The side-chapels in this cathedral are closed by open-work, iron gates. The altars are of coloured marbles, and decorated with pictures, gilding, and

drapery. Everything in this fine church marks its venerable old age. The present Syracuse stands on the ancient Syracuse of St. Paul's day; some of the old buildings, or parts of them remaining, bearing date in Greek character, and showing some architecture and carving of the olden time. Palazzo Montalo, the noble ruin of an ancient house, bears a date on the gate-lodge of 1365, under a coronet. There are some windows, still, of beautiful Grecian work, and here and there you meet with what the antiquarian would embrace; but the ruins of ancient Syracuse cover a space of some twenty miles in circumference. I visited several other churches, some very worthy of notice; some poor, damp, and paltry, the goats lying on the steps waiting to be milked. The streets are poor and dirty, and the people also.

The bishop's palace is flanked by the theatre on the right, and a large nunnery on the left. The former had been a very handsome, fine building, and was now a barrack for Sardinian soldiers, with tufts of grass growing between the corner-stones. The nunnery is well guarded by iron bars, and the birds double caged. They have a passage into the gallery of the church, looking down into the arena upon the idolatrous ceremonies,—many of them, perhaps, having made but one great mistake in life, and that was entering those prison walls, from whence no retreat. In a circular room below where I entered I believe they may see and converse with their friends through a double grating. There were chairs laid all round, either for priests or visitors to talk to these poor, deluded prisoners; but the Word of Life never enters there.

The town is walled round; there are six gates, a garrison of Sardinian soldiers, and a new prison, the only modern, nice-looking building to be seen. The country carts are painted with landscapes and devices, neat and tasty of their kind. The mules and donkeys carry the wine in little barrels, two on each side. I saw nothing in market but fruit and vegetables. Flesh meat is seldom used, but fish is always in demand, and with oil, vegetables, and bread, a little milk and coffee, the people are satisfied, never excepting the maccaroni.

The fountain "Arethusa" flows through the town under-

ground; a fine, clear, rapid stream. It fills a deep quadrant *en passant*, where the women stand up to their knees and wash clothes on the stone benches extending all round.

The population is about 16,000, with one of the finest and largest and safest natural harbours in the world. Country looking green, beautiful, and fertile; but the weather unfortunately just now rough, raw, and rainy. Put to sea, but returned into harbour, the day was so wet and stormy; one of those comfortless days on board that one meets with in paddling round the world.

An Italian breakfast on board consists of dried fruit and wine, omelette, Bologna sausage and raw sardines, bread and butter, coffee, pickles, capers, nuts and almonds, sweet lemons and oranges, fried meat, cheese, and toothpicks.

16*th*.—The early matins of a canary roused me up at four o'clock. I was on deck at five to see the bright harbour-light of Catania on the iron cliff, and the breakers lashing the rocks, as they have been doing for a thousand years. Catania stands on the sea-side, overshadowed by Etna, wrapped up in her white mantle, some fifteen miles up in the clouds, and her furnace smoking, but appearing to us about three miles off, it was so bright and clear. The big part of the town consists of churches, convents, monasteries, and barracks. Population, 57,000. Produces fine silk and excellent wine. Had suffered much from earthquakes: but nothing makes the people quake here, for their towns and villages, and country-houses, lie thickly scattered over the breast of Etna, even up to the snow boundary, which is perpetual. I never saw such a multitude of detached houses and villas as cover the whole chain of beautiful and fertile hills along the coast, even as far as Messina. As we steered along, Etna seemed to accompany us, varying in shape and in appearance, until at length she, or he, or it, cried a halt, and we parted company.

A fine carriage-road runs along the sea-side from Catania to Messina, and a most lovely drive it must be; yet we had a better view of those majestic hills and dales and valleys as we coasted along on a bright sunny day. Olives, vines, and crops in *high* cultivation, for they reached the very top of this wild

but enchanting hill country. Made the grand harbour of Messina at one o'clock, and went ashore. The parallel streets are long, wide, and well paved, but there is nothing remarkable in the town.

Pallazza di Citta, or town hall, is a very formidable, fine building, fronting the harbour. A small steamer plies over to and from Regium, in Calabria, daily, the very Regium or Rhegium where Paul passed one day on his way to Rome. The south wind being quite fair, it took him to Puteoli on the next day, which finished his sea voyage.

17*th*.—Arrived at Palermo at six a.m. The capital of Sicily, beautifully situated on the northern coast, commanding a grand sea-view, and in a rich, highly-cultivated plain, called "La Conca d'Oro" (golden shell), which is enclosed on three sides by mountains. That of Monte Pelagrono on the right, as you enter the harbour, is remarkable for its height and peculiar shape. The majestic mountains top the clouds, and pierce them with their sugar-loaf points. Here and there those white, misty packages lie between the hills, like beds of eider-down, the whole semicircle range almost leaning over the city, the beautiful bay, like glass just now, and fine harbour forms a lovely contrast to the back scenes.

Put up at the Trinacria hotel, Salvatore Ragusa master. A very good, comfortable house. Our rooms opened on to a fine terrace overlooking the sea; another terrace lower down forms a beautiful public promenade, and below that again is the carriage-drive.

The population of Palermo is 150,000; that of Sicily 2,500,000; £3,000,000 of exports. *The* street of Palermo is the Corso di Emanuele; another street crosses it at the Circus, which is of great antiquity. Four marble statues represent crowned heads of the olden time, one of which is Philip II. of Spain. Above those gentlemen, there are four other statues, and above all the royal arms beautifully carved in marble in great size. Unhappy is the head that often wears a crown. Those *coves* are all gone, and a bad lot they were.

No end to the churches here, and some of them very grand, with marble floors and lofty columns, fine paintings, arched

ceilings with multitudes of bas-relief figures larger than life, gilded altars, carved work, and richly-decorated priests.

18*th.*—We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Ingham at three o'clock, and drove out to see the country, the late King's preserves, shooting-ground, and fishing; and all over a beautiful and fertile valley. An evening party. Met the English consul, Mr. Goodwin, a very agreeable, intelligent old gentleman. There is no game left in the preserves, and the fishing *was* enjoyed by Majesty in some long narrow canals intersecting each other, perhaps a mile long, all artificial, and only fit for little boys to practise in.

19*th.*—Sunday. Divine service performed by the Rev. Mr. Wright in a large room fitted up for the purpose in the consul's house. We had a most excellent sermon.

20*th.*—Up early, and had a long walk before breakfast. Improvements seem going on in the town. There are a great many fine-looking *old* houses called palazzo (palaces), but if the dingy outside is on a par with the interior, I would not much like to lodge there. The whole town requires to be renovated, and a hundred scavengers in every district kept in continual employ.

There is a fine public garden full of shady trees, plants, and flowers, orange-trees now in blossom, and also a botanical garden — a pleasant promenade for the people, where one may pass the sunny hours by a sparkling fountain. There are a great number of marble statues and busts in these gardens, but nearly all of them disfigured. In the Revolution those people who had the organ of destructiveness went round with a hammer and knocked off all *noses*.

Dined with the Inghams at three o'clock, and drove to Monte Reale, the grand sight of Sicily. Here is the beautiful cathedral of the eleventh century, a noble structure, with figures on the ceiling and walls larger than life, all mosaic; marble altars, of the richest and rarest kind; noble columns; the high altar, with its marble pavement and fluted pillars; the porphyry tomb of William the Bad, first King of Sicily, 1075; also of his Queen, and William II., a better King, all resting in their marble beds, beside the archbishops of the

church; the very wonderful and elaborate antique carving of a dark wood cabinet, for the priests' robes; St. John, in bronze, standing on a porphyry pedestal, very fine; the cloisters, with a gallery all round, supported by 400 *double* pillars, not two of them alike. There are only twenty-eight monks here. A picture on the wall, as you ascend a marble stair, of great size, painted by Petro Novello, is a masterpiece—seventeen figures. As you are now three miles uphill, and five from the city, the view is magnificent, taking in the "Conc d'Ore," the sea, the city, and all the boundary of great mountains, Monte Rosa piercing the sky.

The bronze gates of the cathedral, thirty feet high, dated 1186, with forty-eight representations from the Old Testament, all Scripture pieces; this may be called the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. But my little book will not contain any further account of what one wishes to keep in remembrance. This fine old building stands in the midst of a wretched, dirty, tumble-down village,* full of the most importunate beggars, from the age of seven or eight to threescore-and-ten! poor, squalid, and dirty. You meet them everywhere, and they know strangers so well, the hand is ever stretched out for an alms. The town is lighted with gas and well watered; the *washings* are dried in the streets and from balconies; shops poor and paltry. The maccaroni festoons the outside of old palaces. The men are generally good-looking, the women the reverse, and old at thirty.

In the hands of France this island would be a paradise in ten years; and so farewell to ancient Panormus, once the Moorish and then the Spanish town, marble staircases, and sleeping lions, streets full of rags and tatters, priests, and filth; romantic land, *addio!* and farewell to the 4,000 *baked* Capuchin friars arranged in their stalls; so long as the rent is paid by their friends they are above ground, but no longer!

April 21st.—Mrs. I. called, and drove us about the town a little to see our friends. Ordered half a pipe of the finest Marsala wine—I never tasted any so good as that from the cellar of our friend Mr. I., who is the head of this trade in Sicily.

* The City of Mont Reale!—Archiepiscopal.

Having once more visited Naples and ancient Rome on our homeward journey, we found ourselves on the 23rd of May in the fair city of Florence. I thought we had seen the finest and the choicest marbles in the world before we came to Florence, but the show of tables in the picture galleries at the Palazza Reale de Pitti exceeds in beauty, variety, and costly work anything of the sort we had ever witnessed; the exquisite inlaying of marble flowers in mosaic into the most precious and rare specimens of coloured marble slabs forming square and round tables; the malachite and alabaster variegated tables, and tables of porphyry, etc., cannot be equalled. The picture galleries here and at the Piazza del Gran Duca, or Ufizzi (Ufitzi), are well known throughout Europe, and are supposed to be the finest in the world.

Florence is celebrated for picture frames of the finest carving and gilding. The church of St. Croce is considered a grand specimen of the olden times, full of monuments; those of Dante, Machiavelli, Michaeli Angelo, Galilæus Galilenes, and Patria Flor, are celebrated old names that will last as long as their beautiful marble tombs.

24*th*.—Sunday. Divine service. It rained all day, which cooled the air and served the crops. Since this part of Italy has won its freedom and shaken off the fetters of Popery, Italian Protestant churches are rising. I am told that several places of such worship are now established, and people can read the Bible and worship God according to conscience, light, and reason, without persecution.

To see Florence, drive up to one of the hills a mile or two, and look upon the city. There it lies in the midst of a garden, surrounded by hills and watered by the Lung' Arno; beautiful, extensive, and rich in cultivation, the grandeur of the fine wooded sloping hills increases one's desire to pitch a tent here for life. The cathedral has nothing that I can see to recommend it but its antique, gloomy appearance inside and outside. There are five stone bridges, flanked by two of iron, or *ponte di ferro*. The Ponte Vecchio is of great antiquity, and is lined on both sides by jewellers' shops, where you may get fine specimens of Florentine mosaics, distinctly different from

the Roman. There is a very pretty park for riding and walking, nicely laid out in shady groves, plenty of benches for the weary, and you may have the choicest flowers for a few pence. The carriages muster strong, and all pull up in an open space to hear the military bands and have some conversation. This is the fashionable meeting-place of an evening.

28*th*.—Changed our quarters from *off* the Arno to Borgo Ognissanti, feeling the effects of being too close in alliance with the river. Paid another visit to the Westminster Abbey of Florence. This is a copy from the beautiful tomb of Dante—

"Onorate L'Allissimo Poeta
Danti Aligherro. Tusi, honorarium
Tumulem. A Maioribus, Ter Frustra
de cretum. Anno M.DCCCXXIX.
Feliciter excitarunt."

Weather becomes oppressively hot, and one feels the getting up 130 stairs to the picture-gallery of the Uffizzi, where I made a purchase to-day—No. 59, a copy from "Carlo Dolci," original, "Santa Maria Madalene," with the alabaster box of precious ointment in her hand. The advantage of buying pictures in Italy is that you may see the originals with the copies *face* to *face*. Those that I purchased in Naples, Rome, and Florence are facsimiles; the only difference being that of time, which gives a bronze to humanity as well as to pictures: the copies are beautiful and perfect, but some copyists copy from copies, and they cannot be quite so perfect.

31*st*.—Divine service. American and Scotch kirk-rooms are fitted up for the purpose, and one never is at a loss now on the Continent for a Protestant place of worship: the above, too, have zealous clergymen, and are freely open to all. I heard people say at the dinner-table it was not so at the Episcopal Church of England; they were charged for admission at the door, like a theatre, and they would not go again! Extremely hot weather.

June 1*st* began with a tremendous storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, which cooled the town a little, and washed the streets: bright, clear, and hot enough by ten o'clock. Walked

up to the fortress, a long pull; the city lies below at the mercy of the guns, and might be utterly destroyed. The bella vista very grand, extensive, and beautiful. The bronze gates or doors of the Baptistery, near the cathedral, are so described by Michael Angelo of old:—"They are fit for the gates of paradise;" all the panels in bas-relief representing Scripture history unequalled! It is called Porta principale del Batistero.

Tuscan straw hats are worn by the second-class women, or rather carried flapping about on the back of the neck, but seldom pulled over the head on the hottest day. Those hats and bonnets were once very fashionable in England. They make very nice shoes of this Tuscan straw: it seems to be a great trade here, as well as silk. The silkworms and their food, the mulberry leaf, may be seen in the market in baskets-full for sale. The streets are all flagged and very clean, and Florence altogether is a handsome town; and if it was not for the people it would be a most charming country!

3rd.—Grand preparations being made for a Popish festival in the holy Roman Catholic Church!

4th.—Left Florence at 9·45 by rail for Pistoja, one hour across the most fertile and beautiful country, twenty square miles of a level abounding in oil and wine, corn and fruit,—all kinds of vegetable creation,—one extensive garden in the finest state of cultivation. At Pistoja we found the diligence carriages waiting, into which we were transferred, crammed, and jammed pretty tight, and so taken into the hill country. Three hours we were crawling up to the top of those hills with six-horse power; all cultivated or feathered to the ridge with the greenwood tree; the glens and the valleys, and the far away campagna, the serpentine bending of our way, like the dry beds of rivers marking the course of torrents in winter, the gay broom in all its bright yellow livery along the highway, and the thorny acacia, forming impenetrable hedges where fences are not required: the grape and the fig-tree are safe from war's alarms! all is peace and tranquillity up here. There goes the *down* diligence with two horses railway speed, while our six greys keep struggling on. Now we gain the top; such a bella vista. On with the break—zig-zag (not such another

word in 600 languages) down we go, deep glens on one side, a huge lumbering coach, top-heavy with luggage, the smallest trip, and away goes the whole concern, with fifteen of us out of sight and hearing, but the driver is expert in his trade, and his horses in good training. They are tunneling the railway through these mountains; I would not like to be a shareholder. We get safe down, and meet the other end of the rail, which carries us on to Bologna in two hours—a large, dull, old-fashioned ugly town, with gloomy, narrow streets, having mostly colonnades, an advantage in wet weather. There are 100 churches, and priests in proportion. It gave Rome in its day six popes and 100 cardinals, and to the world better and more celebrated men who could have painted their characters, such as Domenichino, Albani, and Guido. Bradshaw knows nothing about hotels abroad; they are bad here and expensive; I can't recommend St. Marco, nor will we forget that house of entertainment.

A good railway to Milan; Parma, Modena, and Lodi on the way; cross the Po at Piacenza, all celebrated places, of which I have no room here to say anything. Country all the way from Bologna to Milan like a bowling-green, highly cultivated and rich beyond any lands I had ever seen. The vines are trained up the trees in the corn-fields, and are spread in festoons from one to the other over immense tracts of country; the irrigation is extensive, and waters thousands of acres a great distance from the Po, which fattens the green pastures up to the walls of Milan.

5th.—Arrive at Milano 5.30 P.M., hot as you please. Hotel 'buses in waiting, and soon lodged at the "La Belle Venise." A bottle of good wine at Piacenza and some fresh *Bologna sausage* spoiled my appetite, and so away at once to see the cathedral. The first sight strikes one dumb. I stood with my back to a post for some time to get my eyes well fixed upon it, then walked all round, without venturing to give any expression; then entered at the front door, and walked up the centre to the high altar stairs, and sat down to hear the deep-toned fine voice of solemnity invisible, mixed with the full, grand, and powerful swelling of the organ.

7th.—Divine Service in a very little church, but where two or three are gathered together to worship God and look to Christ alone for salvation, *that* is the church.

A grand ceremony in the cathedral, highly decorated and illuminated at ten o'clock a.m. to receive the prince, "son of V. E.," and all his staff, &c.; a review of troops after high mass and the forms of Roman worship, good music and singing and talking and promenading. Perhaps, more came to peep than to pray: the whole has an imposing appearance. This noble temple, the most beautiful, the most superb, the greatest design of man's art, with nothing to equal it in magnificence in all the world, inside and out, has far surpassed all the expectations I had formed of the cathedral at Milan.

The city is dressed up in gay colours, the streets and houses decorated with flags, illuminations, &c., in memory of freedom and of being released from the yoke of Austria, three years ago, after the Battle of Magenta.

The illumination of the cathedral by night was brilliant, with the red, white, and green; the crowd immense, but very orderly and *sober*. Now an explosion on the top of the highest turret, and the whole building above the roof becomes one glare of red, fiery light, like iron from the furnace, seven times heated, giving the statuary on every pinnacle the appearance of being scarlet-hot from the flame of some great conflagration. In half an hour it changed to a green colour, which had a pretty effect. The town was partially lighted with wax candles, like so many long poles on fire—rather an expensive illumination.

The pleasure-grounds are beautiful, and very much frequented by the citizens—quite fairyland; a large, handsome refreshment house in the centre, where ices, coffee, beer, and other good things are served on little white marble tables, inside or outside, as you wish. The carriage-drive is on the one side, between two rows of shady trees. The palace where the prince resides is on the opposite side.

8th.—"Up in the morning early," to try my lungs and my legs by *climbing* to the top of the cathedral—473 stone stairs did not stop my way. The belle vue was across one

extensive wide, flat, highly-cultivated land as far as the eye could see; the old red tiles give all foreign towns a dingy appearance when you look down upon them, but this duomo or basilica, or cathedral, as we call it, is all of white marble, has a forest of white marble pinnacles, and on every pinnacle a marble statue of some saint; the roof sloping to each side is of marble slabs, and yet does not prevent one walking in safety, as some five or six thousand could bivouac there for the night; it is all light and clear, and not dingy, but has the most beautiful roof-scenery in the world, as well as an inside roof of open work, like Greek lace, not to be surpassed for its lightsome, beautiful appearance, and the noble columns that support this wonderful roof—who can describe them with their capitals decorated with sculpture and statues, and the immense illuminated windows and statues everywhere! Five doors open to the front; distance down the aisle, 654 feet; circumference of the pillars, 48 feet. All is clear outside; no iron bars, like St. Paul's in London, giving it the appearance of a prison.

Left Milano at half-past eight by the strada ferrata to Arona on the Lago Maggiore, *pron.* Majoré; at ten crossed the battle-field of Magenta—a long, painted pole, with a battle-axe top, marks the ground. In a gully several crosses are fixed in the ground close to the railway, to show where the slain were interred who fell hereabouts in hundreds. The railway-trains brought fresh troops out from Milan, and carried back the wounded.

We crossed the Ticino, a rapid little river, celebrated in this late war, and stopped to breakfast at Novara, a part of the country which will be long remembered in history. Now a land of plenty and rich in cultivation. It was here that the French sent up a balloon with an intelligent spy to discover the position of the Austrian army, which aided them in the victory, for two armies, close by, could not see each other. Arona, a small town on the edge of Majoré. The rain came down upon us here, so we stopped at the hotel, instead of going on by steamer. Our windows looked over the very beautiful lake and fine scenery, with waters tranquil and smooth as a leaf. The poor mulberry-trees looked so

wretched and wintry, all along for days past being stripped of their leaves to feed the silkworms.

9th.—Left Arona at half-past twelve by steamer, and entered at once into the scenery upon the Lago Maggiore, right and left superbly grand, beginning with hills of moderate size, enlarging as we passed over the clear, calm water into mountains shooting out of sight into the clouds; every bit of ground cultivated to the highest point; some beautiful houses, villages, hamlets, and cottages, on either side, pleasing to the eye, but the mixture of poverty with wealth in the little towns spoils many a picture, as you shoot along to pick up various passengers. The vines are terraced to the mountain-tops, the lands are fat and rich and fruitful everywhere, yet the people seem very poor.

The day was beautiful, the awning indispensable, and there we sat for the fifty-six miles up, enjoying all around under the shade. The steamers touch at every little town, and carry on a good trade. Now look up to your left, those silver cords are streams flowing from the tiptop rocky heights; those white *specks* are dots of *cots*, in the woody heights rolled up in vineyards and verdure, for everything here is green; there are little bits of humanity up there that never washed their feet in Lago Maggiore, and many never come down from their nests to look into a steamboat or at a strada ferrata.

The waterfalls increase in numbers, every mountain seems to have a dozen or two fresh-water taps all let loose together, to increase and adorn the scene. I have seen many of the finest lakes in Europe, Asia, and America, but even Killarney must yield to Maggiore.

Camerlata, a pretty large town at the top of the lake. Magadino, opposite, a little place where we stopped for the night, and met very civil people. Engaged places in the diligence for Fluellen, and left next morning at eleven o'clock, when it began to rain, and never ceased a downright pour for the whole journey, day and night. We kept along the valley of Ticino, until the evening. That river runs by the roadside, with foaming rapidity, the mountains on either side sending down their contributions, of more than a hundred

waterfalls, to increase its speed. Any of these falls would be a world's wonder in England, and some of them not inferior to the side-falls of Niagara. Mountains now begin to get so high, one has to hold back his head to get a top view, and although well timbered to the very crest with large trees, they looked like small plants. The harvest is far back in this rich valley, the vines are supported by stone pillars, the walnut-trees large and bearing abundantly, fine crops of grain, grass, and vegetation, but too much rain for the season, and the cottages and hamlets wretchedly poor-looking. We now began to ascend the Helvetic Alps and the great St. Gothard pass. Five horses to our drag—ten would have been more cheerful to look at. I only wonder how we ever got to the top, although it is done every day. We left Bellinzona, an ugly old town with two worn-out strongholds right and left of *the* street, at three o'clock p.m. The Ticino still kept alongside of us, rumbling, grumbling, and tumbling with a fierce rapidity over the rocks, for it rises in these Alpine hills; it was a crawling pace, zigzag, the mountains enormously high, looking over us, hemming us close to the torrent, the road chiselled out of the perpendicular rock, and scarcely room for two drags to pass. Now we get to the Devil's Bridge, and are almost compressed between two perpendicular rocky mountains, just giving the road and the boiling surge room to avoid each other. This is nearly the highest order of wildness, no end to mountains and torrents gushing down the craggy heights with a roar of mighty waters.

It was five o'clock in the morning before we had crawled to the top of this wonderful pass; the look-out was solemn, —really grand; now the roaring torrent seemed to have turned with us, for we had one as great, and as powerful, and as noisy, and as close to us all the way down. We crossed and recrossed it very often, the descent all windings and turnings, along deep, yelling, yawning gulfs, no parapets, wheels not four feet from the brink, the pace rapid—any mistake and we were gone 'coons. The drivers are expert and careful, and the horses steady and well trained. It took twelve years to make this road, and here blood was spilt and ran in

streams, when France and Austria contended for this ground in 1799.

Height of the pass, 6,500 feet; the name, St. Gothard, or, as the Swiss call it San Gottar, refers to no single mountain here, but to a whole range; the highest are Clariden, 9,500, and Todisberg, 9,756 feet, to-day topped with snow.

In Altdorf, an old town at the bottom of the pass, stands a fountain where William Tell stood in directing the arrow at the apple on his child's head. It bears a statue of the archer and the boy.

11*th.*—We found the steamer at Fluellen, and in two hours ran up the beautiful lake and landed close to the C—— Hotel, where our four windows look down upon the charming lake and all its barriers right and left, capped with snow. There go the steamers with tourists down the lake and round the lake on their way to Italy, coming back with a cargo of live animals on a reverse route. Crinolines in full blow, and draggled tails, for it rains in Switzerland. But my book is almost full, and my notes must now be short.

12*th.*—It rained down here all day, while it was snowing on the mountains. They are all in their white nightcaps! What a grand view from our windows!—our hotel on the edge of the lake. Look up at that bewildering chaos of mountains heaved in the wildest irregularity of form and grouping—rising fold beyond fold—piled in massive heaps, and arrayed in every variety of livery, from the clear, dark, green pine of the forest, which bristles on the very crest in melancholy wildness, and here the clouds pause to repose themselves in passing by.

13*th.*—Fine and bright, but cold and bracing. A hill walk before breakfast; such a view! What a range of snow-clad mountains, as far as the eye can reach they pack together. Three months of summer (July, August, and September) the Reuss flows clear, and bright, and rapid, through Lucerne, dividing the town, and on to Basle, where it unites with the Rhine, and away to Rotterdam. A fine old cathedral here, with an excellent organ and clear-sounding, mellow-toned bells, bearing the inscription—"I summon the living, bewail the

dead, disperse the storms;" their effect, rung in tempests, they say, is grand.

14*th, Sunday.*—Divine service in the Lutheran church. A day of showers and sunshine, but too cold for me. A large, well-filled cemetery behind the cathedral. Every tomb or headstone has a pretty gilt cross on the top, very many with a representation of the Saviour on the cross, and the graves fragrant with sweet flowers. The walks and drives are lovely beyond description, fine meadows skirting the excellent roads without a fence. Plenty of *pensions* all situated to command the most charming views in the most delightful positions. Carriages, boats, steamers, and guides always ready. Fine hotels. Table d'Hotes very reasonable, but very expensive wines. The Mezza-botteglia in size is very little larger than a lady's smelling-bottle, a regular *do* for all who submit to be done. "This is our season, sir, and it is short," said the landlord of the Zum Schwanen; but everybody so very civil. We meet young men everywhere with a death-grip in the thin haggard face searching for health that can never be restored. Is it right to keep them in ignorance? The home-doctors know their days are numbered, and get rid of them. "How is your young friend?" I asked; "I fear he's gone." "Oh, yes; he died last night, poor fellow." Every one can see death in the face of consumption, but the patient.

15*th.*—More showers. Three covered wooden bridges span the Reuss, one 273 *yards* long, with fifty-two of these angulars under the roof lined with very old paintings, representing Roman story or history of the Swiss Cantons.

16*th.*—Clouds and sunshine; fine and dry; a hundred Alpine peaks stand out in bold relief, clear and bright; a hundred more in waiting far behind, dressed in Christmas gear. The Rigi on the left, and Pilaté on the right, flank the town. The latter has its story. Pontius Pilate, banished by Tiberius, maddened in conscience, wandered to the summit, and stabbed himself. The storms usually collect here before breaking—as I have often seen; so his unabsolved spirit is thought to haunt the place! 6,600 feet high. The old walls of the town stand high and firm still, with some eight or ten

towers. The rapid river washes the houses in its course and keeps beside the *rail* through meadows green. Everything is rich and rare, sublime here. Have you seen the lion?—not the lions!—a noble work, twenty-eight and a half feet long, sculptured in the living rock, in memory of the Swiss Guards who perished at Paris in guarding the royal family of France, August 10th and September 2nd, 1792. The lion is defending in the death-agony the French coat-of-arms entrusted to him, with a broken lance in his side. This is a noble work of art, chiselled out of a rocky cliff by the wayside close to the town. And now farewell bonny Lucerne, addio bright mirror of your mountains, your green fields and forests, springs and fountains. Clouds and darkness rest upon the head of Pilaté, his gloomy sides have a sullen air in the midst of the sunny and cheerful landscape around us in parting.

Waterloo day. Railway to Basle. All the way like a nobleman's park at home kept in first-rate order. Met nice people, and pushed on to Baden-Baden. Extremely hot. Arrived at six. Court of Baden Hotel, on a grand scale. Dressed and went to the promenade, the most fashionable and aristocratic place in Germany; a magnificent building with a Corinthian portico and most elegant rooms in the midst of pleasure-grounds, invites you to be seated and enjoy the music of a German band one of the best in Europe.

Baden lies at the foot of a ring fence of black forest mountains, in beautiful grounds watered by a pretty little rivulet with green banks and many bridges through the promenade. It is a sweet place from June till October, after that I believe it is cold, damp, and rainy. A string band performs in the Pavilion by day, the other till late in the evening, and as all Germans are "born musicians," the music is perfect. Here you will find high caste people of all nations, more particularly English, roving about for health and pleasure, and some odd fish amongst them.

Looked into the rouge-et-noir gambling-room. Some dowagers, on the wrong side of sixty-five, eager in the pursuit of increasing their fortune. I saw one of them pretty well cleared out, and the other retired like a lame duck. A young

spinster, devoted to the game, sat there all the evening, paying and receiving, and so this devil's game goes on daily all the season, from nine a.m. until midnight. I am told that the bank pays to Government 700,000 francs a year license, and 25,000 guldens to the town. A gulden is two francs and ten centimes. These fine public rooms, including the English newspapers, pump-room, bands, &c., are paid by the town to encourage strangers and gambling.

Had a grand view of the Black Forest from the castle of the Grand Duke of Baden's elevated grounds. We went through the halls, judgment-seat, and the most horrible dungeons in this castle, enough to freeze the life blood of one unaccustomed to see such remnants of barbarity and cruelty. The iron and stone gates seven inches thick; ring-bolts, hooks, racks, knives, and instruments of torture; the awful punishment inflicted here in olden times by man's cruelty, must have been terrible indeed; the passages are very narrow, leading from cell to dungeon deep; here is one drop 190 feet in the rock where the victim was let into a wheel of knives, revolving as he went gradually down until cut to pieces. The guide, who had two lanterns to show us the way through this labyrinth of cruelty, pointed out as the Virgin a sort of image that embraced the criminal and carried him into the wheel. This is a fine old castle yet, called the Das Neue Schloss, to distinguish it from the *old* one on the forest hill, a remnant of Roman antiquity. I believe there is something about all this in Scott's "Anne of Geierstein."

Baden is a beautiful place, a very pattern town, light and joyous, scenery charming, if one had their family and friends around them, but I will not pitch my tent here. "People make the place."

21*st June*.—Vittoria day. My old regiment will be shaking out the laurels won upon the blood-stained field of memorable Vittoria. No regiment there that was not previously baptized in blood. They are all gone, but a mere sprinkling of the 75,000 gallant hearts that fought that day, "for England, home, and beauty."

Railway to Wiesbaden, by Mayence and Frankfort. Put up

at the hotel "Rose," a large house and full of company. Dinner at one and at five p.m.—take your choice.

Wiesbaden is inland from the Rhine, one hour's drive; a handsome town set down in a valley in the midst of green pastures, shady walks, groves, and avenues, watered by fountains and small lakes or fish-ponds, encircled by chateaux, evergreen plants, and shrubs. You are in town or country in five minutes.

The great attraction here is the hot springs and the gambling-houses.

The Kursaal, or Salle de Réunion, is a very luxurious but dangerous building belonging to a company, for which they pay rent to the Government £7,000 a year. The north front, with a fine portico and colonnades on each side, faces a large square or oblong with two cascade fountains and reservoirs, laid out in grass and flowers under large and shady trees; a carriage drive outside the railing, and colonnades on both sides with handsome shops underneath. The columns number *forty-eight* on either side, and give this place a very grand appearance. The front door leads into a magnificent ball-room, lighted by seven great chandeliers, and twice as many fine lamps, fourteen marble columns with gilded capitals support the gallery in which there are three orchestras,—one continuous, deep, soft, crimson velvet couch runs round this beautiful room. Floor inlaid with polished chequered oak and stars of black and white wood. Niches round the room contain eastern plants in large white and gold vases; three circular windows from above, painted and frosted glass, give partial light; there are pier glasses in plenty, and a roof in rosettes of gold gives the saloon a light, cheerful appearance. On your right is a suite of five rooms most elegantly furnished, besides three more for reading and newspapers; four of those brilliant rooms are entirely occupied by the four gambling-tables, two for roulette, two for rouge-et-noir, and here there is no cessation in the gambling department from noon on *Sunday* to eleven o'clock on Saturday night. The fair sex, from seventeen to seventy, mix amongst the men young and old, all galloping on to destruction unless they are able to resist the temptation or happen to

be cleared out. All is silent, not a word spoken, everything conducted with fair play and decorum. Four of the bankers watch the game, pay out, and *rake* in the gold and silver about every three or four minutes. You may at times see the nervous twitch of the muscles about the mouth or gentle shrug of the shoulder as the stake is hauled in to the bank. Sometimes the table is entirely cleared; none of the company win. The bank has the chances on its side and in the end must win all, if the party only remained long enough to play, but they fluctuate, and are always coming in and out. See that poor infatuated old lady, she makes it a trade, her withered face and many years don't keep her at home; she goes on with a steady nerve, calculating the chances, and perhaps makes a living here. It makes me nervous to look on seeing the piles of gold being raked in by the bank. There is here, too, inside, a restaurant, or dining and refreshment rooms, where you may have a dinner and wines at any price; and outside, under the trees, chairs, tables, *café*, and refreshments for the million. A fine band every evening, black and white swans, ducks and *fish* enjoying the scene and fighting for bread-rolls in the water. A jet is started and shoots up 150 feet high from the centre of the little lake, blowing the ducks out of their element, and the children enjoy the fun. Now the gas lamps are lighted through the groves and along the walks, giving the fairy scene a brilliant change. People all so very orderly and sober, you never see any drunkenness or poverty; in this respect they have the advantage of Great Britain and Ireland, out and out. Sorry to say that the G—— ladies are ugly, coarse, and clumsy. If one happens to meet a nice looking, pretty girl, she is almost sure to be an English lassie.

A long walk before breakfast, after my *hot spring water*. The country does not equal that about Baden-Baden, and of the two rival towns, the B.-B. carries the day. A very fine, handsome church with five tall spires is just being finished, and the organ going up. It is built of red brick, and open for service. There are no Roman priests here, and no poverty. The Scriptures are selling in the streets in German and English. I bought St. Luke's Gospel to-day in German for three

kreutzers, or one penny, and the Psalms of David nicely bound and gilt for seven kreutzers—for 2½d., so that the Bible here is in great circulation.

Weather very hot. Fat people rush to the shade after breakfast, keep cool till the one o'clock dinner, then off for a turn at roulette or rouge-et-noir, take coffee under the trees, hear soft music and enjoy the evening till ten, to roost, and all quiet, and those who can lay in seven hours' sleep.

30th.—About a mile from the town, on the side of a well-wooded pretty hill, you will see some sparkling minarets flashing through the trees as you turn the corner, going up that sweet vale; they grow brighter and larger as you advance, and now show forth like globes of burnished gold. They tell you this is the Greek church. It stands on a platform with two entrance doors, commanding a fine view; the exterior is elegant, light, and very uncommon in architecture. There is a very correct view of it on the other side. Enter—now you see it is not only a little church, but it contains the beautiful, superbly beautiful mausoleum of the Duchess Elizabeth de Nassau, built by the Duke over the resting-place of his loved wife. Interior, all, all marble, columns, pilasters, floor, &c., all of the finest grey marble; an alcove from the centre with a tiny gilt railing and crimson drapery, open to view, shows you the tomb,—there is the object of such deep interest, the Duchess, in death, at full length, calmly resting on a couch rolled up in drapery, a fac-simile of her once-beautiful self; the ducal arms and other devices of both houses at the corners of her covering, saints and ministering angels around, and the whole of the finest white Carrara marble and the most exquisite workmanship.

The paintings, the dome, the doors, the *tout ensemble*, beautiful—most beautiful! A guard of soldiers and a guardian to show this bijou, always stationed there.

Near to this noble tomb, in the wood, you will discover one of the most beautiful miniatures of "God's acre,"—a Greek resting-place. A little garden of roses, safely defended by a high wall; an open-work gate shows you all at a glance—so peaceful.

Sunday, July 5th.—Divine Service to-day as last Sabbath in the Lutheran church, by two of our English Churchmen, who did not indulge or edify us with a sermon this morning, their work being so very hard, administering the Sacrament to about a dozen of people!

7th.—Ran down by the rail early to Frankfort, and passed the day there. A fine city, wide and clean streets, good shops, a fine monument to Goethe, and the three celebrated men who first invented printing, but it seemed a very dull place, comparing it with Wiesbaden.

Our cousins-german are quiet, rational, sober people, enjoying their fine evenings under the broad shady trees over their little supper and glass of good ale. I sit amongst them at times, observing their rural discipline at Felsenkellers; nothing bordering on a boisterous manner or bearing. They are a second-class substantial people. Tables and chairs laid out for the million, waiters, lads, and lasses continually serving out delicious beer from the tap, bread and butter, cheese, and pancakes, Westphalia ham, always eaten raw, eggs, and salad. All is decorum—no poor about to make one's feelings unhappy, because there is not the shadow of a Roman priest in W——n. They measure their appetite, eat all they get, and, like Jack Sprat and his wife, they lick the platter clean, but it is with the last crumb of their own brown bread. The view from this evening retreat is extensive and beautiful, the five handsome spires of the fine church are upon a level with my seat under this hickory-tree, the town at my feet circled about with very handsome suburban villas, the Greek church spires glittering in the distance, the harvest yellow in richness and ripeness over the wide and well-wooded country, and the Rhine sweeping along its course, fertilizing as it goes. The "Kursaal" below is the attractive fairy-ground where the *élite* are assembled inside and outside, coffee and ices, band playing, visitors rolling in and out of the play-rooms, with light hearts and heavy ones, as Dame Fortune smiles or frowns.

The gaming-rooms open at eleven o'clock. I went there this morning to see the beginning. It is the same in the four saloons. 1,000 francs is a common stake; I have often seen 10,000

raked off from one person in a few minutes. A young man stood beside me with a long roll of gold in his hand. He put down five Napoleons; it was raked off in a moment. He then staked six, which followed as quickly. Down went ten or a dozen, and these the voracious banker hauled in after the rest, red losing three times in succession. He now hesitated, staked nothing, and red won. Such is luck at play. It made me nervous looking on, seeing such hope, disappointment, and wretchedness, in the tortured faces of old and young, as they saw their gold raked off.

11*th July*.—Thermometer, shade, in my dressing-room 78. Time to be looking out for sea breezes, and something eatable. This German diet is below par, but their beer is excellent, and brewed at Wiesbaden.

12*th*.—Divine service. A large congregation of our country people. I wish they had a more able minister to preach the everlasting Word where it is so much required, for the Sabbath here is not respected over-much. Thermometer 100.

13*th*.—Our last day at W. How beautiful it looks and feels! What a multitude of company at the Kursaal! I hope the ladies will excuse me for shortening some of their *trains*. They must be very thick about the heels to require so very much covering, and promenading in a crowd who can avoid their court dresses? I think it must be with many of the fair ones here, easy come, easy go. The turn of a card will do it. What a house of torture! That old man, and that old woman sitting there, I shall see no more—both crippled with age and infirmity, clinging to the uncertainty of gaining a few thalers, napoleons, or fredericks, to bury them. The young *may* live, but the old *must* go. A most unholy trade.

14*th*.—Left Wiesbaden at nine a.m. by 'bus down to Biberich on the Rhine. The Duke of Nassau's summer palace stands here facing the river. A charming residence, in the finest order, and open to the public. We first embarked here on the king of the German rivers, rising in the Helvetic Alps, swollen and kept alive by 270 tributaries, and 370 glaciers of various sizes. And now we commence our majestic course; but everybody knows the Rhine. Its beauties begin at

Koningswinter, situated at the foot of the Drachenfels, and then you have Coblenz on the left bank, and right of the Moselle, capital of Rhenish Prussia, and the celebrated rocky fortress of Ehrenbreitzen (broad flag of honour) on the opposite side. The old castle possesses historical interest, having been the residence of several emperors. Stolzenfels, another fine old castle of the middle ages, hangs over the rapid here. This grand edifice belongs to the King of Prussia, and here he entertained Queen Victoria in a most splendid manner in 1845. I took off my hat to Boppard and Mulhbad as we shot past, for "Auld Lang Syne." After passing Bonn, the beauties of the Rhine cease. Cologne, and its noble cathedral yet unfinished, is left behind, and you arrive at Düsseldorf in the dark. Transferred into another steamer, you pursue your rapid course. This is the most uncomfortable part of the voyage. There is neither bed nor rug, nor mattress to lie on; a horse-hair couch round the cabin for both sexes is all the accommodation. The first-class lady passengers avoid this den, but I *passed* the night between a squalling child and an old German witch, whose tongue went clatter till daylight. Never pass a night on the Rhine if you can help it. We bowled along rapidly until six o'clock p.m., when we arrived at Rotterdam quite ready for dinner at the Bath Hotel. The people in Holland scarcely live above water, and the reeds and rushes along the banks on both sides form so deep a margin there is ample cover for all the wild-fowl in Europe. Rotterdam is a fine old city, intersected by canals and rows of fine trees. Looking-glasses are fastened outside of most houses for the purpose of seeing the people pass in the streets in every way. Abundance of fruit, vegetables, rich in cattle and corn, and a free trade everywhere. Is a singular old town, and below the level of the sea.

Left next day at eleven o'clock by steamer for London, and after twenty hours of painful sea-sickness we embraced old Father Thames. What a contrast between *him* and the Rhine! We soon rattled down the rail to Redhill, and up to our starting-point at Nutfield. Received and welcomed there by our worthy and much-esteemed kind friends with

their usual hospitality. May they long be happy and joyous in their peaceful and pleasant retreat, and may we not forget that we owe all our health and safety and every other blessing to the Great Jehovah, to whose name be everlasting praise!

Three months after my return from Malta, where we passed a pleasant, sunny winter, I found myself in possession of that "pillow of repose for worn-out veterans," a regiment — and not before my time, the sum total of this great prize being £543. 15s. The pay of a general officer,* after fifty, sixty, or seventy years' service, is just twenty-five shillings a day, minus income-tax. If he has the chance of getting a regiment it doubles his income; but the whole affair is but a *life-rent*, no very great amount, after all, for the tear and wear of one's life, and the chance of being fired at like a jackdaw for so many years! Considering the amount of private fortune *sunk* in the purchase of promotion, and this *pillow of repose* being a *life* annuity, I think the service is still in my debt for the principal and interest of my money. This grand retiring pension comes so late in life, few of the weatherbeaten old coves ever enjoy it beyond a few years.

Such is the life of a soldier. The junior class of officers are wretchedly paid; ensigns ought to have at the least six shillings and sixpence a day, and lieutenants seven shillings and sixpence. In the absence of private means, it is impossible, with the most rigid economy, to exist upon less. I have known several highly-educated young gentlemen, without any single extravagant habit, obliged to leave the service for want of a few shillings a day over and above their pay, in order to clear their mess bills at the end of the month. As for recruiting our army, it has been a bungle as long as I remember; we know nothing about that trade. The next war we shall have a multitude of very well-crammed and *learned* officers, but no private soldiers to fight, unless some new system is devised to insure better pay and brighter prospects to the army.

Man's but a handful of dust,
Life a violent storm.

* A regiment to a Guardsman is, I believe, worth £2,000 a year.

CHAPTER XXI.

Stray Notes.—Statistics. — Captain H. Turner. — Recorded Services of G. B——, C.B.

SEPTEMBER 5*th*, 1855.—The sixth bombardment of Sebastopol was begun from upwards of 700 guns and mortars. On this day the earth shook like an earthquake.

6*th*.—The fire continued against a semicircle of guns around the city.

7*th*.—The same "hellish fire," as Prince Gortschakoff called it, was kept up.

8*th*.—Fixed for the general assault. 40,000 men were prepared for it. Ominous that only 4,000 men were set aside for the capture of the "Redan." I doubt if the French would have been well pleased had it fallen with the "Malakhoff." After holding the Redan for upwards of an hour, at the expense of nearly 2,500 men and officers, our people gave way for want of supports. We had 29 officers killed, and 129 wounded, 358 men killed, and 1,945 wounded. Total *hors-de-combat*, 2,461. Total loss of the allied army this day, 10,018.

The Russians retreated in the night, leaving us nothing but the dead, the dying, and the blood-stained ruins.

Our army had 800 pieces of ordnance in battery, which fired more than 1,600,000 shots of iron hail into the town and batteries.

Our intrenchments, upwards of eighty kilometres, or fifty miles English, were held under an incessant fire, night and day, for eleven months.

The Russians had more than 1,100 guns playing upon the allied army on the 8th of September.

According to returns, our losses in the Crimea were as follows:—

182 officers killed.
596 wounded.
58 officers died of their wounds.

846

2,665 non-commissioned officers and men killed.
12,151 ditto wounded.
7,515 ditto died in hospital at Scutari.
4,000 deaths from cholera, frost-bites, fever, dysentery, scorbutic, frozen to death, and other causes.

The enormous number of:—

14,340 officers and men were actually dead.
15,613 were invalided from the Crimea, from 30th September, 1854, to 30th March, 1855.

Thus we lost an army of 29,953 killed, wounded, and invalided in this memorable siege, which lasted for eleven months, and made the earth tremble night and day, yet never shook the courage of the troops on either side. Nothing to equal it on record since Titus took Jerusalem.

In the latter part of the siege the Russians lost *three thousand* men a day, and in the Malakhoff they lost in the concluding twenty-four hours of the bombardment 2,800 men and 51 officers killed and wounded. Their average daily loss was 500 left *hors-de-combat.*

The most laborious and difficult siege in history was brought to a close within twelve months by the superiority we had acquired over the arms and arsenals of the enemy.

The Russians lost from 200,000 to 300,000 men. Under the torpor of official routine, our victory was measured by the obstacles it had to overcome, and the sacrifices it cost.

There are 300 graveyards about the lines we occupied at Sebastopol, covering a space of twenty miles!

"Friend after friend departs—
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blessed."

During my time in the Peninsular, from 1811 to 1814, 346,108 cases of disease and wounds passed through the

hospitals. In the same period 232,553 were cured and discharged; invalided, 4,586; died of wounds or disease in hospital, 18,513.—(Sir James Macgregor's Medical Returns, head of the Medical Board.) The above is exclusive of the great multitudes killed in action.

Highest effective strength of the French army in the Crimea in 1855 was 150,000 men; total loss, 69,229; whole number transported to the East, 309,268; loss by typhus, 4,564; number of guns, 1,676; cost, from April, '54, to June, '56, £11,400,000.—*French return by Marshal Vaillant.*

HEIGHT of the THERMOMETER in the shade, at Bangalore, from October, 1826, to August, 1827.

	5 A.M. Average.	2 P.M. Average.	Daily Average.
1826.			
October	75	76	75½
November	71½	73½	72½
December	66¾	72¼	69½
1827.			
January	63¼	77½	70⅜
February	60½	89	74¾
March	66	93	79½
April	71	85¾	78⅜
May	68¼	82	75⅛
June	69	81½	75¼
July	69	80½	74⅜
August	70	82½	76¼

The Average for the whole period is 80°.

THE LATE CAPTAIN HENRY W. TURNER.

(From a Norfolk paper.)

"We some time since recorded the death of Henry Whichcote Turner, Esq., a promising officer in the Royal Regiment and a native of this county. We have inspected his monument, and leave the inscription to tell the circumstantial tale of his life and death, but for ourselves we may claim the right of condoling with the officers of the regiment on the loss of such a comrade; they were his companions and friends, and with feelings that do them honour they have erected and inscribed this memorial to his memory. They have recorded his worth, and with that have imparted to future generations the prevailing tone of their own feeling towards a messmate, and portrayed a generous bearing which augurs well of that discipline and sobriety of thought, the prevailing evidence of a well-directed corps."

The following is the inscription:—

"BY THE OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT,

"His companions in the camp, his friends in the bivouac, his admirers in the strife, this monument* is erected to the memory of—

HENRY WHICHCOTE TURNER, Esq.,

Captain in the 1st, or 'The Royal,' Regiment of Foot;
Tenth son of the late Lieutenant-General C. Turner, Colonel of the 19th Regiment, and Harriet, his wife.

"Born, September 24, 1829; died, March 1, 1856, at Kamara, in the Crimea, and buried there, in the graveyard of the Highland Division. Was present at the battles of the Alma and Inkerman, and siege of Sebastopol. Supported by a sense of duty, though suffering from a mortal disease, the effects of his exertions in the trenches, he bore the severities

* In Dickleborough Church.

of the climate, and the hardships and privations of the war, with the fortitude and cheerfulness of a Christian soldier. This monument, while recording his resting-place in a distant land, is designed to remain to his family and friends a cherished memorial of his worth and valour."

THE SERVICES OF MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE BELL, C.B.

Major-General George Bell was appointed by the Duke of York, to the 34th Regiment, in March, 1811, and accompanied the late Field-Marshal Lord Strafford soon after to the Peninsula. He served with the Duke of Wellington's army, without intermission, until the final termination of the war, in 1814. He was first engaged in the action of Arroyo-de-Molinos, in Spain, under the command of Lord Hill, capturing the 34th Regiment of French Infantry with their band and drums, Prince D'Arembergh, General Lebrun, forty other officers, and 1,500 men, with all their baggage and artillery; the second and final great siege of Badajoz; capture of Fort Napoleon, and Bridge at Almaraz, on the Tagus; retreat from Burgos and Madrid; the battles of Vittoria, Pyrenees, Pass of Maya and Roncesvales; the actions of the 30th and 31st of July, against D'Erlong's Corps, near Pampeluna; Battles of the Nivelle, Nieve, Bayonne, and St. Pierre, where 5,000 officers and men were left *hors de combat* on one square mile of ground (contusion of the head); the Battles of Orthes, Tarbes, and Toulouse, with many other affairs and skirmishes. He afterwards went to Ceylon, and to the East Indies, and served in Ava during the first Burmese war until its *finale*. He was stationed with his regiment in Canada for seven years, and was actively employed during the rebellion there, in 1837-8, particularly in the capture of St. Charles and St. Eustace. He commanded the Fort and Garrison of Couteau-du-Lac, an important position on the River St. Lawrence, and received the thanks of the Commander of the Forces (the late Lord Seaton) and his Brevet-Majority, for his exertions in recovering the guns of the Fort, which had been sunk in the river by the rebels, unspiking and mounting them

in position, when it was reported impracticable. The guns were 24-pounders, sixteen of which, with 4,000 round shot, he recovered from the deep, in the middle of a Canadian winter.

He served in Gibraltar, Nova Scotia, the West Indies, Mediterranean, and Turkey. Landed with the Allied Army in the Crimea, and served the campaign of 1854-5 there, commanding the Royal Regiment in the battles of the Alma and Inkermann, and siege of Sebastopol, where he was wounded and honourably mentioned in the despatches of Lord Raglan, Commander-in-Chief of the British army, who appointed him to a Brigade. He served in the Royal Regiment for thirty successive years, having previously seen much service with the 34th and 45th Regiments.

He has received the War Medal, with seven Clasps, for Badajoz, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nieve, Orthes, and Toulouse (slightly wounded); the Indian medal for Ava; the Crimean Medal, with three Clasps, Alma, Inkermann, Sebastopol; the Turkish Medal; Companion of the Bath; the Legion of Honour; and the Imperial Order of the Medjidie, from the Sultan.

The Major-General raised 20,000 men for the army, when Colonel and Inspecting Field-officer in the Northern District, after commanding the Royals for eleven years.

He is now Colonel-in-Chief of the 104th Regiment, or Bengal Fusiliers.—*From the Records.*

Since the above narrative passed through the press, Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to remove me from the 104th Bengal Fusiliers to that distinguished old Peninsula corps, the 32nd Regiment of the Line.—G. B.

POSTSCRIPT.

I hope to be excused for quoting some random passages in the above narrative from the great and gallant Napier, for no military historian could so vividly and so truthfully record a battle or a siege as that heroic General, whose memory will never die, and whose history of the great war can never be equalled.

G. B.


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